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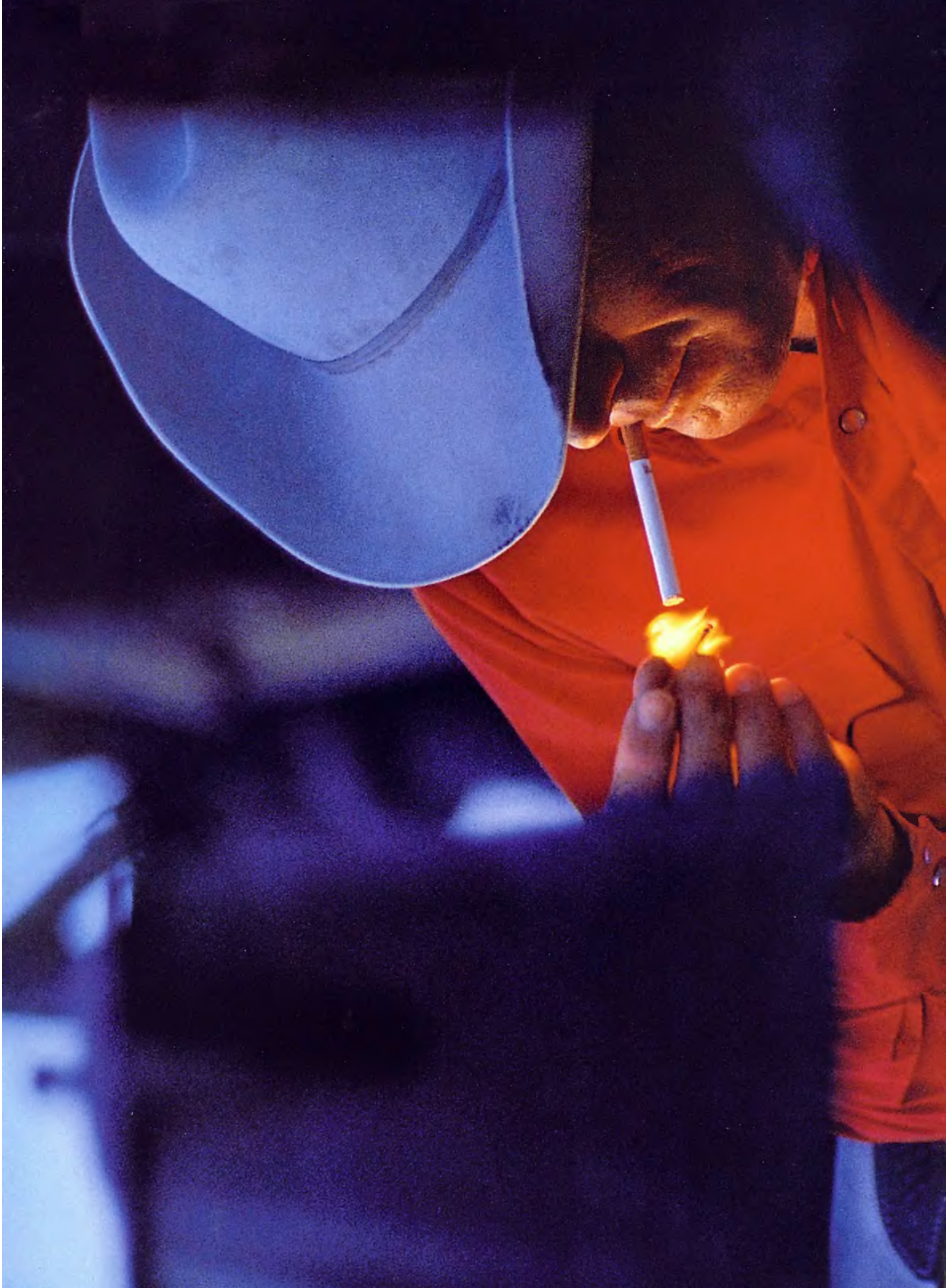

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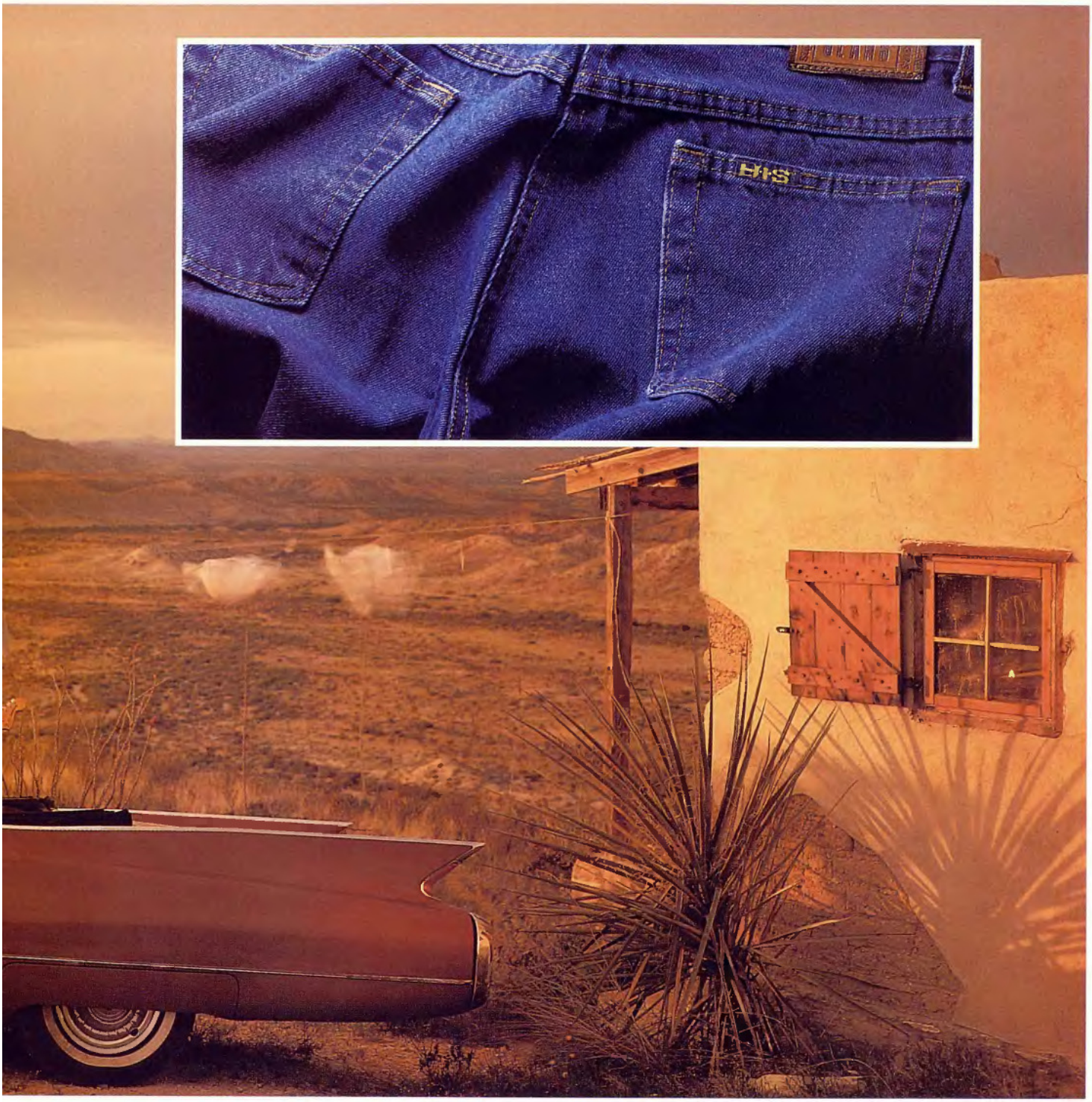

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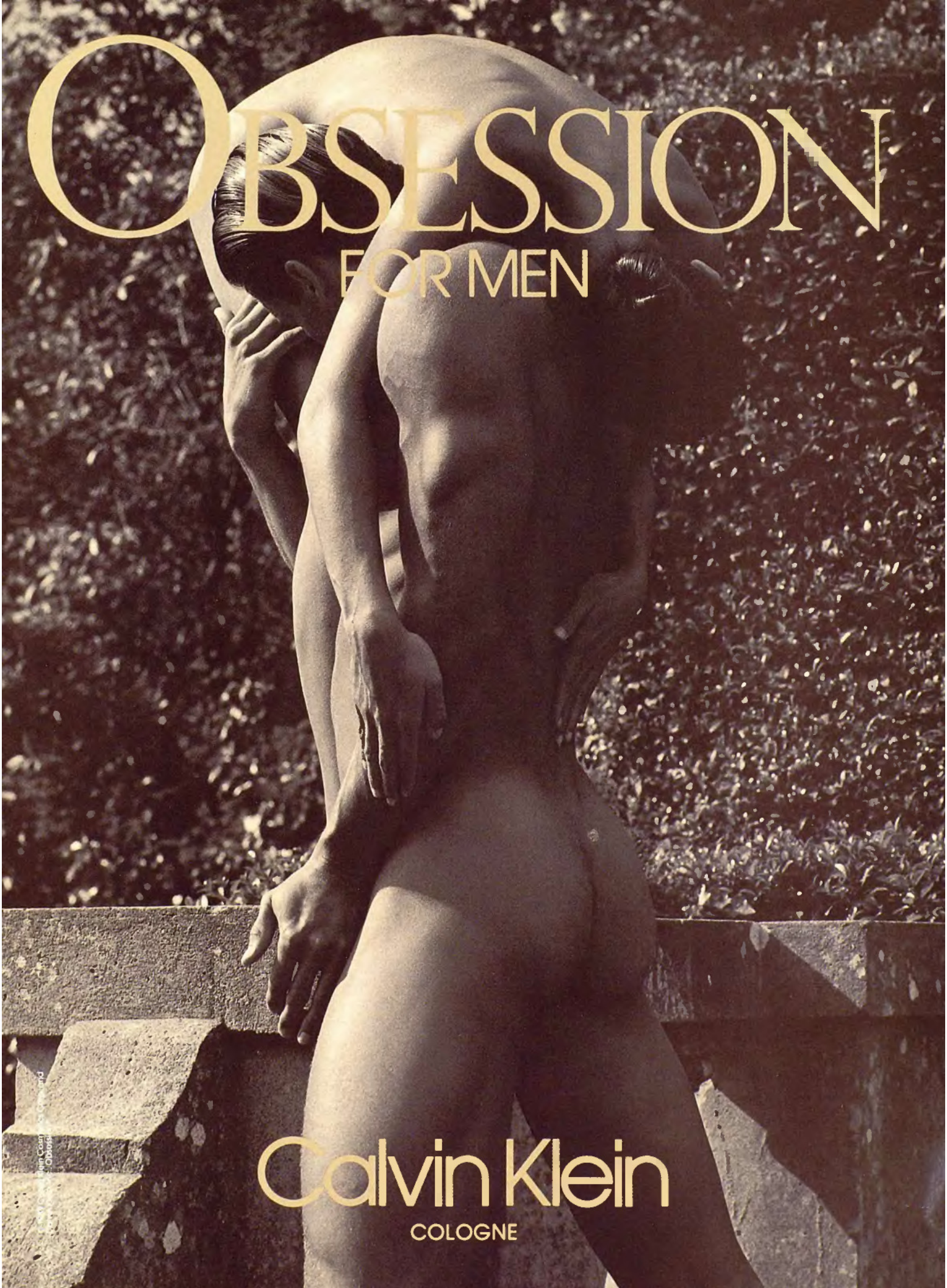
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FOR MEN
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CLOSE YOUR EYES, remove both socks and repeat after us: "One day I'll wake up and the presidential campaign will be over." Feeling better? You bet. Now join us in a celebration of beauty and enlightenment. Consider this our modest monthly contribution to the happiness of human beings—without whom, we'd like to point out, there'd be no call for socks or politics.

The subject of our *Playboy Interview* is **Sister Souljah,** whose reported comments about the L.A. riots lit a fire under **Bill Clinton.** But Souljah is much more than last week's headliner. She's a young political activist whose fierce but eloquent views on race, feminism, violence and class are must reading for anyone who cares about the state of this country. **Robert Scheer** posed the tough questions.

Remember when politics was fun? Neither do we, but how fondly we recall **Hunter S. Thompson,** the man who never met a pol he didn't lampoon. In *The Unmaking of the President 1992*, El Gonzo himself, in collusion with **Craig Vetter,** takes potshots at candidates past and present. He also—speaking of potshots—did his own artwork. No inhaling, please.

Moving from one cultural icon to another, we visit **Billy Crystal,** a rare earthling born with comic genius and an arsenal of gifts—the latest, a talent for directing. In *Right Where He's Supposed to Be*, Contributing Editor **Joe Morgenstern** provides a backstage peek at the Oscars, with Crystal running a 103-degree fever and "Ironman" **Jack Palance** doing push-ups. The illustration's by **David Levine.**

On to vampires. From a book to be published by Knopf, *The Tale of the Body Thief*, by **Anne Rice,** is a chilling story about a bloodsucker in a romantic mood in Miami, pining for plasma in all the wrong places. **Mel Odom** did the artwork. Is there a movie in *The Greyhound*, written by our College Fiction Contest winner? You be the judge as author **Daniel Lyons** sets out a cunning wheeze that backfires on its hotshot heroes.

Fiction can get confused with fact when it comes to sexual abuse, as we learn in *Cry Incest*, by Pacific News Service writer **Debbie Nathan,** winner of a Hugh M. Hefner First Amendment Award. Nathan joined an incest survivors' group and discovered why, despite the horror of the real thing, there is now a False Memory Syndrome Foundation for those who feel unjustly accused. The illustration is by **David Wilcox.** Quite justly accused is antisex law prof Catharine MacKinnon, the target of **Camille Paglia's** guest opinion in *Mantrack*.

This month's *20 Questions* finds **Tim Robbins** on the receiving end. Robbins, fresh from his reptilian triumph in *The Player* and his directorial debut in *Bob Roberts* (reviewed in this issue), converses with Contributing Editor **Warren Kalbacker.**

The mention of receiving brings us to *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, with our preeminent prognosticator **Gary Cole** calling 'em as he sees 'em in the pre-season lineups. Add to that the delights of the young ladies who grace *Girls of the Big East* (captured on film by the two Contributing Photographer **Davids, Chan** and **Mecey**) and garnish with a bare touch of comic beauty **Felicia Michaels** in *Funny Girl*, photographed by **Stephen Wayda.** See what we mean when we talk of celebration?

Further proof comes from 19-year-old Playmate **Tiffany Sloan,** who can see Las Vegas from the cockpit of the boat in her backyard. Miss October, turns out, is just full of surprises. And there's more: **David Elrich** brings you up to date and beyond on TVs of the future in *Star Sets: The Next Generation*; *Playboy on the Scene* has a parade of digital compact cassette players. In a special report, *Back to Campus*, Fashion Director **Hollis Wayne** presents drop-dead duds for dudes (photos by **George C. Whipple III**). Which brings us to a final question: Is this a magazine, or is this a magazine?

SCHEER

THOMPSON

VETTER

MORGENSTERN

LEVINE

RICE

ODOM

LYONS

WILCOX

KALBACKER

COLE

PAGLIA

ELRICH

WHIPPLE

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COVER STORY

February 1991 Playmate Cristy Thom gives three cheers for the *Girls of the Big East*. Our caver was produced by Senior Photo Editor Michael Ann Sullivon, styled by Lee Ann Perry and shot by Contributing Photographer Richard Fegley. (Hoir styled by John Victor, make-up by Pat Tomlinson.) Cristy's boots ore from Alcalo's (Chicago), her bra from Ronsard for M. A. Rabinowitz (New York) and shirt from Urban American Club (Chicago). This month our Rabbit's a little shortsighted.

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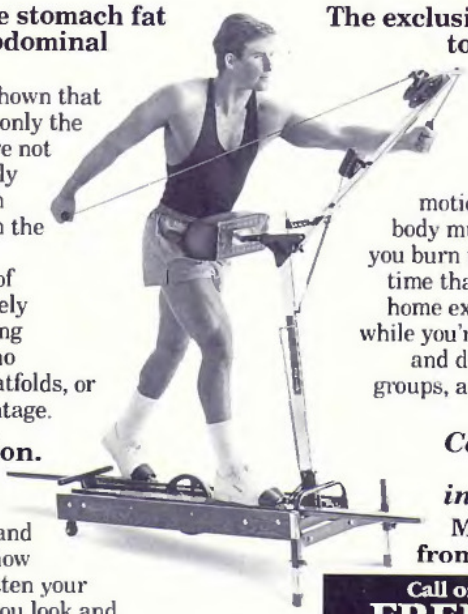

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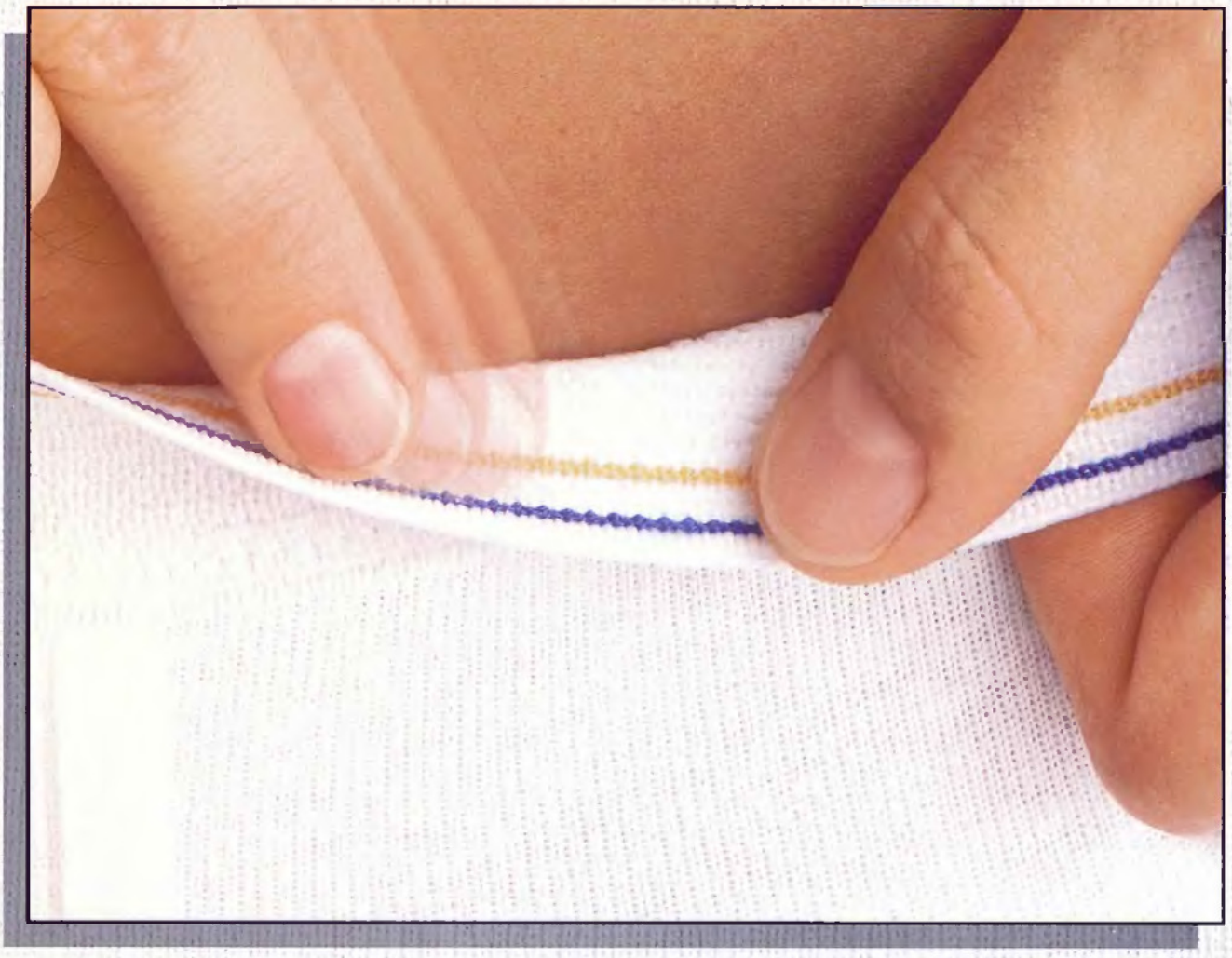

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MICHAEL KEATON INTERVIEW

As a teacher, I appreciate PLAYBOY's ongoing struggle against censorship. However, I was saddened to find Michael Keaton (*Playboy Interview*, July) parroting the glib sentiments toward teaching and teachers espoused by those who blame others for their own inability to utilize education.

I write to you from a state in which teachers are considered slightly lower than Saddam Hussein—and I'm sick of this attitude. I ask Keaton: Can you read? Can you write? If so, how about sending your former teachers a percentage of the salary you earn from the job you have as thanks for being taught these skills? Donning a rubber suit and pretending to be a cartoon character doesn't allow you to pass judgment on a profession that touches thousands of lives with integrity, compassion and patience. Just because you make more per hour than teachers do in a year does not make you a valuable contributor to society. Long after you're gone, the ability to read and write and think will be a more lasting legacy than pretending to kill a joker and a penguin.

Walter Freeman
Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania

As a future high school teacher, I take offense at Michael Keaton's statement that "most of the teachers across the country are in it because they can't do anything else." Not only is this sweeping generalization unwarranted, it is also untrue. It is sad that most people don't realize that teaching is an arduous and thankless job that calls for caring, understanding, patience and, yes, intelligence. I think most teachers across the country are in the profession because they don't want to do anything else.

Gregory S. Hicks
Fairfax, Oklahoma

The writer of the introduction to the interview with Michael Keaton seems to have acquired his knowledge of Batman from the campy TV version. He writes: "Keaton chose to portray Batman . . . as a brooding eccentric in need of psychotherapy." Batman, as originated in the comic strip, is exactly such a schizoid personality.

I applaud Tim Burton and Keaton for bringing the dark knight to life instead of taking the easy route with a silly comedy in the vein of the TV show.

Steven D. Brown
Kingston, New York

MADONNA'S BLOND EXHIBITION

At 41, I'm in an age group that probably doesn't relate to Madonna's music, but the lovely pictorial of her (*Blond Exhibition*, PLAYBOY, July) reveals a woman whose natural beauty, poise and honesty transcend generational differences. Is it exhibition? I believe not; she simply has a body of which she is deservedly proud. Let's have more of this gorgeous gal with the most natural sex appeal ever seen.

Benjamin Soto
Oakland, California

Madonna has all the sex appeal of an inflatable doll.

Timm Marble
San Dimas, California

Shouldn't the Madonna pictorial have been titled *Truth or Bare*?

Walter Howe
El Toro, California

I find it ironic that in 1969, rock star Jim Morrison was arrested, tried and convicted of flashing his penis during a Doors concert in Miami, which led to the cancellation of the rest of the Doors' tour and caused (directly or indirectly) Jim's exile to Paris, where he died shortly thereafter. And now, more than 20 years later, rock star Madonna parades around nude on a Miami beach and not only gets away with it but will probably

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Bill Fury
Pomona, California

SCHEER ON BUCHANAN

Robert Scheer, in his *Reporter's Notebook* "Why I Can't Stand Pat" (PLAYBOY, July), asks why Pat Buchanan, if he is not an anti-Semite, would "spend time trying to prove that the diesel fuel used by the Nazis at Treblinka would not have produced fumes toxic enough to kill the hundreds of thousands who died there?"

Well, that was not what Buchanan was trying to prove but, rather, that the case against a quite probably innocent man (John Demjanjuk) was so shoddy that the overzealous prosecutors couldn't even get their math straight.

Daniel John Sobieski
Chicago, Illinois

Robert Scheer makes the usual mistakes of those who compare Pat Buchanan with David Duke. It is true that Buchanan is an isolationist, though he doesn't like the label. (Non-interventionist is a better term.) As such, he entertains the idea that maybe, just maybe, the United States could pull out of the United Nations, the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank. Buchanan even talks about withdrawing U.S. troops from all over the world.

This doesn't sound like someone with conquest on his mind. And yet his critics invariably raise the Nazi specter, as does Scheer in his inane closing paragraph. Someone should tell Scheer that Adolf Hitler was not an isolationist.

Brad Linaweaver
Los Angeles, California

THE JIG IS UP

After reading the July PLAYBOY *Women* column, "The Jig Is Up," I had to ask myself: Where has Cynthia Heimel been? She says Susan Faludi's *Backlash* "received little media attention." I guess the cover of *Time* magazine is where we hide all the uppity authors these days. Not to mention the book's coverage in other magazines and newspapers, on talk radio and national TV. Not bad for a book that is long on facts, figures and studies but even longer on personal supposition, conjecture and downright shaky conclusions, accompanied by all the bells and whistles of a politically correct pinball machine.

I'm no Reagan/Bush/Falwell fan. I'm in favor of everything Heimel might consider feminist-correct. I just can't take any book seriously that begins with the assumption that masculinity is evil.

David Paulson
Baltimore, Maryland

MED-ALERT!

Although I generally avoid health-care practitioners like the plague, I'm glad I didn't miss the 17 lovely ladies in your *Med-Alert!* pictorial (PLAYBOY, July). Going to the doctor would be ever so enjoyable if there were women like these in the office.

Mike Novick
Staten Island, New York

Thank you for the beautiful picture of my employee Amy Green. Women in the medical field work extremely hard and it's nice to see them appreciated.

James K. Mason, M.D.
Ventura, California

PAMELA ANDERSON

Thank you for the beautiful pictorial of the stunning, sexy, sophisticated

Pamela Anderson (*Getting Kicks on Route 66*, PLAYBOY, July). *Home Improvement* has been a favorite television show of mine ever since Pamela made her debut.

Rick Tarbox
Dunedin, Florida

I was truly impressed by Pamela Anderson's pictorial, probably one of your best ever. It exhibits raw sexuality and is at the same time tasteful and artistic.

Shannon Alvis
Canyon Country, California

ALEX HALEY ON MALCOLM X

Thank you for what I assume is the late Alex Haley's final article, his memories of the controversial Malcolm X (*Malcolm X Remembered*, PLAYBOY, July). Regardless of what one might think of Malcolm X, the article is a reminder of what a great American journalist we've lost with Haley's death. His description of listening to Malcolm harangue him with Black Muslim dogma for days on end before Malcolm finally began to talk about his childhood is a perfect example of the extraordinary perseverance and patience Haley possessed, without which he never could have persisted through the 12 long years it took him to research and write *Roots*.

Sheldon Ashly
Chicago, Illinois

Thank you for Alex Haley's article on Malcolm X. As a white man, I have always been curious about Malcolm. He was a pretty angry man and I'm glad his trip to Mecca changed his mind about whites, even if only a little. You can't fight hatred with more hatred. The Los Angeles riots proved that.

Rich Ivy
San Antonio, Texas

WHAT PRICE VALUES?

In July's *Dear Playboy*, H. McNicholas is so eager to trash Patrick Buchanan and Judeo-Christian values that he fails to apply his own logic to the situation. He states that Asian students who hold Buddhist-Confucian values do very well academically, which is true. However, when he says that they do poorly when they adopt traditional American values, he is wrong. They do poorly when they adopt contemporary American values, which are neither traditional nor Judeo-Christian.

Israeli and European students outscored their American counterparts by a considerable margin, and it isn't because they have suddenly adopted Buddhist-Confucian values. Students anywhere who hold to any one of the major value systems, be it Buddhist-Confucian, Judeo-Christian, Islamic, Shinto or any other that stresses progress, achievement and contributing to the family and society, will do well academically as a group. McNicholas shouldn't blame Judeo-Christian values for the poor showing of American students. Rather, he should blame the discarding of those values.

Martin E. Clasby
Pittsford, New York

SOLDIER GIRL

I was stationed in Baumholder, Germany, for three years. It was a hick town, only 30 minutes from Bad Kreuznach, where Miss July, Army specialist Amanda Hope (*Soldier Girl*, PLAYBOY, July), was stationed. For three years I traveled all over Europe and saw many beautiful sights, but while I was going to France, Spain, Belgium and other countries, the most beautiful sight—Amanda—was only a few miles from my base.

Where do I reenlist?

Ron Sommers
Beaverton, Oregon

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

THE LIKELY CANDIDATE

At a Democratic political rally in Georgia, a pregnant woman was seen waving a huge sign declaring, CLINTON IS THE ONE! We're told Bill Clinton made his way into the crowd and politely asked her to hand the sign to someone else.

GEORGE HERBERT SLEEPWALKER BUSH

Since his gut-wrenching performance in Tokyo—caused, we're told, by the sleeping pill Halcion—we've worried about the impact of the drug on the President. In fact, we see evidence of Halcion's negative side effects, as defined by the *Physicians' Desk Reference*, in these Bush quotes, collected by editors of the *New Republic* in *Bushisms*:

Light-headedness: "I am all for Lawrence Welk. Lawrence Welk is a wonderful man. He used to be, or was, or—wherever he is now, bless him."

Agitation (regarding unnamed sources): "What I'd say to the American people is: Please ask for a name to be placed next to the source so I can get mad at the guy who's doing this. It's strange out there. It's strange."

Cognitive impairment: "My position has not changed. I am, uh, pro, pro, uh, pro-life."

Bizarre or abnormal behavior (impersonating Patti LuPone): "You cannot be President of the United States if you don't have faith. . . . You can't be. And we are blessed. So don't feel sorry for—don't cry for me, Argentina."

"Hey, hey, *nihaoma*. Hey, yeah, yeah. *Heil, heil*" (gives a kind of Hitler salute)—greeting people on his return from church. (*Nihaoma* is Cantonese for "How are you?")

Drowsiness: "Because I'm a little bit tired—well, I'll give you an example, I'll give you an example. This state of Tennessee had sixty-seven hundred reservists and guardsmen volunteer—one community of a thousand had eighteen people—this is the Volunteer State. People are still very proud of the fact of this—of Desert Storm."

Amnesia: "I don't want to just sit here blaming Congress. I mean, we're all in this together"—at a news conference. "I think the Congress should be blamed"—same day, minutes later.

Hallucinations: "Blame the Congress, because we've got the best health-care plan there is."

Euphoria: "We're enjoying sluggish times."

THE FIVE O'CLOCK APPOINTMENT

Here's a new way to keep tabs on your liquid assets: Barneys, the trendy clothing and accessories store, is offering a pewter-and-leather Filo-Flask for $58.50, complete with a six-holed attachment that will allow it to dock with the standard-size Filofax.

•

Commuting by bicycle just became a little easier for the suit set. The Backrider bag from Enrge Sports is a combination garment bag and backpack. When it's opened, you can hang a suit or dress in it, with room to spare for shoes, socks and toiletries. You fold it in thirds, adjust the padded shoulder straps and pedal off to work. It comes in two models and can be ordered by calling 800-245-9099.

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

HALVED MOONS

Lady Sarah Graham-Moon is divorcing her husband, Sir Peter, after 25 years of marriage. The proceedings seemed to be going well until she went on a rampage: She poured paint over his BMW, trimmed four inches from the left sleeves of 32 of his favorite suits and distributed 70 prized bottles of wine from his cellar to the villagers of East Gaston. Sir Peter has filed no complaint. Apparently, it was when he moved in with a woman near their home that things turned sour.

ELIZABETHAN LOVE NOTES, VOL. XI

A rose would smell as sweet, and perhaps a bit sweeter: A new book, *Anatomy of Love*, by Helen Fisher, tells us that in Shakespeare's time it was customary for a woman to peel an apple and hold it under her arm until it was saturated with her essence. She'd then give the present to her lover to inhale at his leisure.

•

The Crimson Bonehead Award goes to the Harvard study published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* that concluded hard-drinking college men still outnumber women, but both sexes increasingly drink to get drunk.

GETTING IN HER LICKS

The Reagan–Bush era's unfortunate contribution to First Amendment freedoms is that we can tell gay-bashing jokes, even on TV, with impunity. Lisa Kron, a new gay humorist, is delightedly bashing back—and we suspect we may have heard our last gerbil joke.

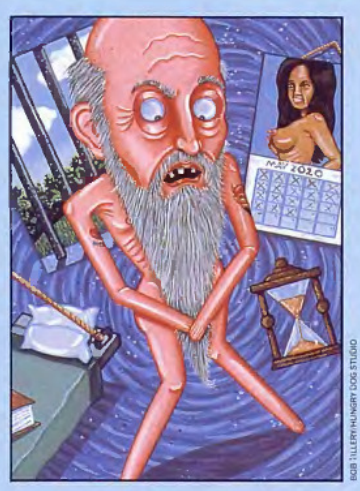
Kron is a performance artist who describes herself as "a lesbian Garrison Keillor." We spotted her in our favorite live production, *Milly's Orchid Show*, at Chicago's Park West. Looking like a plump, bubble-coiffed maiden aunt, Kron opened with an ad jingle for a revolutionary new toy, Lesbian Barbie. She followed with concepts for TV shows she

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to *Facts and Phalluses*, by Alexandra Parsons, a prison study revealed that castrated men live an average of 13 years longer than intact cons.



QUOTE

"When I talk with the older crowds, I'm Bobby's son or John's nephew. When I talk to younger ones, I'm Arnold Schwarzenegger's cousin."

—ROBERT F. KENNEDY, JR.

MIXED-UP SIGNALS

In a study of undergraduates at Bucknell University, percentage of men who said they had misunderstood a woman's friendship as a sign of sexual interest, 71; percentage of women who made this mistake with a man, 48.

•

Percentage of men who felt a woman had intentionally misled them into believing she was sexually attracted to them, 58; percentage of women who had felt this about a man, 17.

•

Percentage of men who said they had intentionally misled a woman, 17; percentage of women who pleaded guilty to leading a man on, 28.

HI, NEIGHBOR!

In a survey of 505 men by Bruskin/Goldring Research, number who said they've borrowed tools from a neighbor, 176; number who borrowed sugar, 35; a newspaper, 18; money, 15; a lawnmower, eight.

WHAT'S COOKING?

Percentage of the total food budget spent per year by singles under the age of 45 at restaurants and take-out joints, 46.

•

Percentage of people who said eating out was fun, 72; a hassle, 23.

EXCHANGE RATE

Percentage of the 71,000 U.S. students who studied abroad during the 1989–90 academic year who were men, 35.

DRAT!

According to *Cursing in America*, by Dr. Timothy Jay, percentage of swearing in public featuring the words fuck and shit: almost 50.

•

According to Dr. Jay, percentage of adult leisure conversations made up of profanity, 13; percentage of college-student leisure conversations composed of swear words, eight; percentage of profanity in on-the-job conversation by adults, three.

•

A college survey found the university employee most likely to curse was an athletic coach; the person least likely to curse, a librarian.

THE SUM OF THE PARTS

At a recent auction at Sotheby's, price fetched for a piece of a guitar smashed by Jimi Hendrix at a music festival in Monterey, $8800. Price of the harmonica played by Bob Dylan during the summer of 1961, $3575.

•

At another Sotheby's sale, cost of rare golf club (manufactured between 1680 and 1720) found in a garden shed after being used as a child's toy: $178,300.

•

Price paid at Christie's East auction house for Marilyn Monroe's black beaded cocktail dress from *Some Like It Hot*, $38,500; amount of the winning bid for a red-and-black nylon engineering tunic from the original *Star Trek* TV show, $1650. Price for actor Billy Mumy's *Lost in Space* costume, circa 1967, $3300; for a pair of Killer Bee antennae from *Saturday Night Live*, $605.

—BETTY SCHAAL

knows she'll never see, such as *Men: Can't Live with Them, So We Don't*. She camped through show tunes, twisted several greeting-card messages and admitted to her mixed crowd that *Cosmo* is for "the lesbian who wants to know what goes on in the mind of the straight woman she's unfortunately dating."

STRAIGHT OR ON THE ROCKS?

Almost as if the *Encinitas Coast Dispatch* anticipated a light turnout, an article in the weekly describing a public forum on water shortage lured thirsty readers by reporting that "come will be served by the lagoon at 8:45 A.M." We assume that people can also jerk themselves a soda.

•

Graffito under hot-air hand driers in a Washington airport men's room, sighted by Representative Bill Archer of Houston: PUSH THIS BUTTON FOR A MESSAGE FROM YOUR CONGRESSMAN.

•

The Japanese are co-opting another bit of Americana, the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Curiously, the Japanese network that's airing the classic reruns is editing out the star of the really big show. Sullivan will be replaced by a Japanese host.

AMTRAK STRIKES AGAIN!

Benjamin Barad of Palm Beach, Florida, is suing Amtrak over a malfunctioning toilet. He alleges that the pressurized commode backfired and left him horribly soiled. He remained unwashed for 12 hours because the train had no running water. Barad retired recently after teaching hygiene for 45 years.

FIELD RESEARCH

Michael T. Petrik, a professor of criminal justice at Nassau County Community College who conducts a course in alternatives to prison, has confessed to helping two felons escape from the Mid-Orange Correctional Facility in Warwick, New York.

EVERYTHING'S BIG IN TEXAS

The *Austin American-Statesman* recorded a new stat under the heading THE BIGGEST WINNERS in its article on the football draft. "The Cowboys," noted the Texas newspaper, "had more prime pricks than any other team." That's all the more impressive now that Tom Landry is no longer with the team.

DEATH BY DEFINITION

This month's Euphemism Award goes to George Voinovich, Republican governor of Ohio, who described the attrition rate of elderly citizens in a self-sufficiency program as "natural disenrollment." Right—they died. Politicians will do anything to avoid mentioning death or taxes in an election year.

MUSIC

NELSON GEORGE

ROMANCE IS an underappreciated aspect of jazz. Sure, chord progressions, polyrhythms and harmonic inventiveness should be celebrated. But there is also a warm sensuality to jazz, often downplayed by real fans because pop jazz such as Kenny G's has diluted its romantic quality through lazy, formulaic music. The late Miles Davis was a master of mood music that was still artistically ambitious. The remastered ***The Complete Concert 1964: My Funny Valentine + Four & More*** (Columbia), which combines two previously issued albums on one CD, is a fine vehicle for Davis' unfettered, unadulterated sex appeal. Backed by a stellar supporting cast (pianist Herbie Hancock, bassist Ron Carter, drummer Tony Williams and tenor saxophonist George Coleman), Miles navigates his basic set of that period. On standards such as *My Funny Valentine* and classic Davis originals such as *All Blues* and *So What*, there's a sly humor, calculated insinuation and debonair charm in his trumpet's tone and phrasing that bespeaks an understanding of seduction.

FAST CUTS: EPMD's ***Business Never Personal*** (Def Jam/Columbia) has this rap duo's best choruses ever, reflecting a growing understanding of song structure. Although the boys ridicule sellout rappers on *Crossover*, songs such as *Play the Next Man* and *Head Banger* are radio-ready without compromising their underground cachet.

Eric B. & Rakim break no new ground with ***Don't Sweat the Technique*** (MCA); they just perfect what they've done so well since 1987—minimalist rap built around Rakim's cynical poetry. *Casualties of War*, about a Harlem kid's experiences during Desert Storm, ranks with this team's best work.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

As leader of Georgia Satellites, ***Dan Baird*** was one of the most prominent practitioners of roots rock, a genre that drew greater than average resentment from the musicians pigeonholed therein. Baird made it work by the sheer force of his exuberance, and now he's back with an eponymously titled solo album (Def American), still making it work by the sheer force of his exuberance. The elements remain the same: three chords, guitars without whammy bars, big amplifiers, no special effects and lyrics that either tell humorous stories or declare male sexual prowess. Hey, if Chuck Berry had it right the first time, why change? So let's drop this "roots" crap and call it what it is: neo-Chuck, by way of Humble Pie and AC/DC. If labelmates the Black Crowes can be a big deal, so can Dan.

More from the master of mood music.

Punk girls, sexy Miles, roots rock and XTC.

FAST CUTS: ***Paint the White House Black*** (Triple X), by the Dick Nixons: In this dreariest election year, it's important to remember that every election year has sucked the mop. The Dick Nixons heap abuse on one of history's prime shitheads with a stripped-down, Ramones-style attack. Best song title: *Red Red Whine*.

Chops Not Chaps (Blind Pig), by Roy Rogers: I've always loved the sensuous, brain-bending energy of virtuoso slide guitar. Rogers, a blues purist, ranks among the best. This is a welcome CD reissue of his 1985 debut album.

Crooked Line (Rykodisc), by Nils Lofgren: Legendary sideman again steps forward as frontman with wide-ranging guitar-bash that works quiet (*Blue Skies*), loud (*Just a Little*) and demented (*Drunken Driver*). Just the album Nils fans knew was in him.

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

L7 are four snotty young women from L.A. who have graduated to a major label after two thrash longforms and a bunch of compilation cameos. The Roches are three jokey over-35 sisters from New York who made two fine folk albums in the Seventies and have been going pop ever since. L7's ***Bricks Are Heavy*** (Slash) and the Roches' ***A Dove*** (MCA) may seem wildly dissimilar beyond a certain air of female independence. Although neither will sell as well as it deserves to, both are object lessons in how to advance your music by meeting the market halfway.

The means to L7's end is Butch Vig, the producer who taught Nirvana to go for it. Once again, his mission is to smelt speed-sludge into a grunge-metal alloy, which in L7's case involves intense mixtures of ditty and power chord. *Bricks Are Heavy* never quite gathers Nirvana's momentum, but it's just as catchy and a touch nastier. Read-my-title outbursts like *Wargasm*, *Diet Pill* and *Shitlist* fulfill the ancient prophecy of a time when "gurls" would reinvent punk out of sheer delight in their own power.

A Dove takes the Roches into a wholehearted synth-and-guitar folk-pop as unearthly and unmistakable as their harmonies and sheds the wacky whimsy that has always been both their strength and their escape. Instead, their humor shows up in songwriting that's almost invariably serious but with an edge. Will they marry you? Only if *You're the One*, which ain't likely.

FAST CUTS: Yo Yo, ***Black Pearl*** (Atco/East West): Tough talk from a true sister.

Rosie Flores, ***After the Farm*** (High Tone): Country singer who thinks your girl has *More to Offer* than you deserve.

VIC GARBARINI

XTC is my favorite English gloom band. That may not be saying much, I know, but at least these Swindon lads aren't infatuated with their own emotions, as is the Cure. Life may be bittersweet, but on ***Nonsuch*** (Geffen) there's as much hope as hurt.

Nonsuch could be the next generation's *White Album*, complete with chiming guitars and baroque pop melodies, though XTC sometimes lathers on the creamy harmonies a bit thick. But if the Beatles were still around, I hope they'd be writing songs with the wit and poignancy of *The Ballad of Peter Pumpkinhead*, *The Smartest Monkeys* and *Crocodile* and with the naked, prayerful mystery of *Rook*. Let's hope that if XTC is still making music years from now, it doesn't churn out a concert stiff like George Harrison's ***Live in Japan*** (Dark Horse/

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

Leslie Hindman

HOME:
Chicago, Illinois. "Toddlin' town? Up and running's more like it."

AGE:
37.

PROFESSION:
Founder and president, Leslie Hindman Auctioneers and Salvage One (a source of architectural artifacts).

HOBBY:
Growing orchids. "It's refreshing to work with something that blooms on the surface and not under a million layers of varnish."

LAST BOOK READ:
"Lost in the Funhouse," John Barth.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT:
Doing the only thing she could do with a Van Gogh found in Milwaukee. Selling it for $1.4 million.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO:
"Ever since I can remember, I've had two favorite places in a house: the attic and the basement."

QUOTE:
"The junkman cometh."

PROFILE:
Energetic, persuasive, and committed to selling most anything that comes her way. The kind of person who would, and did, auction off the remains of Comiskey Park.

HER SCOTCH:
Dewar's "White Label," with water. "I don't need an expert to give me an appraisal; I know this is it."

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Warner). Press reports indicate that a reluctant Harrison was nudged by a kindly Clapton to embark on his first tour in almost 20 years. Do tunes like *Taxman* have any resonance for our times? Yeah, but you couldn't prove it by the dry, bloodless versions here. If you want fresh Harrison, the existential Beatle sounds revitalized amid the creativity of his new mates, the Traveling Wilburys.

FAST CUTS: Blue Rodeo, ***Lost Together*** (Atlantic): Now that country is sideswiping rock, turnabout is fair play. These Band/Flying Burrito descendants are the best of their breed.

DAVE MARSH

Doc Lawrence (Chameleon) is the debut of a striking new voice, equal parts Mick Jagger and Van Morrison, with frequent allusions to Tom Waits and Bruce Springsteen along the way. In short, Lawrence is a prototypical singer/songwriter, and he comes at it from the streetwise end of the spectrum. What makes his best songs (*I've Cried Myself to Sleep*, *Do the Right Thing*, *Where Did the Sound Go?*) compelling are not their rhymes and wordplay so much as their scenarios and the way he uses his voice and spare instrumentation to dramatize them.

This isn't a great record, but it's a really good one, bursting with promise. Trouble is, these days, who cares about such songs and songwriters anymore? *Do the Right Thing* might be the best take on the Rolling Stones doing Slim Harpo I've heard since David Johansen became Buster Poindexter—but to today's audience, that only suggests an archaic beat.

What's true for Doc Lawrence is true for every similar artist, from Jagger and Waits to Cajun guitarist Sonny Landreth, whose **Outward Bound** (Zoo/Praxis) also overflows with bluesy narrative tunes. It's not that story songs aren't popular anymore—they're the essence of great hip-hop—it's more like the audience has had its attention span depleted. There are rewards for those with stamina.

FAST CUTS: ***Elvis: The King of Rock 'n' Roll: The Complete '50s Masters*** (RCA): Musically speaking, what made Elvis the most important voice of his era was his stunning ability to express total vulnerability and complete assurance simultaneously. Here's the evidence.

Jackie Wilson, ***Mr. Excitement*** (Rhino): The one Fifties singer who matched Elvis thrill for thrill, with the same tangled mix of confidence and frailty. Jackie had the purest, most powerful voice of them all: His *Danny Boy* makes Mariah Carey's sound as if she has the range of Joey Ramone.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

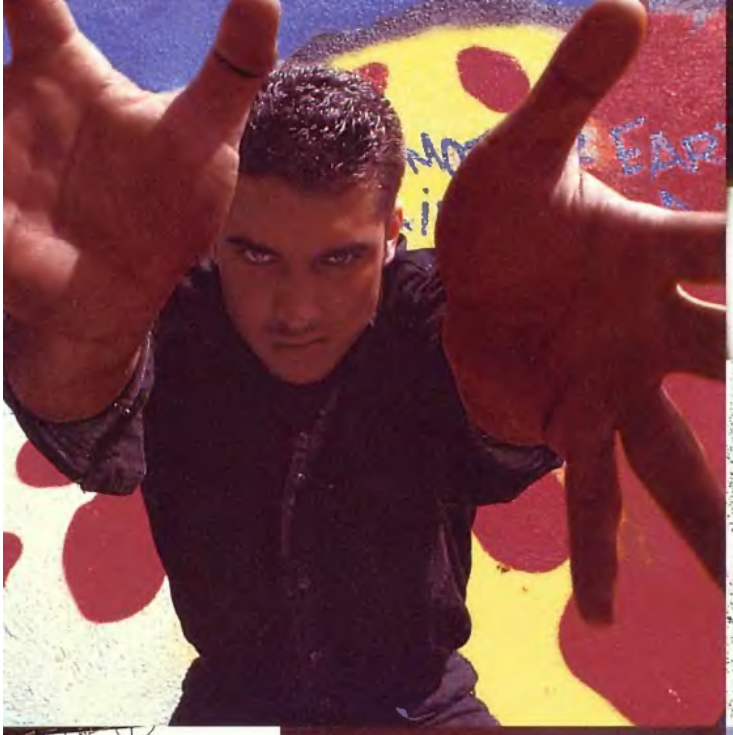
	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Dan Baird	7	8	4	7	8
Miles Davis *The Complete Concert 1964*	8	8	10	9	9
L7 *Bricks Are Heavy*	9	8	6	4	9
Dac Lawrence	3	5	6	7	6
XTC *Nonsuch*	4	8	8	5	8

TALKIN' FAST DEPARTMENT: There's a new world record for the fastest rapping. **Tung Twista's** *The Record Breaker* was clocked at 598 syllables in just under a minute, breaking the old record by 70 syllables, good enough for *The Guinness Book of World Records*. Says Tung, "I had to write a rhyme that I knew was going to break the record, so I just titled it *The Record Breaker*." Makes sense.

REELING AND ROCKING: Rickie Lee Jones has recorded a duet with **Robert Mitchum** for photographer **Bruce Weber's** documentary film about the actor. . . . **Salt-N-Pepa** will make their acting debut in *Stay Tuned*, starring **John Ritter** and **Pam Dawber.** They will sing, too, and the number will be released as a single, as a video and on the soundtrack LP. . . . **Prince** is contributing songs to a musical comedy starring **Nick Nolte.** . . . **Billy Joel's** cover of *All Shook Up* is part of the soundtrack to *Honeymoon in Vegas*. Other artists will also cover **Elvis** originals for the film.

NEWSBREAKS: Tia Carrere, who sang *Why You Wanna Break My Heart* in *Wayne's World*, will start her recording career with a debut LP. . . . If you will be in Chicago in mid-November, you'll want to get tickets for the concert performance of **Anthony Davis'** opera *X: The Life and Times of Malcolm X*. The world premiere of the fully staged version is scheduled for February 1993 at the San Francisco Opera House. . . . In other travel news, visit Zion National Park October 2–4 for *New Music Across America: Utah*, which will include Native American and chamber music, folk, world and alternative rock, in one of the country's most beautiful natural settings. . . . **Tony Bennett** is recording *Perfectly Frank*, an LP that will showcase songs long associated with **Sinatra.** . . . **Maria Muldaur** is working on a new LP with some help from **Dr. John** and the **Neville Brothers.** . . . The first musical guest on **Eddie Murphy's** fall comedy/variety show *Move the Crowd*, cohosted by **Dr. Dre** and **Ed Lover** (from *Yo! MTV Raps*) will be **Shanice.** . . . The **Grateful Dead** plan to release more live albums from their personal archives. Next up: *Three from the Vault*, taken from 1971 concerts. . . . **Living Colour** has hired a new bassist, **Doug Wimbish,** and is at work on LP number three. Living Colour has also teamed up with the **Ramones** to perform *Cabbies on Crack* for the album *Mondo Bizarro*, due out any day. . . . Two new **Janis Joplin** books this fall: *Love, Janis*, by her sister **Laura,** and **Ellis Amburn's** *Pearl: The Obsessions and Passions of Janis Joplin*. . . . **Bruce Hornsby** has some heavy guests on his fourth LP, including **Bonnie Raitt, Jerry Garcia, Branford Marsalis** and **Pat Metheny. Spike Lee** has agreed to direct a video. . . . *Behind the Mask*, a book of photos of **R.E.M.** by **Jim Greer,** will be in the bookstores any day. . . . Look for a **Spinal Tap** NBC TV special that will include an appearance by **Rob Reiner,** director of the original film. . . . **Steve Winwood** did his first recorded duets ever, with **Etta James** on her recently released album. . . . Finally, people always say that clothes make the man, but they've never said it about rock-and-rollers. Until now. **Marc Jacobs,** designer for **Perry Ellis,** is using a **Keith Richards** mix of leather, boots, leopard and zebra prints, scarves, waistcoats and T-shirts as the inspiration for his fall collection. Jacobs calls Keith "the most elegant mess." We're impressed. When Keith tours with the **X-pensive Winos** this fall, will he be wearing Richards or Jacobs? Stay tuned.

—BARBARA NELLIS



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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

IN THIS ELECTION year, ***Bob Roberts*** (Miramax/Paramount) is as timely as a TV sound bite. The movie turns out to be darkly comic as well, with Tim Robbins—star of Robert Altman's *The Player*—hot as ever in the title role, while positioning himself as a triple-threat man (he also wrote and directed this social send-up). The titular Roberts is a rich, rabid folksinger financing his own "rebel conservative" race for the U.S. Senate. His campaign is being filmed by a British TV documentary crew, and that's the format of *Roberts*, which leaves little doubt about its doggedly liberal slant. Spoofing media coverage of all political contests, Robbins' prime targets range from a campaign manager specializing in damage control (Alan Rickman oozes obnoxiousness in the role) to the slick TV newscasters played for laughs by Susan Sarandon, James Spader, Pamela Reed and Peter Gallagher. Author Gore Vidal appears as the incumbent Senator under siege, with Giancarlo Esposito as the black underground journalist who wants to bring Roberts down. Very much a young man's movie, Robbins' debut as writer-director bursts with verve and opinion, often overstating its case and overdoing the busy hand-held camera stuff. But how many politically potent comedies are even made nowadays? Damned few. ¥¥¥½

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Some cutthroat real estate salesmen in Chicago sizzled on the stage in David Mamet's hit play ***Glengarry Glen Ross*** (New Line). The movie version, directed by James Foley, minimally opened up for the screen, is a fraction less intense as drama but has sufficient star power to take up the slack. Al Pacino, Jack Lemmon, Alec Baldwin, Alan Arkin, Kevin Spacey and Ed Harris play it as born schmoozers behaving like barracuda in a feeding frenzy. Baldwin is especially mesmerizing as a ruthless gadfly from the main office. Amid a company that sometimes resembles a men's club bucking for Oscar nominations, only Lemmon comes on a shade too strong, playing a washed-up old salesman so patently phony that it's hard to believe anyone would buy his line. Still unabashedly theatrical, *Glengarry Glen Ross* has the awful fascination of an urban snake pit. ¥¥¥

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Originally a hugely successful six-hour drama on Swedish television—and still three hours long—***The Best Intentions*** (Goldwyn) came away with Best Picture and Best Actress awards at this year's Cannes Film Festival. Written by Ingmar Bergman, the movie spells out the story of his parents' anguished courtship and early years of marriage. Henrik Bergman (Samuel Froler) is an impoverished divinity student whose first assignment at a desolate parish in northern Sweden turns out to be the wrong move for his well-bred young wife, Anna, clearly a strong-willed woman destined to have her way. Pernilla August (directed by her Danish husband, Bille August, who won an Oscar for Best Foreign Language Film with *Pelle the Conqueror*) portrays the indomitable Anna; Max von Sydow and Ghita Norby play her passionately concerned parents. This is a beautiful film, a labor of love so real and absorbing that you may be too caught up in Bergman's narrative to notice the time it takes to tell. ¥¥¥¥

Robbins/Roberts on the campaign trail.

Film hustlers have at it in politics, real estate and—surprise!—Hollywood.

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First reviewed here in January 1988, ***Rampage*** (Miramax) was delayed by legal skirmishes and has finally been released. Now as then, it's a socko thriller written and directed by William Friedkin, based on a novel about a serial killer (Alex McArthur) who eviscerates his victims and wallows in their blood. Michael Biehn ably plays the troubled prosecutor who has an aversion to capital punishment, though he argues for the death penalty because that's his job. There's too much talk throughout but plenty of nerve-tightening terror between the lines. ¥¥

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Consider a long line of Hollywood exposés, from *Sunset Boulevard* to *The Player*, and there's not a hell of a lot that's new in ***Mistress*** (Rainbow/Tribeca). The movie puts a wealth of talent to work undermining its own case against Tinseltown as an aesthetic sinkhole where talent hardly matters. Robert Wuhl plays a wanna-be film writer conned into believing that one of his old scripts may actually become a movie. As the dogged producer behind the con, Martin Landau contributes a fine character study of a has-been hustler. His prey are two possible financial backers (Eli Wallach and Danny Aiello) who may cough up in order to guarantee movie roles for their mistresses. Tuesday Knight and Jean Smart make stock whimsy of their stints as the kept women; Laurie Metcalf plays Wuhl's long-suffering wife, who wants a normal life back in New York. The supercharge of energy that saves *Mistress* from mediocrity occurs when Robert De Niro (also one of the film's co-producers) checks in as a West Coast steamroller with a weak spot for *his* ladylove (Sheryl Lee Ralph)—an ambitious schemer who can actually act. So can everyone else, but *Mistress* still falls far short of making the big time. ¥¥

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Roberto Benigni, a nebbishy Woody Allen type who is already a major star in Italy, co-authored and appears in ***Johnny Stecchino*** (New Line), a smash hit over there. Stateside audiences may find that some of the subtitled *Johnny Stecchino*'s broad humor doesn't travel well, but Benigni is often droll in his dual role as Dante, a bus driver for retarded kids, and his lookalike, a Sicilian mobster named Stecchino (in English, the name means toothpick). Nicoletta Braschi is the perky moll involved with both characters. Benigni has a fine time getting his signals as well as his identities mixed when—as Dante—he believes sniffing cocaine is a quick fix for diabetes. No one actually slips on a banana peel, but fun seekers should be warned: The jokes seldom get more sophisticated than that. ¥¥½

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If distinguished credits could put a nonfiction movie into the winner's circle, ***A Brief History of Time*** (Triton) would be a guaranteed hit. Inspired by the book by superscientist Stephen Hawking and directed by Errol Morris (widely acclaimed for his documentary *The Thin Blue Line*), the movie has arresting music by Philip Glass. The majority of moviegoers, albeit

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The Sound of Music* 0003905

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duly impressed, are likely to feel they're in over their heads while this portrait of Hawking shapes up and breaks up around them with cosmic unpredictability. Suffering from a severe neurological disability, Hawking writes, thinks, teaches and shares his thoughts about everything major—from the big bang of creation to his idea (later retracted) that time would eventually reverse itself in a contracting universe. Hawking's own failing voice is electronically fortified when he speaks. His mother, family members and colleagues all contribute interviews to a work of exceptional ambition and density. Drawings and other visual effects do the rest. Here's an intelligent, accessible film about black holes in the universe and the mysteries of existence that makes most science-fiction epics look simpleminded. ¥¥¥

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An explosion of Hollywood's young stars of tomorrow, including co-author and director Marc Rocco (see August's "Off Camera") behind the scenes, makes ***Where the Day Takes You*** (New Line) emphatically something to see. This gritty, unremittingly grim picture of street kids—mostly runaway rebels, addicts and hustlers who have decided to be homeless in Hollywood—touches on a pressing social issue in a way that demands attention. Dermot Mulroney stars as King, uncrowned leader of the group, whose associates include Sean Astin (brilliant as a doomed druggie), Ricki Lake, Balthazar Getty, Lara Flynn Boyle and James LeGros. Overall, they're a pretty fine-looking bunch of aimless young derelicts, but there's utter conviction in Rocco's rap on a blighted milieu where a friend won't ask if you had a nice day but may well inquire, "Did you suck any cock?" Should anyone wonder why *Where the Day* chooses to dwell on such a seamy slice of life, the answer is painful but easy: Because it's there. ¥¥¥

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Singles (Warner) will probably bring its writer-director, Cameron Crowe, another success comparable to *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* (which he didn't direct but adapted from his own novel). High-energy mating, dating, lying, playing games and living together are the concerns of every loose cannon or love-starved soul on the club scene in today's Seattle. Campbell Scott and Kyra Sedgwick are couple A, who worry about an unplanned pregnancy. Matt Dillon and Bridget Fonda as couple B are a shade more interesting—he's a funky musician-waiter-deliveryman of dubious talent, fawned on by Fonda who contemplates breast surgery to make him like her better. Scott, Dillon and Fonda live in the same apartment complex, a virtual Crowe's nest of white-bread social striving. *Singles* is distracting when its characters address the camera, but Crowe's scattershot, largely superficial ensemble piece throbs with the MTV rhythm likely to simulate a voyage of discovery for the young at heart. ¥¥½

Frost warning.

OFF CAMERA

If you don't already know her, you soon will. **Sadie Frost,** 25, is Lucy, the lovely prey of *Bram Stoker's Dracula* in the forthcoming erotic thriller from Francis Ford Coppola. "A wonderful part," says Frost, who got the role "because Francis saw me in *Dark Obsession* and liked me. I was Gabriel Byrne's rebellious sister. It was sort of incestuous." Sex is also a major factor in her portrayal of Lucy. "She's a nineteen-year-old virgin, an aristocrat, who's used to these little English boys. Dracula represents the dark side. When Lucy gets aroused, she *wants* Dracula to come and suck her blood. She's so turned on, she sort of has an orgasm, then passes out." Rehearsals, Sadie admits, were embarrassing. "Here were Gary Oldman and Anthony Hopkins sitting around on chairs, and I was supposed to fake an orgasm. Finally they all said, 'Go for it, Sadie.' Everyone just started breathing heavily . . . and that broke the ice."

Born in England, where her mother used to run a theater company, Frost entered drama school at the age of 11. She has just finished shooting *Heirs and Graces* in London, a comedy with Eric Idle, Rick Moranis and John Cleese. She and her husband, actor-musician Gary Kemp, who starred in *The Krays*, have a toddler son. "Gary just did a part in *The Bodyguard*, with Kevin Costner and Whitney Houston. That movie will be out by the end of the year. So we'll probably rent a house in California for a while and just see what happens."

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Batman Returns (Reviewed 9/92) Fair sequel with good bad guys and Pfeiffer's plucky Catwoman. ¥¥½

The Best Intentions (See review) Ingmar Bergman's roots. ¥¥¥¥

Bob Roberts (See review) Politics according to Tim Robbins. ¥¥¥½

Breaking the Rules (9/92) Three guys and a girl hit the road. ¥¥

A Brief History of Time (See review) The advanced class. ¥¥¥

Brother's Keeper (9/92) Rural murder case vividly recapped. ¥¥¥¥

La Discrète (8/92) French comedy about a seducer's comeuppance. ¥¥

L'Elegant Criminel (8/92) He just kills for kicks, stylishly. ¥¥½

Enchanted April (9/92) English ladies try Italy for a change. ¥¥¥

Gas Food Lodging (8/92) Backwoods angst for a trio of women. ¥¥½

Glengarry Glen Ross (See review) The rat race—from Mamet's play. ¥¥¥

Howards End (4/92) Forster's book as a splendid screen treat. ¥¥¥¥

Jersey Girl (9/92) Jami Gertz is fine as Hackensack's loss. ¥¥½

Johnny Stecchino (See review) All Benigni and broad as can be. ¥¥½

A League of Their Own (8/92) Gals come out to play ball. ¥¥¥

Light Sleeper (8/92) Sarandon and Dafoe do drugs with panache. ¥¥¥

Mistress (See review) How to get your girlfriend into pitchas. ¥¥

Patriot Games (8/92) Harrison Ford fights Irish terrorists. ¥¥¥½

Pepi, Luci, Bom (8/92) A far-out start for Pedro Almodóvar. ¥¥½

The Player (6/92) Robert Altman gives Hollywood the hotfoot. ¥¥¥¥

Prelude to a Kiss (Listed only) Bride swaps souls with codger, but Alec Baldwin is the real showstopper. ¥¥¥

Rampage (See review) Bloodcurdling thriller brought back. ¥¥

Single White Female (9/92) She's a psycho in the spare room. ¥¥½

Singles (See review) Cats on the club scene in Seattle. ¥¥½

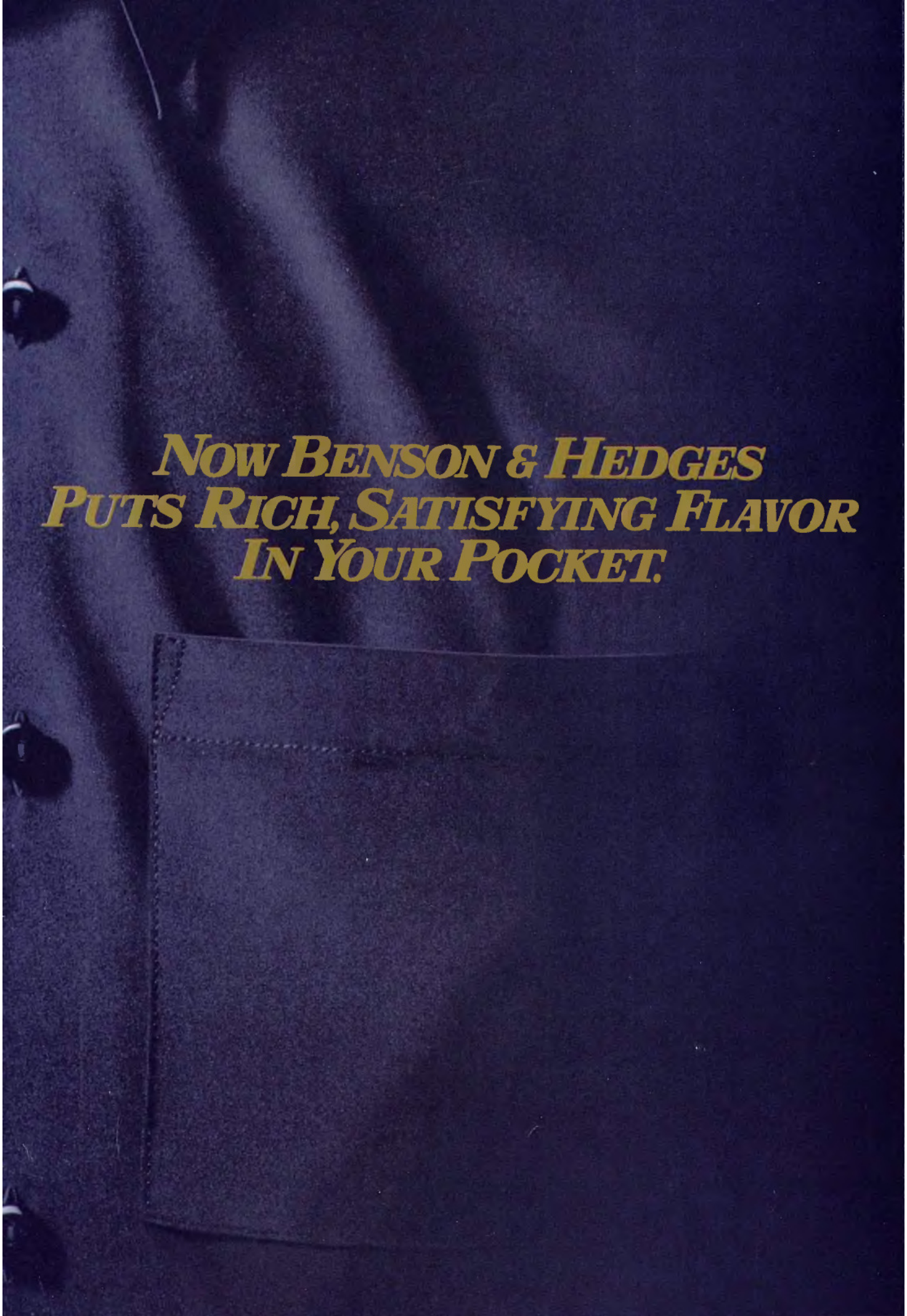
Swoon (9/92) Leopold and Loeb revisited, again. ¥¥

Volere Volare (9/92) Another comic-strip character gets real. ¥¥

Where the Day Takes You (See review) Really down in Hollywood. ¥¥¥

Wisecracks (9/92) Some funny girls demonstrate that stand-up comedy isn't just a man's world. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it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VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

"I'm a horror buff," says **Whoopi Goldberg**, whose own frightfully funny stint in *Ghost* scared up an Oscar. "Especially old horror. I like the thrill of it." Videowise, that translates into a batch of favorite rentals that includes *An American Werewolf in London* and *The Bride of Frankenstein*. "I don't like blood-and-guts horror," she adds, "but you can also put down *A Nightmare on Elm Street*." Surprisingly, Whoopi eschews comedies ("They don't move me"), opting instead for rewinds of *Blade Runner* and *An Affair to Remember*. Oh, yes, and *To Sir, with Love*. "Ooooh, Sidney Poitier," she purrs. "You can put that one down *twice*." —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDEO TREKS

In film's early days, explorers risked their lives hauling movie cameras to remote corners of the world. Milestone's *Age of Exploration* series captures these primitive epics in eight tapes (five of them silent), including:

Tabu (1931): In this solemn South Seas saga, young innocents defy religious custom and elope. This final film of F. W. (*Nosferatu*) Murnau won an Oscar.

Chang (1927): Pioneer family in Thai jungle fends off wild animals, but the drama is tame: Dad hunts, the kids play—then 400 elephants stampede. Exit family. By the makers of *King Kong*.

In the Land of the War Canoes (1914): Features the Kwakiutl Indians of British Columbia in a raw reenactment of a violent tribal fable. Cool costumes, customs and canoes.

With Byrd at the South Pole (1930): Noble explorer flies over the pole, then spends two hard years hanging out with penguins. Fact-filled but stuffy—and cold.

—CHRIS BALL

(All tapes available from Milestone Film & Video, 212-865-7449.)

LASER FARE

Two anniversaries, two special disc packages: For its 50th birthday, ***Casablanca*** (MGM/UA; $49.98) has a newly restored look and comes with a making-of documentary, narrated by Lauren Bacall; and the 40th-anniversary edition of John Ford's nostalgic ***The Quiet Man*** (Republic Pictures; $60) includes archival reproductions of the film's press book and lobby card. . . . New from PolyGram are director Peter Sellars' bizarre stagings of three Mozart operas: *Le nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni* and *Così fan tutte*. Jettisoning their traditional backdrops, Sellars sets the operas in contemporary surroundings—a Trump Tower penthouse, a street corner in Spanish Harlem and a seaside diner, respectively—with winning results. . . . Good news for the impatient: MGM/UA's ***Busby Berkeley Disc*** ($39.98) features Busby's best—just his legendary musical numbers, no silly scripts to get in the way.

—GREGORY FAGAN

VIDEO SLEEPERS

good movies that crept out of town

Junior Bonner: Steve McQueen plays a rodeo star in this winsome 1972 Western (director Sam Peckinpah was seldom so benign), with Robert Preston and Ida Lupino as his parents.

The Vanishing: An eerie Dutch thriller (1988) about a man who finds—to his regret—the weirdo who abducted his girlfriend from a gas station. The U.S. remake is already under way with Kiefer Sutherland and Jeff Bridges.

Winter Kills: Audacious black comedy about a sexy, slain U.S. President, his wild brother (Bridges again) and his mad dad, played by John Huston at peak strength. —BRUCE WILLIAMSON

VIDEO "HIT" LIST

Long before *Bugsy*, Hollywood had a love affair with crime flicks. CBS/Fox's Gangster Collection lets you take a trip down machine-gun alley.

Street with No Name (1948): An FBI agent goes undercover to bust a crime boss (Richard Widmark) obsessed with catching a cold.

Show Them No Mercy (1935): Young couple and baby are held hostage by kidnappers. Cesar Romero stars; great final shootout.

Dillinger (1945): Makes Big John out to be a regular guy who went bad when a bar wouldn't take his check. Bump this one off.

Road House (1948): Twisted passions ignite in the woods when Widmark, this time a psychotic saloon owner, goes soft for lounge singer Lupino.

Al Capone (1959): Rod Steiger as Big Al chews the scenery—and 50 pounds of provolone. Co-stars Martin Balsam.

Pick Up on South Street (1953): Pickpocket (Widmark) goes after wrong girl, uncovers espionage, pisses off everyone.

Johnny Apollo (1940): Rich boy Tyrone Power becomes small-time hood when dad does a Boesky and gets jailed. Dorothy Lamour and Lloyd Nolan are the accomplices.

Gun Crazy (1949): Pistols = passion for obsessive lovebirds. A film noir classic.

St. Valentine's Day Massacre (1967): Jason Robards is Capone, George Segal is Bugs Moran, Roger Corman directs. Fit this one with cement shoes and toss it.

—REED KIRK RAHLMANN

(All tapes from CBS/Fox, $19.98 each.)

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
WORTH A LOOK	***White Men Can't Jump*** (Snipes and Harrelson score os haop hustlers with heart); ***Eye of the Storm*** (Dennis Hopper and bride stuck in Majave with addball brothers; Lara Flynn Boyle smalders); ***Ruby*** (as titular Oswald killer, Danny Aiello fills holes in *JFK* plot—while Sherilyn Fenn strips).
DRAMA	***Medicine Man*** (jungle hermit Sean Connery searches for a cancer cure); ***Wild Orchid 2: Two Shades of Blue*** (ersatz saftcore fare, led by Nina Siemaszko as an apprentice hooker); ***The Last of His Tribe*** (doc Jon Voight tries ta resuscitate soul of Native American tribe; from HBO).
COMEDY	***Wayne's World*** (Myers and Carvey milk SNL Wayne and Garth characters; most excellent); ***Memoirs of an Invisible Man*** (Chevy is see-thraugh; na Tapper, but OK); ***Hook*** (Dustin Hoffman's pirate shtick steals Spielberg's overblawn Peter Pan).
DOCUMENTARY	***The Rodney King Case: What the Jury Saw in California v. Powell*** (Caurt TV condensation of the trial that burned L.A.; they should have condensed the title); ***Time Out: The Truth About HIV, AIDS and You*** (Magic, Arsenio and celebs tell it like it is; directed by Malcolm-Jamal Warner); ***Don't Call Me Bugsy*** (vid bio of bad boy Siegel; Beatty's better).

STYLE

ANIMAL MAGNETISM

Want to take a walk on the wild side? Check out this fall's fashion stampede of animal prints—the most impressive roundup of endangered species since Noah set sail in the ark. (In these eco-conscious times, naturally, we're talking imitation prints and faux fur, not actual pelts.) In Europe, Italy's Gianni Versace leads the pack with a brash menagerie of untamed styles, including a tiger-print wool-and-leather biker jacket (about $4700) and, from his Istante line, a leopard blazer ($1450) with matching vest ($475). In America, wildlife on the prowl includes Shady Character's leopard velveteen shirt ($120), silk tie ($35) and cap ($25). Looking West for inspiration, some designers are riding the range with Appaloosa prints. Michael Kors's first men's collection plays the ponies with a jacket ($1595). Burma Bibas offers the silk crepe pony-print vest shown here ($65). For fun, there's Gaspar Saldanha's fringed pony-print tie ($75), Charles Goodnight's pajamas ($50) and a fun-fur Mad Hatter's top hat ($140) from a new Canadian company called Hoax Couture. The way to wear these pelt prints is one at a time. A pony-print shirt, for example, goes well with a solid-black jacket and jeans. Or try a zebra-print vest over a T-shirt. Combine too many animal prints, though, and you'll be ready for the zoo.

HOT SHOPPING: LAS VEGAS

Imagine Rodeo Drive relocated to ancient Rome and you have The Forum Shops at Caesars Palace, a megamall in toga togs. It's shopping at its glitziest. Among the more than 60 stores in the hip 240,000-square-foot complex on Las Vegas Boulevard are Gucci, Louis Vuitton and Gianni Versace. Men can choose from a broad selection of clothing at Cuzzens or Kerkorian; women's boutiques range from the elegance of Escada to the silky temptations of Victoria's Secret. There's even a Warner Bros. Studio Store that sells great-looking cartoon-character clothing. After shopping, stop by Spago for one of Wolfgang Puck's unique pizzas or watch as the animated statues of the Roman gods come to life every hour.

CLOTHES LINE

A peek into **Giancarlo Esposito's** closet is a blast from the past. The actor, who is making a name for himself in *Bob Roberts* and the upcoming *Malcolm X*, has a thing for jazz-era clothing. "I really dig wearing three-button suits with patch pockets, wide lapels and full, pleated trousers." When he is filming on location, Esposito often scours vintage stores for heavyweight gabardine suits, funky Forties ties, fedoras and antique glasses. He fell for the Forties while studying jazz greats. "Those cats always dressed. That turned me on." Even Esposito's casual look is retro: He favors a brown Sears biker jacket from the Fifties and rides a 1965 BMW motorcycle.

WE'RE ALL EARS

Remember when only bikers and artists had pierced ears? Times have certainly changed. Michael Jordan sports a diamond stud (or a gold number 23 after a big win), Bruce Springsteen has two in one ear and George Michael's ears are adorned with gold hoops—and even *60 Minutes*' Ed Bradley wears a golden loop. "As we near the turn of the century," says Artwear's founding jewelry designer and style maker Robert Lee Morris, "everything that was counter-establishment is becoming mainstream." In fact, men's earrings have become so common, there's now a demand for fakes. Swank has debuted a masculine version of the clip-on earring that grips the earlobe magnetically and can't be told from the real McCoy. For less than $10, these faux earrings are aimed at anyone who wants the look without the commitment.

CALLING ALL WORLD TRAVELERS

It's rare that so many travel editors pool their picks for the world's top vacation spots, which is why the News Travel Network's 1992 Golden Compass Awards are so compelling. Chosen by people who've seen it all, the awards narrow down the possibilities to the best destinations in several categories. The winners are: *Cities:* San Francisco and Budapest. *Beaches:* Panama City, Florida, and Cancún, Mexico. *Beach resorts:* the Ritz-Carlton in Laguna Niguel, California, and Club Med in Huatulco, Mexico. *Cruise-ship itinerary:* Windjammer in the Caribbean. *Cities for food:* New Orleans and Paris.

MARTIN HOFFMAN

STYLE METER

SWEATERS	IN	OUT
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Where & How to Buy on page 175.

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BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

JUST WHEN IT looked as though the American detective novel couldn't get much better, James Ellroy appears with a stylistic breakthrough that may revolutionize crime fiction. The tough, telegraphic prose of ***White Jazz*** (Knopf) gives the term hard-boiled a whole new meaning. Written in a riveting street-smart cop shorthand, this wild, funny novel reaches back to the free-swinging days of rackets, racism and corrupt cops in Los Angeles circa 1958.

Shortly after we meet Lieutenant David "the Enforcer" Klein, L.A.P.D., he tosses flyweight boxer Sanderline Johnson out of the window of a ninth-story hotel room. This is an object lesson for Johnson and all others considering testifying before the grand jury investigation of Klein's part-time employer, Meyer Harris "Mickey" Cohen. The Mickster, who is failing to make a comfortable living out of illegal gambling, has turned to moviemaking and is the producer of a nonunion horror film called *Attack of the Atomic Vampire*. Unfortunately, he has had the bad taste to entice a young actress named Glenda Bledsoe to star in this grade B epic—while she's under contract to Howard Hughes. Hughes hires Klein to double-cross Mickey and find a way to break Glenda's contract. And so it goes.

Those are just a few of the threads in this deliciously complicated web of plots and counterplots filled with dirty cops, colorful crooks, kinky dames and rapid-fire violence. Ellroy punctuates the story with snatches of fictional headlines and reportage from the *Herald-Express*, the *Mirror*, the *Times* and *Hush-Hush* magazine, but the bulk of it is written in the form of Klein's notes, hastily scribbled as he whirls through this funhouse mix of sex, crime and brutality.

While Ellroy zigzags a bizarre new trail through detective territory, several others are doing a fine job the old-fashioned way. George V. Higgins, who vies with Elmore Leonard for the title of king of dialog, has written a new Jerry Kennedy novel, ***Defending Billy Ryan*** (Henry Holt). Higgins' resourceful defense attorney digs through his familiar turf, peopled by Boston politicians and small-time criminals, in search of justice and social irony. In Eugene Izzi's ninth novel, ***Tribal Secrets*** (Bantam), a Chicago TV actor's family past catches up with him at the same time as his career heats up and a love-crazed fan makes her move. ***Ladystinger*** (Crown), a first novel by Craig Smith, is a tightly crafted thriller about a gorgeous con woman who gets into deep, dangerous waters while plying her trade from New Orleans to Jamaica. It's a clever, sexy, Nineties version of *The Sting*.

And all that *White Jazz*.

Ellroy re-creates crime fiction; a Keith Richards bio and Gore Vidal on culture.

One of the best biographical books of this or any other year is Peter Viertel's memoir ***Dangerous Friends: At Large with Huston and Hemingway in the Fifties*** (Nan Talese/Doubleday). The veteran novelist and screenwriter chronicles wonderful adventures with John Huston, Ernest Hemingway, Luis Miguel Dominguín, Orson Welles, Ava Gardner and other talented, volatile characters. Viertel's string of fascinating anecdotes conjures up bigger-than-life friendships during a lost era in Hollywood.

Victor Bockris, who has written biographies of Andy Warhol and William Burroughs, now focuses his eye on the man who has spent his life overshadowed by Mick Jagger. In ***Keith Richards: Key to the Highway*** (Poseidon Press), Bockris re-creates the wild life of this rock-and-roll legend with the voices of his contemporaries—musicians, lovers and drug addicts. This is such an epic tale of excess in every aspect that by the end of it you simply marvel that Richards is still alive and still making great music.

By his own admission, Nicholas von Hoffman started out to write a biography of Malcolm Forbes and ended up writing a book about greed and immorality in American business. But ***Capitalist Fools: Tales of American Business, from Carnegie to the Milken Gang*** (Doubleday) may also be read as a book subverted by Von Hoffman's fascination with the era of B. C. Forbes, Pierre du Pont, Alfred Sloan, J. P. Morgan and John D. Rockefeller—and his grudging admiration for their business ethics.

Finally, a slim collection of lectures presented at Harvard University, ***The Screening of History*** (Harvard), by Gore Vidal, is an astonishingly original and penetrating piece of cultural criticism. Vidal deals with movies in their historical context and the reconstruction of history in the movies. But he also meditates on the value of empathy, his obsession with Lincoln and the demise of literature in the face of the onslaught of film. This book bristles with wit and provocative ideas.

BOOK BAG

Father's Day (Birch Lane), by Alan Trustman: A hyperactive international thriller jam-packed with enough action and plot to fill three novels—and enough heart to keep you reading.

After the War Was Over: Hanoi and Saigon (Random House), by Neil Sheehan: No one expressed the agony of the Vietnam war with more passion and understanding than did Sheehan in *A Bright Shining Lie*, and no one has described its aftermath with more sensitivity and insight.

Irresistible Impulse: A True Story of Blood and Money (Simon & Schuster), by Robert Lindsey: A true crime gem that brilliantly unravels the ill-fated marriage of a psychotic British millionaire to a trusting California beauty.

Dancing the Dream: Poems and Reflections (Doubleday), by Michael Jackson: The Gloved One waxes philosophic about life, love, God and music.

A Book of Movie Bests (Walker and Company), by Dale Thomajan: A freelance movie critic presents awards for the best last line in a gangster movie, the best second-banana villain, the best cameo appearance by a director in his own movie and 100 other offbeat categories. Test yourself.

This Is the American Earth (Sierra Club), by Ansel Adams and Nancy Newhall: First published in 1960 and now reissued as part of Sierra Club's centennial, these incredible black-and-white photos with text remind us why we fight to preserve the wilderness.

Suicide Blonde (Atlantic Monthly), by Darcey Steinke: This is either a brave, shocking novel of sexual candor or a sad story of emotional need and degradation. Either way, it is written with the flair and unflinching eye of a female Jim Thompson.

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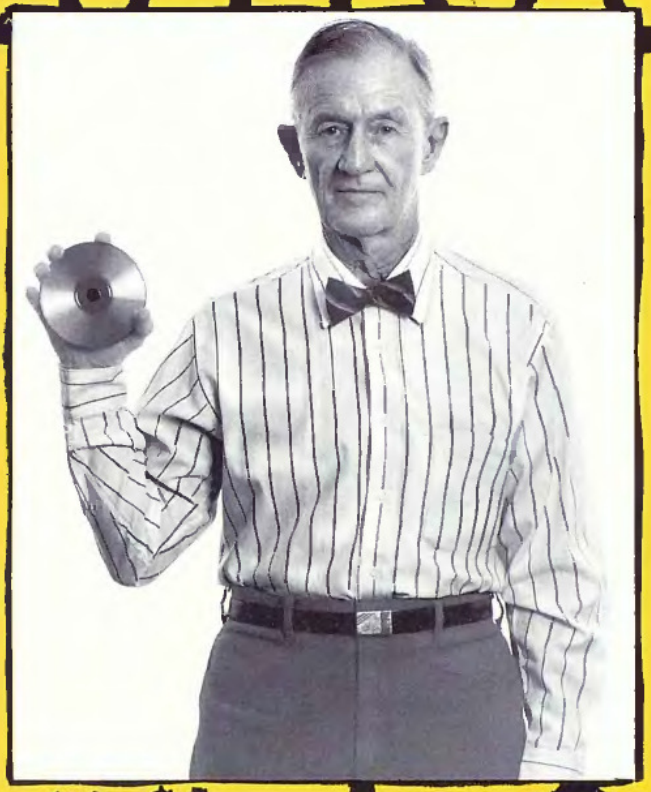

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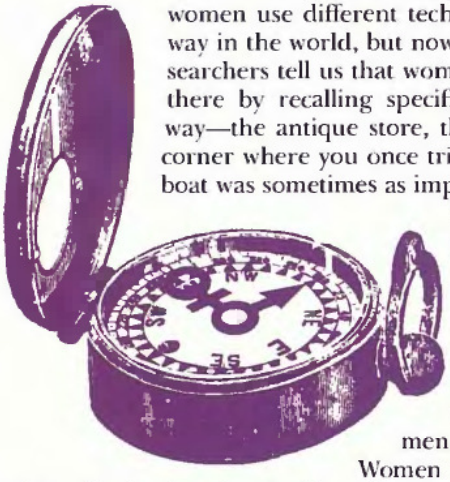
MANTRACK

a guy's guide to changing times

SAY IT WITH CHOICE

What role should a man have in an abortion? Privately, when faced with the dilemma, most men show the wisdom to let the woman make the ultimate choice. Now it's time to take the logic behind that quiet support and make it public. When Operation Rescue comes to your town, let the woman in your life know how much you *really* care by making things as uncomfortable as possible for the anti-choice fanatics. Believe us, she will appreciate it more than flowers.

LOST IN SPACE



We've known for a long time that men and women use different techniques to find their way in the world, but now we have proof. Researchers tell us that women get from here to there by recalling specific details along the way—the antique store, the yogurt shop, the corner where you once tried to explain why a boat was sometimes as important as a relationship—while men navigate by vectors: two steps ahead, left for a minute, right for a couple of minutes. In short, while women rely on dead reckoning, men fly by instruments. Women do better in mazes where the landmarks remain stable; men excel when landmarks are obscured but the overall configuration remains constant—making them more adept at finding a port in a storm, for instance. In other words, she drives in daylight and you take the wheel at night. And the next time she gets all fussed about your obsession with maps—and your refusal to ask directions—just say it's genetic.

WHY THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A FRANCE

Twenty percent of French women would not consider it sexual harassment if they were asked to remove their clothes during a job interview.

IMOC (IRON MAN ON CAMPUS)

What do college men think of the men's movement? Not much, apparently. To the typical collegian, Robert Bly—author of the near-biblical tome on masculinity, *Iron John*—is just another talking head on PBS. "Sure, we have occasional retreats," explains Berkeley frat brother Chris Lutz, "but we don't characterize it as a men's movement." Lee MacAdams, a junior at Columbia University, is more blunt: "*Iron John* doesn't tell me anything that I don't already know."

But that doesn't mean MacAdams and his contemporaries nationwide are hiding their XY chromosome in their dorm closets. MacAdams started a weekly discussion group at the student center. He's not alone: Undergrads at Duke organized a group called Men Acting for Change in an attempt to raise consciousness about what it's like to be an average guy in the Nineties. Other offshoots include a class on fathering that is now part of the curriculum at the University of Vermont. Courses in men's studies have popped up at USC, University of Oregon, UC-Berkeley and Rutgers, as well. But don't think drum beating and sweat lodges will replace beer bashes and football games. "We talk about how we can enjoy our maleness without being sexist," MacAdams explains, "and what it's like to be a man at a time when there's so much antimale feeling on campus."

THE MANTRACK SPORTS CLICHÉ QUIZ

Match the cliché in the first column with what it really means in the second.

1. "This team is a family."
2. "Tony Jackson left the club for personal reasons."
3. "Hey, don't ask me. I'm not the coach."
4. "He's a pure natural athlete."
5. "He's a smart player, a scrapper, a guy who makes the most of his ability."
6. "We're in a rebuilding mode."
7. "I'm a Christian, so when I scored that touchdown, I knelt down and thanked the Lord."
8. "Don Baylor is a fine managerial candidate, but we decided to go another way."
9. "Eric Dickerson has one thing to say to Eric Dickerson's critics: Eric Dickerson makes four million dollars a year."
10. "It's a game of inches."

a. The coach is, in my opinion, an idiot.
b. We stink.
c. He's on his way to rehab or jail.
d. Unfortunately for us, it's also a game of points.
e. We're in first place.
f. Baylor is black.
g. God likes football but seems to hate the homeless.
h. He is small, slow, white and very popular in Boston.
i. I'm great, you stink, pay me.
j. He is big, fast and black.

Answers:
1. (e), 2. (c), 3. (a), 4. (j), 5. (h), 6. (b), 7. (g), 8. (f), 9. (i), 10. (d).

SEX AND THE SINGLE SITCOM

While many people complain about too much sex on TV, we'd like to offer a gripe of our own: Why is television sex such bad sex, and why is it always the man who's the lousy lover? Take for example the episode of *Home Improvement* when Tim attempts to erect a satellite dish:

"All you need to do is to point it up," he smugly tells his wife. "Any man can do that."

"But it has to be up for more than ten seconds," she replies with a smirk.

LINDA BLEEN

Or what about the poor woman married to the attorney in *Stand By Your Man*? "The Dow Jones has gone back up," she says wistfully, "but Stewart hasn't."

Of course, there's any episode of *Married . . . with Children*, featuring Al Bundy, the 15-second wonder. The list goes on—and on and on. Why is TV full of dysfunctional men and their lusty, if unsatisfied, partners? Simple. When a man gets an erection, there's the possibility of real sex, and TV wants its sex cute, not real. And since it would be politically incorrect to make women bear the burden of bad sex, men get to be the butt of the joke. It makes us think of an exchange we heard one night on *Roseanne*, when a confused D.J. said to his father (played by John Goodman), "I thought it was good to be a man."

"Oh, no," replied Goodman solemnly. "Not since the late Sixties, son."

MYTHS OF THE LOCKER ROOM

STEPHEN TURK

One of the great myths that women have about men is that we spend our time in locker rooms talking about sex. That might be true for 11th graders. Older guys—say, your average high school senior—are much less outspoken. For a man to talk about sex, he has to have several drinks under his belt or spend the day ice fishing—an experience so boring and cold that a certain delirium sets in.

So what do men talk about in locker rooms? We did a highly scientific survey: Between 16 and 25, men talk about sports. From 25 to 35, it's money. From 35 to 45, it's family. From 45 to 65, it's about how if other people in their family made more money, they could spend more time playing sports. From 65 to 75, politics and prostates take center stage. After 75, they don't spend much time in locker rooms. They change their golf shoes in their cars, complain about their short irons and give praise that they don't go ice fishing anymore.

DAVE CALVER

LIP SERVICE

"Nobody in the media wants to look like a Neanderthal, so we just accept the feminist agenda."

—CBS NEWS CORRESPONDENT BERNARD GOLDBERG

•

"If women really earned fifty-nine cents to the dollar for the same work as men, what business could compete effectively by hiring men at any level?" —DR. WARREN FARRELL

•

"Every lesbian spear chucker in this country is hoping I get defeated." —REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT K. DORNAN (R–CALIFORNIA)

•

"I was harassed in the past, when I was younger, prettier and more naive. Men being harassed by women or men doesn't get discussed. It's different for a man because it's not macho to admit you've been harassed."

—ACTOR GREGORY HARRISON

•

"All that damn Robert Bly drumming has made it impossible to take introspective men seriously."

—KEN CLATTERBAUGH, PHILOSOPHY PROFESSOR AND AUTHOR

•

"It's still not correct to say it too loudly, but many women believe they're better understood by the Helen Gurley Browns of the world than by the Germaine Greers."

—WRITER SALLY QUINN

STAYING POWER

A San Diego psychiatrist has a new solution to the old problem of premature ejaculation: the controversial antidepressant drug Prozac. "I've prescribed Prozac for more than one hundred men complaining of premature ejaculation, and the cure ratio has consistently been one hundred percent," says Dr. Roger T. Crenshaw. Half the men have been able to reduce their dosage or go off the medication entirely within a year, he adds.

TWO BOOKS TO AVOID THIS FALL

The Joy of Uncircumcising, by Jim Bigelow. "I often prayed that God would heal my foreskin and give it back to me," writes the author. "This book is an earnest effort to share the accumulated knowledge about foreskin restoration in as comprehensible and useful a manner as possible."

Men Are Not Cost Effective, by June Stephenson, who believes men should be taxed extra for being men. She maintains: "Maybe you don't batter women, but *your brothers do*. Even if you don't commit serial or mass murder, *your brothers do*. Maybe you're not a drunk driver, but *your brothers are. Your brothers are murderers, stock market manipulators, gang rapists, robbers, arsonists, litterers, polluters and child abusers. Your brothers are killing us.*"

MANTRACK: THE SURVEY

sex, lies and saturday night

MEN AND WOMEN TOGETHER: THE GOOD NEWS

With all the attention given to sexual problems by the media, you could conclude that there's almost no one out there enjoying a satisfying sex life. Not so, according to a Roper report, some of which was done exclusively for PLAYBOY. A significant majority of men and women—about 80 percent—report that they're doing fine, and they assume their partner is happy, too. The results were surprisingly similar for both men and women. In fact, men and women seem to have far more in common than many might think. Almost identical numbers—more than half—report being "very satisfied" with their sex life. (Interestingly, men underestimated their partner's satisfaction, at least among the most satisfied, while women do the reverse). Men and women also lie a similar percentage of the time—a lot—when it comes to their sexual history, with the guys just barely edging out the gals.

HOW SATISFIED ARE YOU WITH YOUR SEX LIFE?

	Men	Women
very satisfied	50%	56%
fairly satisfied	32%	23%
fairly unsatisfied	8%	3%
very unsatisfied	4%	5%

HOW SATISFIED DO YOU THINK YOUR PARTNER IS WITH HIS/HER SEX LIFE?

	Men	Women
very satisfied	44%	60%
fairly satisfied	34%	25%
fairly unsatisfied	3%	3%
very unsatisfied	3%	1%

HOW TRUTHFUL ARE YOU ABOUT YOUR SEXUAL HISTORY?

	Men	Women
always truthful	3%	6%
sometimes less than truthful	93%	88%
won't say	4%	5%

THE MATERIAL MAN

Do men ever outgrow enjoying their toys? Hardly. That's why we asked men which of their possessions they most enjoy owning and how much they enjoy shopping. With one exception—shopping for furniture—younger men are much more avid mall rats than their older counterparts. And we also learned that most men are becoming increasingly environmentally aware when making purchases—42 percent of men buy products because they are ecologically sound, as opposed to 25 percent one year earlier.

MEN AND THEIR FAVORITE TOYS

When we asked men which of their material possessions they most enjoyed owning, the response was unsurprising—sports cars and TVs tied for first with 77 percent. In fact, all the top-rated toys involved either cars or home entertainment: cars (the nonsports variety) came in third (70 percent), followed by camcorders (68 percent), VCRs (63 percent), home computers and CD players (both 61 percent) and, last but not least, video games (49 percent).

WHEN MEN SHOP, THEY LIKE TO BUY . . .

$ $ $ $	Age 18-29	Age 30-44
automobiles	61%	56%
sportswear or casual clothes	68%	48%
sporting goods	68%	58%
recorded music	68%	47%
home electronics	53%	48%
home furnishings	30%	35%
formal clothes	36%	28%

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO SATURDAY NIGHT?

How do you spend your Saturday night? If you're anything like the people we surveyed, you're dull. Yes, "date" night has become "let's stay home and watch TV" night. Of course, while younger men—those 18 to 29—are most likely to go out on the town, 44 percent of them stay home, and most of those do what everyone does—zone out in front of the TV.

Men	Women		Men	Women
59%	64%	stay home	12%	14%
51%	53%	watch prime-time TV	12%	11%
45%	38%	stay up past midnight	11%	4%
16%	22%	go to bed early	4%	4%
15%	30%	clean house	1%	1%
13%	12%	dine out		

Mantrack survey source: Roper Report

GUEST OPINION

the return of carry nation

I am a pornographer. From earliest childhood, I saw sex suffusing the world. I felt the rhythms of nature and the aggressive energies of animal life. Art objects, in both museum and church, seemed to blaze with sensual beauty. The authority figures of church, school and family denied or suppressed what I saw, but like Madonna, I kept to my pagan vision. I belong to the Sixties generation that tried and failed to shatter all sexual norms and taboos. In my book *Sexual Personae* I injected lewdness, voyeurism, homoeroticism and sadomasochism into the entire Western high-art tradition.

Because I am a pornographer, I am at war with Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin. These obsessed, moralistic women, feminism's oddest odd couple, are Carry Nation reborn. They were coauthors of the Minneapolis and Indianapolis ordinances against pornography that were declared unconstitutional. They have produced, individually and in collaboration, an enormous amount of material ranging from tortured autobiographical confessions to legal case histories and academic Marxist critiques.

BY CAMILLE PAGLIA

MacKinnon was among the first to argue for the establishment of sexual harassment as a legal category. But her positive contributions to women's issues must be weighed against the responsibility she bears for fomenting the crazed sexual hysteria that now grips American feminism. Date rape has swelled into a catastrophic cosmic event, like an asteroid threatening the earth in a Fifties science-fiction film. Anita Hill, a competent but priggish, self-interested yuppie, has been canonized as a virgin martyr ruined by the depraved emperor—who never laid a hand on her.

MacKinnon is a totalitarian. She wants a risk-free, state-controlled world. She believes rules and regulations will solve every human ill and straighten out all those irksome problems between the sexes that have been going on for 5000 years. As a lawyer, MacKinnon is deft and pragmatic. But as a political thinker, cultural historian or commentator on sex, she is incompetent. For a woman of her obvious intelligence, her frame of reference is shockingly small. She has the dull instincts and tastes of a bureaucrat. It's all work and no play in MacKinnon Land. Literature, art, music, film, television—nothing intrudes on MacKinnon's consciousness unless it has been filtered through feminism, which has taught her, she likes to say, "everything I know." There's the rub. She is someone who, because of her own private emotional turmoil, locked on to Seventies-era feminism and never let go.

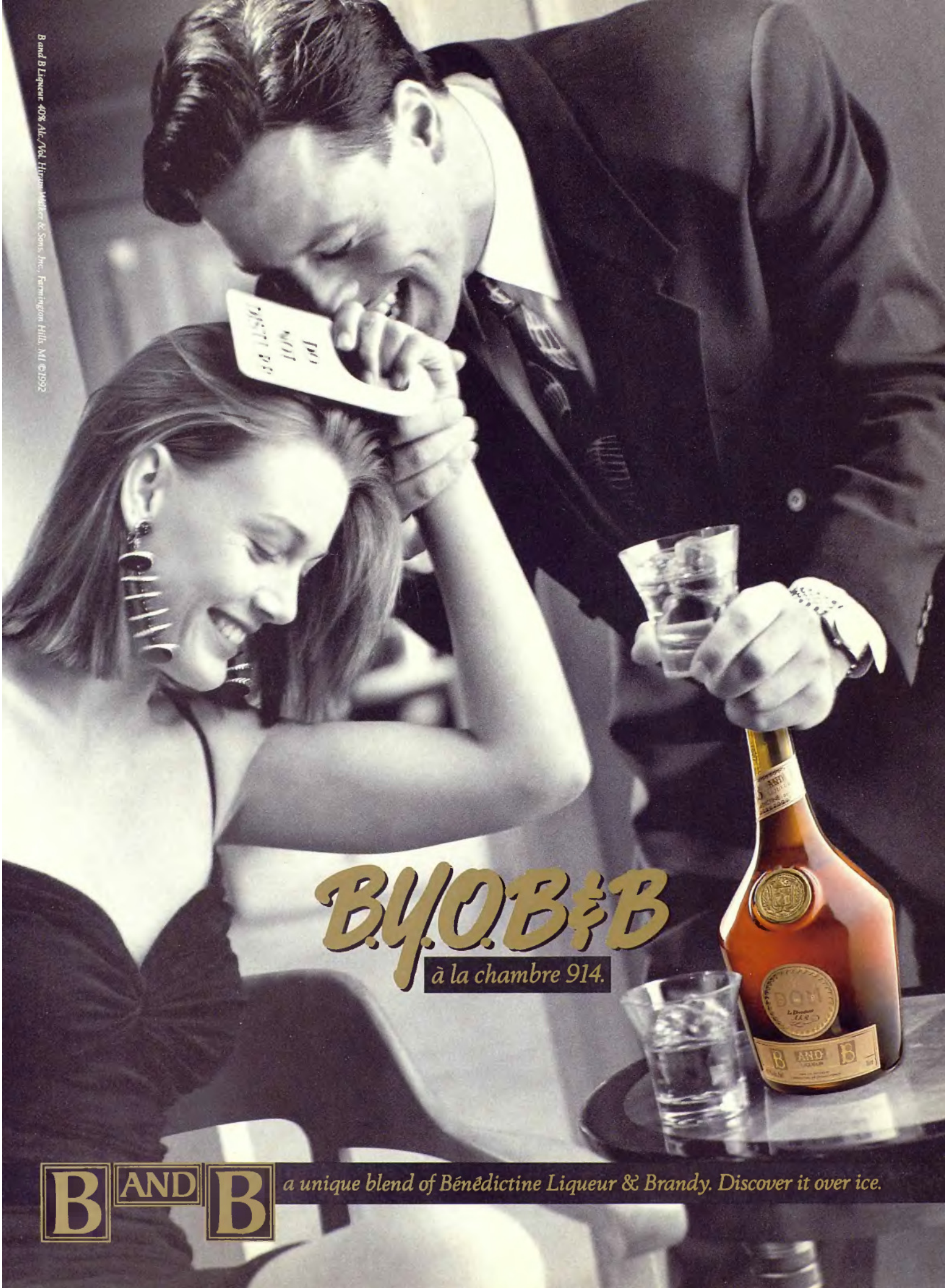
MacKinnon has a cold, inflexible and fundamentally unscholarly mind. She is a propagandist and casuist, good at constructing ad hoc arguments from expedience for specific political aims. But her knowledge of intellectual or world history is limited, and as a researcher she has remarkably poor judgment in evaluating sources. She wildly overpraises weak feminist writers and has no feeling whatever for psychology, a defect that makes her conclusions about sex ridiculous. She is a Stalinist who believes that art must serve a political agenda and that all opposing voices are enemies of humanity who must be silenced. MacKinnon and Dworkin are fanatics, zealots, fundamentalists of the new feminist religion. Their alliance with the reactionary, antiporn far right is no coincidence.

MacKinnon is a classic WASP who painstakingly builds huge, rigid structures of words in complete obliviousness to the organic, sensual and visual. She is a 20th Century puritan whose upbringing—a stern Minnesota judge as father, Episcopalian and conservative Republican—seems straight out of Hawthorne. MacKinnon's pinched, cramped, body-denying Protestant culture made her peculiarly susceptible to Andrea Dworkin, whose let-it-all-hang-out ethnicity was initially liberating. MacKinnon's stolid lack of psychology drew her to Dworkin's boiling emotionalism and self-analytic, self-lacerating Jewishness. In return, MacKinnon, the third-generation Smith College WASP insider, satisfied Dworkin's longings for establishment acceptance, a nagging theme in her writing.

Dworkin, like Kate Millett, has turned a garish history of mental instability into feminist grand opera. Dworkin publicly boasts of her bizarre multiple rapes, assaults, beatings, breakdowns and tacky traumas, as if her inability to cope with life were the patriarchy's fault rather than her own. She pretends to be a daring truth teller but never mentions her most obvious problem: food. Hence she is a hypocrite. Dworkin's shrill, *kvetching*, solipsistic prose has a sloppy, squalling infantilism. This attracted MacKinnon, with her dour background of Protestant high seriousness, which treats children like miniature adults. MacKinnon's impersonal prose is dry, bleached, parched. Her hereditary north-country, anal-retentive style, stingy and nitpicking, was counterbalanced by Dworkin's raging undifferentiated orality, her buckets of chicken soup spiked with spite.

Dworkin, wallowing in misery, is a "type" that I recognize after 22 years of teaching. I call her The Girl with the Eternal Cold. This was the pudgy, clumsy, whiny child at summer camp who was always spilling her milk, dropping her lollipop in the dirt, getting a cramp on the hike, a stone in her shoe, a bee in her hair. In college, this type—pasty, bilious and frumpy—is constantly sick from fall to spring. She coughs and sneezes on everyone, is never prepared with tissue and sits sniffling in class with a roll of toilet paper on her lap. She is the ultimate teacher's pest, the morose, unlovable child who

Camille Paglia is professor of humanities at the University of the Arts in Philadelphia. She is the author of "Sexual Personae" and a new collection of essays, "Sex, Art and American Culture" (Vintage).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never got her mama's approval and therefore demands attention at any price. Dworkin seized on feminism as a mask to conceal her bitterness at this tedious, banal family drama.

MacKinnon and Dworkin have become a pop duo, like Mutt and Jeff, Steve and Eydie, Ron and Nancy. MacKinnon, starved and weather-beaten, is a fierce gargoyle of American Gothic. With her witchy tumbleweed hair, she resembles the batty, gritty pioneer woman played by Agnes Moorehead on *The Twilight Zone*. Or she's Nurse Diesel, the preachy secret sadist in Mel Brooks's *High Anxiety*.

Dworkin is Pee-wee Herman's Large Marge, the demon trucker who keeps returning to the scene of her fatal accident. I see MacKinnon and Dworkin making a female buddy picture like *Thelma & Louise*. Their characters: Penny Wise and Pound Foolish, the puritan Gibson Girl and her fuming dybbuk, the glutton for punishment. Or they'd be perfect for the starring roles in a TV docudrama about prissy, repressed J. Edgar Hoover and his longtime companion, Clyde Tolson, bugging hotel rooms and sticking their noses into everyone's business.

MacKinnon and Dworkin detest pornography because it symbolizes everything they don't understand and can't control about their own bodies. Current feminism, with its antiscience and social constructionist bias, never thinks about nature. Hence it cannot deal with sex, which begins in the body and is energized by instinctual drives. MacKinnon and Dworkin's basic error is in identifying pornography with society, which they then simplistically define as patriarchal and oppressive. In fact, pornography, which erupts into the open in periods of personal freedom, shows the dark truth about nature, concealed by the artifices of civilization. Pornography is about lust, our animal reality that will never be fully tamed by love. Lust is elemental, aggressive, asocial. Pornography allows us to explore our deepest, most forbidden selves.

The MacKinnon–Dworkin party line on pornography is preposterous. "Pornography is sex discrimination," they declared in their Minneapolis ordinance. In a manifesto, they call pornography "hate literature." "Most women hate pornography; all pornography hates women." MacKinnon and Dworkin display an astounding ignorance of the ancient, sacred pornographic tradition of non-Western societies, as well as that of our own gay male culture. Dworkin's blanket condemnation of fellatio as disgusting and violent should make every man furious.

MacKinnon and Dworkin are victim-mongers, ambulance chasers, atrocity addicts. MacKinnon begins every argument from big, flawed premises such as "male supremacy" or "misogyny," while Dworkin spouts glib Auschwitz metaphors at the drop of a bra. Here's one of their typical maxims: "The pornographers rank with Nazis and Klansmen in promoting hatred and violence." Anyone who could write such a sentence knows nothing about pornography *or* Nazism. Pornography does not cause rape or violence, which predate pornography by thousands of years. Rape and violence occur not because of patriarchal conditioning but because of the opposite, a breakdown of social controls. MacKinnon and Dworkin, like most feminists today, lack a general knowledge of criminology or psychopathology and hence have no perspective on or insight into the bloody, lurid human record, with its disasters and triumphs.

In this mechanized technological world of steel and glass, the fires of sex have to be stoked. This is why pornography must continue to play a central role in our cultural life.

Pornography is a pagan arena of beauty, vitality and brutality, of the archaic vigor of nature. It should break every rule, offend all morality. Pornography represents absolute freedom of imagination, as envisioned by the Romantic poets. In arguing that a hypothetical physical safety on the streets should take precedence over the democratic principle of free speech, MacKinnon aligns herself with the authoritarian Soviet commissars. She would lobotomize the village in order to save it.

An enlightened feminism of the 21st Century will embrace all sexuality and will turn away from the delusionalism, sanctimony, prudery and male bashing of the MacKinnon–Dworkin brigade. Women will never know who they are until they let men be men. Let's get rid of Infirmary Feminism, with its bedlam of bellyachers, anorexics, bulimics, depressives, rape victims and incest survivors. Feminism has become a catch-all vegetable drawer where bunches of clingy sob sisters can store their moldy neuroses.

Pornography lets the body live in pagan glory, the lush, disorderly fullness of the flesh. When it defines man as the enemy, feminism is alienating women from their own bodies. MacKinnon never deals with woman as mother, lover or whore. Snuff films are her puritan hallucinations of hellfire. She traffics in tales of terror, hysterical fantasies of death and dismemberment, which show that she does not understand the great god Dionysus, with his terrible duality. The demons are within us. MacKinnon and Dworkin, peddling their diseased rhetoric, are in denial, and what they are blocking is life itself, in all its grandeur and messiness. Let's send a message to the Mad Hatter and her dumpy dormouse to stop trying to run other people's tea parties.

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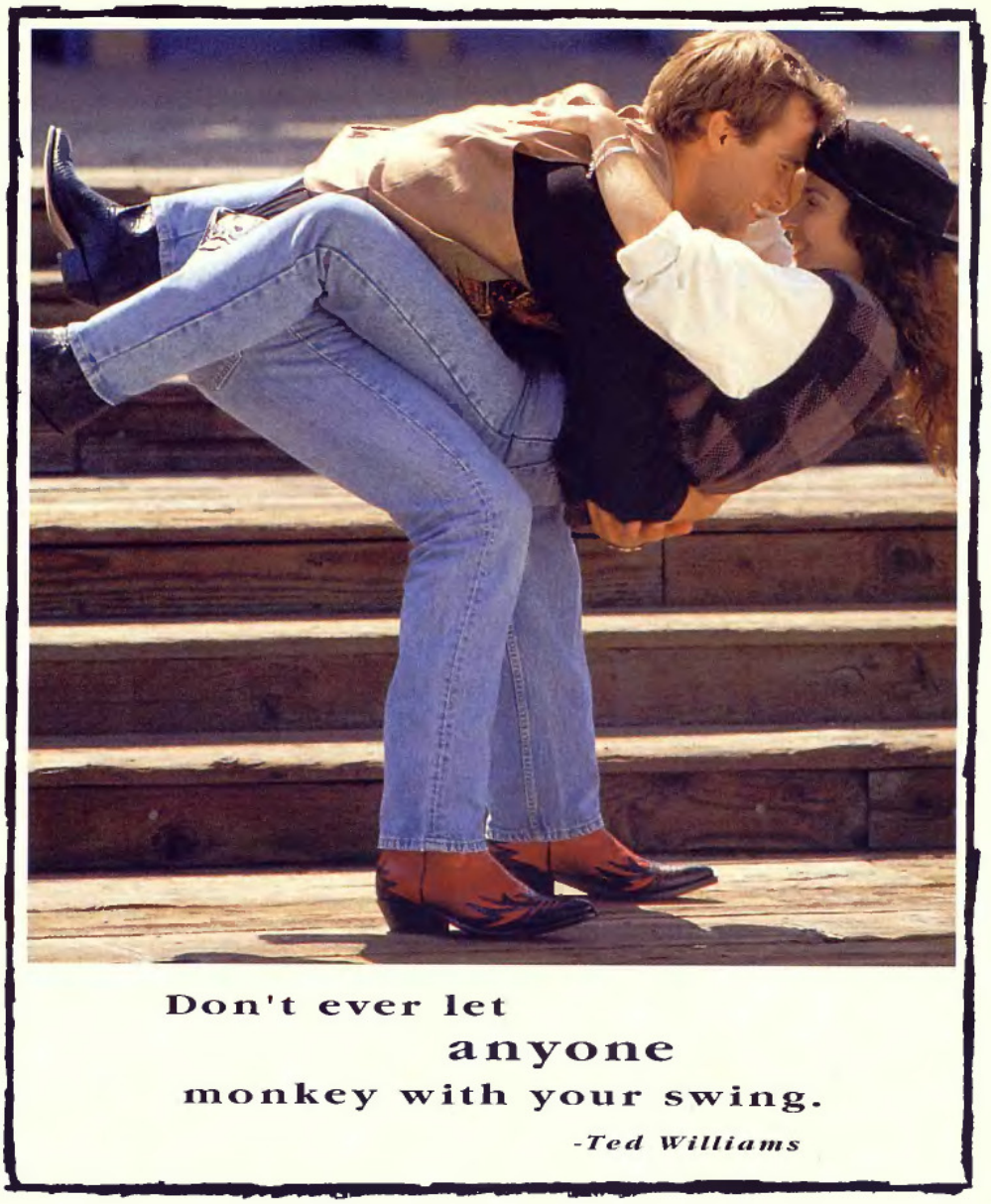

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By ASA BABER

THE YEAR OF THE WOMAN?

The odds are that 1992 will be the Year of the Woman in national politics. The powerful cultural revolution that we have lived through for the past several decades will finally show its effects at the ballot box.

A little over seven years from now, ready or not, we will enter the 21st Century. I predict that, by that time, American women will hold national and local offices in more representative numbers. Both houses of Congress will be more equally balanced between the sexes.

Female fund-raising is already in place. Organizations such as Women's Way, the Women's Campaign Fund, the National Women's Political Caucus and the National Organization for Women are conducting vigorous and professional campaigns. Emily's List, a fund-raising group, reports that donations for female Democratic candidates have doubled since 1990. Wish List, a similar organization of Republican women, is also doing well.

Due credit must be given to the Senate hearings of Justice Clarence Thomas as a catalyzing force for women's increased political action. Whether you sided with Thomas or Anita Hill, the image of 14 men passing judgment on the delicate question of sexual harassment was not a fitting one. Democracy's public face is supposed to be more diverse than that.

Therefore, a question occurs: As men, should we vote for women just because they are women and because we want to even up the numbers in the spirit of democratic fairness?

That sounds like a simple question, but it is not. Because these days an automatic vote for any group is foolish. We should listen and read and think before we walk into the voting booth. That is our duty as citizens.

"Female elected officials are more likely than their male counterparts to focus on women's rights," says *New York Times* columnist Anna Quindlen, and I do not contest her statement. But as men, our interests may not always be served by the feminist focus that Quindlen describes.

Issues such as sexual harassment, date rape, abortion, divorce and child custody, affirmative action, health care, censorship and First Amendment questions, retirement programs and military obligations sometimes differ between the genders. We should recognize that our political interests are not always identical to the interests of the feminist lobby.

PETER PALOMBI

What bothers me are the increasing claims of female superiority that have popped up on the political landscape this year. There is something grandiose and ominous here:

"We'll make better decisions [than men]," says Harriet Woods of the National Women's Political Caucus.

"The most sympathetic and sensitive of our men friends, no matter how hard they try, cannot hear with a woman's ear or process information through a woman's experience," says Governor Ann Richards of Texas.

And Illinois senatorial candidate Carol Moseley Braun, who has certainly endured unfair and prejudicial judgments from certain segments of society, seems to entertain her own biases when she complains of U.S. Senators as "all these men who all look the same, out of a cookie cutter."

Yeah, that's us guys, isn't it? We make lousy decisions, we lack a woman's sympathetic ear and we all look the same.

What I'm saying now in the Year of the Woman is what I've been saying for more than ten years: *There are excesses to the feminist agenda, and, as men, we had better learn to spot them and deal with them.*

I happen to believe that men and women are, for the most part, fair-minded human beings. Here in the U.S., we have been raised with a sense of decency and equality. And we really are ready, as people of good conscience, to vote more women and more minorities into office.

But don't vote blindly in 1992. Remember, men are the political minority now. We constitute 48 percent of the adult voting population. We have our own political agenda to promote. We need better protection in the divorce and child-custody system if fathers are to receive fair treatment. We need more research into male health and longevity. We need reasonable definitions of sexual harassment in the workplace. And we need to speak our minds in the continuing cultural debate about the roles and rights of men and women.

What concerns me most in the Year of the Woman is the potential power and impact of radical feminists on various female candidates. That branch of feminism is definitely antimale, and we had better be aware of its influence.

Speaking to a crowd of about 1000 people at the 92nd Street Y in New York City this past Mother's Day, I began my remarks by suggesting that Mother's Day was always a special day in our culture, a day when the telephone companies had to beef up their capabilities and when something like 101,000,000 phone calls would be made.

Nothing like that would happen on Father's Day, I said. And, I added seriously, perhaps it was time to ask why Father's Day was not honored like Mother's Day.

I paused, and the crowd—which had been hissing and booing me from the moment I walked onto the stage—began to laugh. Hard.

I did not understand the laughter at first. But then I got it. To them, my question about Father's Day was foolish. Of course Father's Day did not deserve to be honored in their opinion. Because, by definition, fathers are lousy guys.

I wondered then and I wonder now: How many people in that influential audience have particular access to the women candidates of 1992?

Let the word go forth, men: This fall, let us vote with fairness toward all, but with naïveté toward none. There should be more women in office. But let us elect women who like us and honor us and will represent us equitably.

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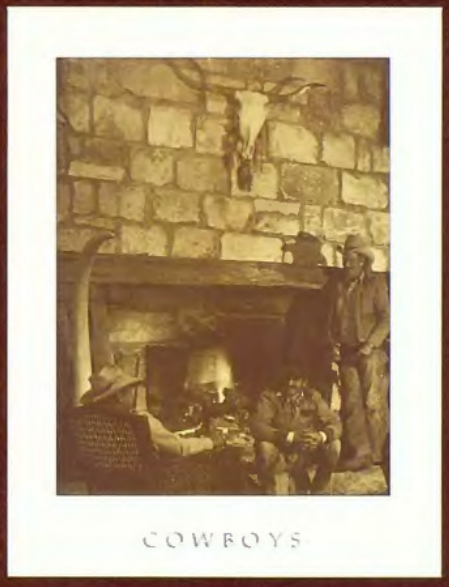

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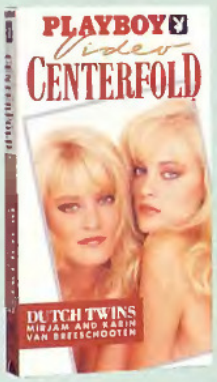

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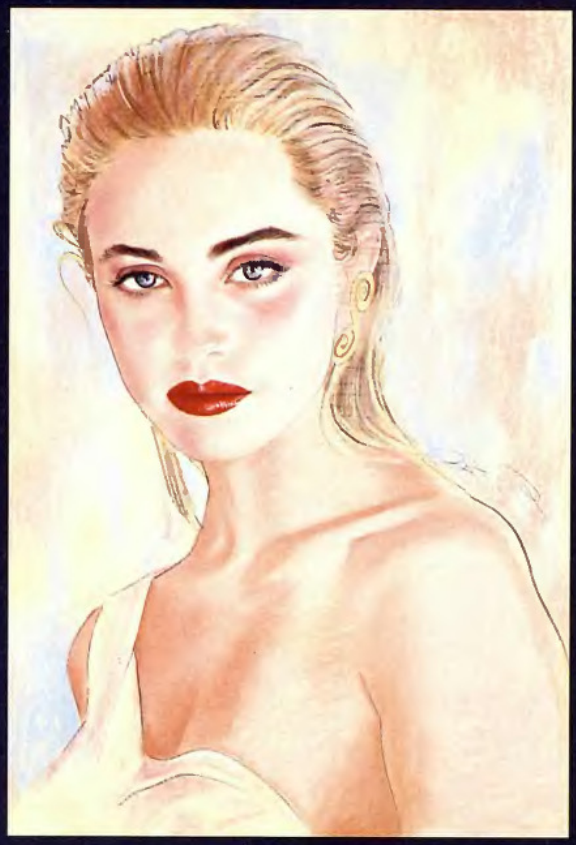

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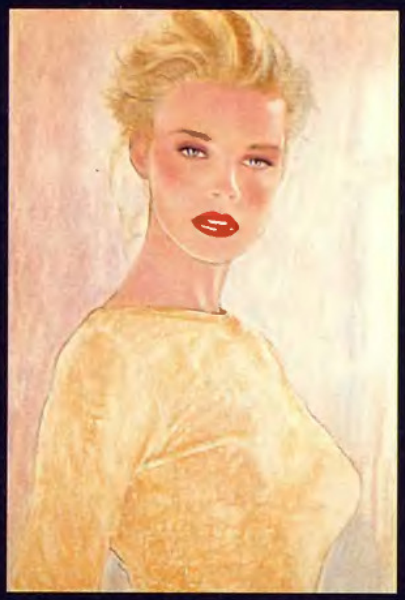

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I'm still trying to figure out why men are in such trouble.

Oh, come on, you know you are. You're bewildered, insecure and terribly nervous. You're confused about how to act with women, as well as about how to relate to the entire world. You've been buffeted by social and sexual conflicts and have lost your inner equilibrium.

I see you on talk shows attempting to explain yourselves to audiences of sneering women. I see you pouring into 12-step meetings, where you try to cry in front of people. But worst of all, I'm starting to see you at bookstores furtively buying self-help books.

The buying of a self-help book is the most desperate of all human acts. It means you've lost your mind completely: You've entrusted your mental health to a self-aggrandizing twit with a psychology degree and a yen for a yacht. It means you're having a major identity crisis.

Women did this a while ago, when our sex was having an identity crisis that lasted for, oh, a decade. We didn't know who we were supposed to be, so we mainlined annoying tomes like *Women Who Love Too Much*. But then along came Anita Hill. She was the ignition that switched on every woman's brain. Before Anita, we were all whining, "What's wrong with me? Where can I find a book to fix me?" After Anita, we all decided, "Wait a minute! It isn't me after all. Women are *still* being fucked over in our society."

We're feeling much better now, thank you. But men are feeling worse. You've been through a lot of identity battering in the past 20 years.

With feminism, you had to unlearn everything you were ever taught about women. You thought you were supposed to grow up, get married and immediately become the captain of the ship, the breadwinner. All that responsibility was scary, but a man had to do what a man had to do.

Then you were told that was all wrong and how dare you? It was time to give up half your power to women, or else.

Some of you became recalcitrant pigs, but many of you tried. You tried to be sensitive, you tried to learn the new language of women, you tried to abdicate your heavy mantle of responsibility. You tried to treat women as equals.

Then you were told that that was all wrong, and how come you were all such wimps? What woman wanted a man she could walk all over?

BECKY HEAVNER

WHAT'S A GUY TO DO?

So then you all bought motorcycle jackets and grew little ponytails and sported a three-day growth of beard and tried to be neo-tough. The message was "No broad better push me around, and if she does, well, I'll be sensitive and caring."

That didn't work because women were going through their aforementioned crises around then and nothing you did pleased us. Nothing.

Then along came Robert Bly and the men's movement, and suddenly many of you found yourselves spending nights in the woods, sweating and beating drums. Or at least reading about it.

But that felt just too goofy, and you had bigger problems. The economy plunged disastrously and many people lost jobs. Maybe not you. But maybe you soon. Plus, women were charging men with sexual harassment and date rape. Maybe not you. But maybe you soon.

At this point in history, does it feel like you can't do anything right?

It's time to realize that there's nothing wrong with you. Well, there's plenty wrong with some of you. Men who abuse women, men who take the anger in their souls out on women, men who think of women as sex objects to be used and discarded should not even be called men. But most of you are well-meaning, though hopelessly befuddled.

So you're buying self-help books, you're blaming yourselves for your own unhappiness, you think you have a fatal flaw that reading some book will put right. But it's not you. Society is fucking you over. Society has taken away all possible role models.

The last role model you had was as breadwinner, captain of the family. You could go ahead and become that, or you could become some kind of James Dean/Jack Nicholson guy and rebel against everything and run away. Both choices gave you a built-in structure in your attitudes toward women: You were either totally responsible or totally irresponsible. Both choices were sanctioned by society.

Now these choices have been systematically destroyed and replaced with nothing. There's nothing you're supposed to be, there's nothing to rebel against being.

You're working in a void, without identity, and the only messages you receive are negative: Don't be a pig, don't be a wimp.

Many of you have taken refuge in careers, defining yourselves solely by your jobs. That doesn't work anymore. You're having heart attacks, you're getting fired.

OK, I'm not a man. But I have been through a period of my life in which I either had to reinvent or kill myself. And I say it's time for a masculine revolution.

This means you have to stop listening to just anybody. Stop listening to a society that tells you you're powerful, when, in fact, a couple of rich guys control everything. Stop listening to beer commercials that instruct you to be a moron. Stop listening to women who don't know what the hell they want but want you to give it to them anyway. Follow your instincts. Figure out what's important to you.

Maybe you could reinvent the concept of fatherhood. Everybody seems to be decrying the lack of fathers, but nobody seems to know what fathers are supposed to do. Maybe you can drop that heavy cloak of "manliness" that keeps you acting silent and strong when you want to be gossipy and playful.

Oh, don't listen to me, either. Just make it up as you go along. Just stop moping before we all go insane.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Settle an argument: What is multiple orgasm? My friend says his wife has four or five orgasms every time they have sex. I suspect she has one orgasm with four or five peaks. Who's right?—K. R., Vallejo, California.

Who cares? He's obviously doing something right. In both men and women, orgasm consists of a series of three to ten muscle contractions that occur less than one second apart. All these contractions, or peaks, make one orgasm. The small proportion of women capable of multiple orgasm have one series of orgasmic muscle contractions, and then with continued stimulation, a short time later they can experience another series. Of course, there's another definition of multiple orgasm that defies physiology—it's the orgasm you have once and remember repeatedly the rest of your life.

I feel at a real disadvantage when I negotiate for a new car. How can I find out the dealer's cost of the car and its accessories, so I can bargain from a stronger position?—A. K., Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

To negotiate effectively for a new or a used car, you need to know what that new car (and its accessories, shipping, etc.) actually cost the dealer and the current market value of the used car. Fortunately, there are a number of information sources available. Edmund Publications Corp., 200 Baker Avenue, Concord, Massachusetts 01742, publishes one of the best series. They're found on most large newsstands and bookstores, or call 800-394-4545. Edmund's price guides are just $4.95; there are separate guides for American and imported cars, both new and used vehicles, as well as a guide for vans, pickups and sports utilities. Using an Edmund's guide, find the make and model you want, and then total the base (dealer wholesale) cost of the car, along with each of its accessories. Be sure to add the transportation cost, state or local taxes as applicable and the dealer advertising surcharge (this usually amounts to about 1–1½ percent of the suggested list price). Now you know exactly what the car cost the dealer. Unless a car is a particularly hot number, dealers are usually willing to discount them substantially. Offer the salesperson a fair profit—usually $250–$500 over his cost. If it's toward the end of the model year and the car you want is already on the dealer's lot, it may be covered by manufacturer-rebate programs that reduce the cost to the dealer. With the cost information at your fingertips, you can drive a hard bargain—and regardless of rebate programs, you'll know you bought the car as inexpensively as possible.

When my husband and I make love, I prefer to climax first, which is fine with him. If he happens to come first, he

brings me off afterward, but I end up feeling like something has been lost, though I'm not sure what. Am I being selfish wanting to come first all the time?—S. S., Melbourne, Florida.

Not at all. And you're not alone. A recent survey of 709 women published in the Journal of Sex and Marital Therapy *gives new meaning to "ladies first." It showed that those who reached orgasm before their lovers generally enjoyed sex more than those who came after them. The women who were first to come were more than twice as likely to rate their love lives very satisfying. P.S.: Women who climaxed at the same time as their lovers had a rate of sexual satisfaction similar to those who came first. But the researchers warn that preoccupation with simultaneous orgasm often takes the fun out of sex. They advise serial climaxing with the woman first.*

My wife tells me her sister can't stand the teddies her husband buys her. They're uncomfortable and make her look dorky. My wife says her brother-in-law doesn't know shit about lingerie. What's to know? I was going to get my wife a sexy outfit, but now I'm paranoid. I thought women liked lingerie. Don't they?—F. T., Austin, Texas.

In the abstract, yes. But when they open the box, they're often disappointed, even offended. Just because an item of lingerie looks sexy to you doesn't mean it's going to make a woman feel sexy—and from a woman's point of view, feeling sexy is what intimate apparel is all about. Our favorite lingerie saleslady says more women return teddies than any other item. They don't flatter most women's figures, and quite often they're made of rough material that irritates their most sensitive places. Lingerie, she says, should not simply reveal a woman's charms, but rather accent the ones she considers her finest: "Know your woman. Often, a man gets turned on by part of a woman's body that she's not particularly proud of. You might like it highlighted, but she doesn't." Garter-and-stocking sets may be the thing for a woman with long legs who enjoys wearing short skirts. But they wouldn't do much for a woman who feels self-conscious about her thighs. One good way to learn how your lover feels about the various parts of her body is to go lingerie shopping together. Many stores have dressing rooms large enough for two. But if you insist on surprising her, here are a few suggestions. The softer, the better: Never buy rough fabrics. When in doubt, get silk. Buy loose-fitting garments like lace nightgowns, not body-hugging items like half-cup bras. The tighter the piece, the more important it is for the woman to be fitted at the store. A lacy robe or nightgown can make a woman feel very alluring. And flowing fabric allows her to accent and reveal whatever makes her feel sexiest.

At a recent dinner, a friend poured a wine called TBA that he'd brought back from Germany. It was luscious and honeyed with a beautiful acid balance that cut the natural sweetness. Tell me, what was I drinking?—E. G., New York, New York.

You have nice friends. What you were tasting is one of the great dessert wines of the world—Trockenbeerenauslese—or TBA for short. The clumsy name aptly describes this product. Trocken is German for dried or raisined, beeren means individual grapes and auslese means selected. So Trockenbeerenauslese is a wine made from specially selected grapes left on the vine until shriveled or virtually dry, then picked with a needle or pair of tiny scissors. As the grapes dry, both sweetness and acid become concentrated, yielding a wine that is exquisite. TBAs are presented at the end of a meal, with or after dessert, or at special occasions or celebrations.

During sex, my wife doesn't reach for my penis soon enough. I like being caressed all over, but I wish she'd massage the rest of me with one hand while keeping the other between my legs. I've dropped many hints, but she hasn't picked up on them. Help!—B. H., Muncie, Indiana.

It's clearly time to move past hinting. Tell her exactly what you've told us, and the next time you make love, present your penis to her and say, "Here. Pretend this is a leash." At the same time, ask when she'd like you to start fondling her intimate areas. Some women prefer not to have their most sensitive areas caressed right away, and they refrain from

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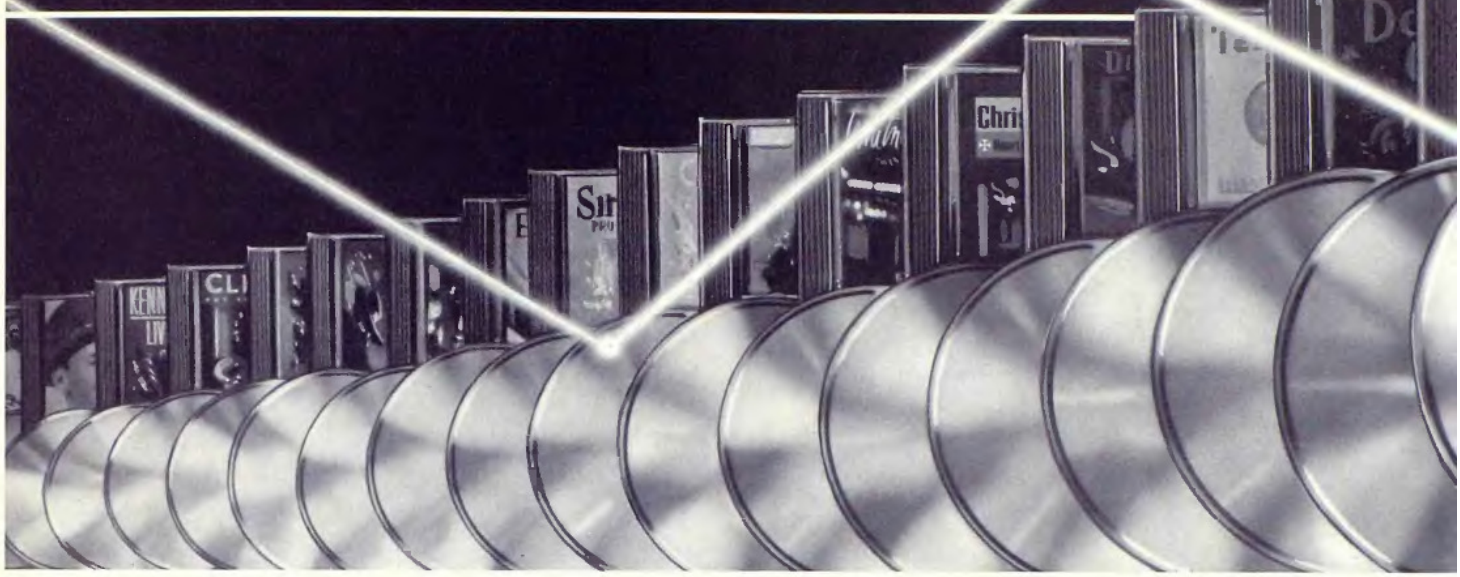

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penile fondling as a hint that they'd like you to do the same. Ask.

I know that long-play vinyl albums are out of style, but a friend told me that the record companies aren't even producing them now. Is that true? There are still plenty of turntable owners out here.—R. H., Arlington, Virginia.

Music companies haven't abandoned the LP yet, but they recognize the death throes. Whether by lack of demand or lack of supply, LP sales dropped nearly 60 percent last year, to just 5,000,000 (music videos outsold LPs by 1,000,000 copies). A few rock and pop albums still are released on vinyl, but for the most part, classical, jazz and country are now slave to cassettes and compact discs. Organized vinyl fans complain that music companies abandoned the format only because they make more money selling $15 CDs; the companies, of course, say that they're playing the free market. Whatever the case, store owners who don't have the space or patience to handle three formats can hardly be blamed for dropping the bulkiest one. And as fewer turntables are made, the costs of replacing styluses and other parts likely will skyrocket—a development certain not to spark any vinyl revivals. Not that we're waiting for one. Traditionalists who argue that LPs deliver the best sound should listen again to what even the tiniest scratches do to "The White Album."

Are women always most interested in sex right after their period? My former girlfriend said many women feel that way, and I've seen a few newspaper articles to that effect. But my new girlfriend scoffs, saying she's equally arousable all month long. What gives?—N. N., New York, New York.

The 64 studies (that's right, 64 studies) that have researched this question have produced highly contradictory results. Some say women's greatest desire occurs in mid-menstrual cycle around ovulation. Others say it's shortly before menstruation. Several say shortly afterward. And some show no differences. Recently, two researchers in Australia published the largest and most sophisticated report on this issue in the Archives of Sexual Behavior *and concluded that most women are like your new girlfriend—equally arousable all month long. Just so you know how much fun these studies are, here's what they did. During one menstrual cycle, the researchers periodically surveyed 183 college women's subjective feelings of arousal after hearing sexual fantasies and viewing erotic films. Then, using a tiny sensor placed inside their subjects' vaginas, they recorded how long it took them to experience vaginal engorgement (increased blood flow into the vaginal wall), which is a key physiological sign of arousal. The result? No detectable menstrually related differences. The women's responses remained "stable during all phases of their cycles." We're not saying your ex was imagining anything. But this study makes women seem more like men—arousable at any time.*

Business requires that I travel constantly. As a result I have built up quite a number of frequent-flier miles. Now for my dilemma—is it better to cash in coupons for a free ticket or buy one of those discount tickets?—R. P., St. Louis, Missouri.

You should treat your frequent-flier miles as you would any investment. Unfortunately, not all programs are created equal. Stan Dale, publisher of "Mileage & Points" newsletter, calculates the dollar value of the average free-travel award. For example, according to Dale, a 1000-mile award on American might be worth $20.28, on Delta $40.55, on United $19.52, on TWA $34.12 and on Northwest $35.63. Say you want to fly from New York to Honolulu. You would multiply Dale's value index times the number of miles you need to cash in for the award; then compare that figure to the best discount ticket available. (A one-year subscription to "Mileage & Points" costs $17.95, from M & P Communications, 12629 North Tatum, Suite 488, Phoenix, Arizona 85032, 602-953-9237.) You could also figure it's all funny money and follow your impulse.

My new girlfriend says I don't have as much pre-come as her former husband. It was an innocent comment, but it bothers me. No other woman has ever mentioned this. It's not like I've got a dry dick. I produce enough to get the head of my penis slick. Should I produce more? How? What's normal?—P. B., Charlotte, North Carolina.

You can't change the amount of pre-ejaculatory fluid you produce, but the normal range is quite large, according to June M. Reinisch, author of The Kinsey Institute New Report on Sex. *Approximately 30 percent of men don't produce any pre-ejaculatory fluid at all. Another 25 percent release just one drop, ten percent two drops, and the rest a bit more. In other words, it's as normal to have no pre-ejaculatory fluid as it is to have a good deal. The slick secretion is produced in the Cowper's glands, two little pea-sized structures near the prostate. If it doesn't leave the penis before ejaculation, it mixes with semen and emerges when you come. Pre-ejaculatory fluid provides some lubrication, but it's not necessary. A fully aroused woman produces all the lubrication necessary for mutually enjoyable intercourse. If you'd like extra lubrication, try saliva or a sexual lubricant—for example, Astroglide.*

Can you help me design a home-video center? In looking at different TVs and VCRs, I wonder if I need stereo in both to get the best sound. Could I buy a stereo TV and a regular VCR? Or do both need to be stereo for the best sound?—T. T., San Francisco, California.

Much depends on the television you're after. If you're buying a television with a screen smaller than 30 inches, the stereo speakers are usually too close together and not designed to provide quality sound and stereo separation. (With larger-screen TVs, stereo comes standard.) Whatever television you choose, get a high-fidelity stereo VCR. Connect your VCR audio cables to your hi-fi stereo through the stereo's auxiliary jack. Your room speakers then can be separated for optimum sound. (The television show or video you're watching must be encoded in stereo, of course.)

My buddy says withdrawal is completely ineffective for birth control. I say it's better than nothing. What do you say?—L. R., Wantagh, New York.

Withdrawal, or removing the penis from the vagina before ejaculation, is considerably better than nothing. But we still wouldn't recommend it. According to "Contraceptive Technology," the birth-control bible, 85 percent of couples who use no contraception at all can expect to get pregnant within one year. Among those who use withdrawal, 18 percent can expect a pregnancy within one year. That makes withdrawal more effective than the contraceptive sponge when used by women with children (28 percent annual pregnancy rate) and spermicides used alone (21 percent). Withdrawal is about as effective as the diaphragm (18 percent), cervical cap (18 percent) and the sponge when used by women who have never had children (18 percent). But withdrawal is considerably less effective than condoms (12 percent), the IUD (three percent), the pill (three percent) and implants (less than one percent). Withdrawal is available any time at no cost. The problem is that you have to pull out before you come; otherwise, you're looking at that 85 percent annual pregnancy risk. Even if you pull out in time every time, pre-ejaculatory fluid can contain millions of sperm, so the woman can still get pregnant. Pre-ejaculatory fluid contains the most sperm shortly after a recent ejaculation, so if you make love twice in one day, you're more likely to get her pregnant during the second go-round than the first. Obviously, for withdrawal to work, a man needs good ejaculatory control. But for many men, anxiety interferes with control, including anxiety about pulling out in time. One final word: Withdrawal does nothing to prevent sexually transmitted diseases.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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when she's playing tennis,

but not when we're close."

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and he smells–

it's such a turn-off."

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SEX IN A BOX

what we leave out when we look at sex

Sociologist John Gagnon, who has studied sex for decades, told me a story about an unwed teenage mother. The girl lost her virginity and became pregnant because her boyfriend promised to buy her living-room furniture someday. What makes a young girl think that sex results in a sofa or a home in the suburbs instead of a baby?

"We've put sex in a box," said Gagnon. "A bedroom. One man. One woman. We've quantified it. We know how many times a week the average man or woman does it, how often they reach orgasm. The measurable. But we've also cut off the roots. How did the man and woman get there? We've cut off sex from the outcome—what happens next."

If sex is put in a box, I thought, it can seem to have magical qualities. Look at how our culture describes—or fails to describe—sex. Both conservatives and liberals keep sex in ideological containers, though with widely different effects. Conservatives want to keep sex in a box of silence called family values. They trumpet the negative aspects of sex (abortion, teenage pregnancy, disease) without posting information on the walls of the box on how to prevent these consequences.

Liberals keep sex in a box called privacy. They dress it up with permission: Sex is perfectly natural, go ahead and have it. Sex will take care of itself. Orgasm is its own reward. If it feels good, it is good. If it feels bad, you aren't doing it right.

Both boxes are devoid of useful information. Each makes the other uncomfortable. Each holds sex to be sacred.

Even the abortion debate almost never mentions sex. Pro-choice advocates describe abortion as the first line of a résumé, a career decision, instead of describing it as the result of a relationship. Planned Parenthood recently brought demands for better birth control back into the debate, trying to reattach an outcome to what happens in that box called sex.

Teenage pregnancy reminds Americans that their children are sexually active. Conservatives haggle about the cost of the outcome (welfare) but never about the cost-effectiveness of sending better-educated children into the box, or of putting cartons of condoms within easy reach of the box. Instead, they offer: "Just say no."

Liberals say that welfare is the price society must pay for other people's outcomes—ensuring that their own box, privacy, is largely untouched.

DAVID WALKER

But kids invent their own myths. Gagnon traced the self-destructive nature of young romance back to *Romeo and Juliet* and the notion that you can choose a partner on the basis of a hunch, a feeling, an orgasm—even when that impulse is in direct conflict with your community's experiences. The notion that two lovers can create a sustaining reality in that box, away from the eyes of their community, is the great paradox of our view of sex.

Gagnon and I discussed films and books. A Japanese classic called *In the Realm of the Senses* follows a couple obsessed with sex (most of the movie takes place in a single room). The couple ignore all family ties and devour each other—the relationship ends in madness and death. We discussed *Vox*, the best seller that listens in on an erotic phone call. A man and a woman talk about their sexual pasts, the roots of desire. They establish a connection, a sense of what might happen if they ever found themselves in the same room.

Gagnon contrasted a technological culture, in which the reminders of desire come only in songs over the radio or through telephone calls, with a pedestrian culture.

Think of the differences in the geography of desire between a city designed for walking and one designed for driving. In the former, the landmarks of desire are everywhere—beneath the bridge, on the balcony, around the well, in the market, at church. Sexuality happens under the watchful eye of opinionated neighbors. Guidance takes the form of life stories. Sex is an integral part of life; it is everywhere present, loose on the land. In the latter city, desire hides in the backseat.

Remember Pandora? Perhaps sex is only a problem because it did not escape the box.

By JAMES R. PETERSEN

READER

PROOF POSITIVE

As a single guy with a healthy and varied sex life, I must admit that Canada's proposed new rape bill frightens me. It does not require the woman to say no but instead obligates the man to take "all reasonable steps" to ensure the woman says yes. The bill, drafted with the advice of about 60 feminist groups and no input from men's groups, also says that if both my partner and I are intoxicated when we have sex, the woman can claim she was too drunk or stoned to give consent. As a male, I am denied the defense of being too intoxicated to know she was not consenting. Men in positions of authority have to be doubly careful since it appears that the bill does not require that a man actually coerce a woman into sex, only that the woman feel coerced. All men want to see those who assault women punished, but feminists are using the law to criminalize all men. This bill has a sense of feminist revenge about it. United States law professor Catharine MacKinnon advised Canada's feminists on this bill, and MacKinnon's position is that sexual relations between men and women are never consensual. The worst thing, though, is that the Canadian media have bought the feminist argument on this bill, to the point of calling it a no-means-no law. It isn't. This is a prove-she-said-yes law, and anyone who raises questions about it is dismissed as a male chauvinist pig.

Barry Brown
Toronto, Ontario

Enough questions were raised by the Canadian Bar Association about the bill to cause Justice Minister Kim Campbell to propose some necessary amendments. Arguing that some of the bill's original provisions violated the constitutional rights of the accused, Campbell proposed that (1) "all" be dropped from the "reasonable steps" clause and (2) the clause referring to "incapacity due to intoxication" be changed to avoid any reference to intoxication, stating instead that no consent is obtained when a victim is incapable of giving consent. Feminists claim that Campbell's amendments reflect the wishes of Canada's predominantly male legal system. Justice Campbell claims she is simply upholding established constitutional rights.

FOR THE RECORD

COLLEGE SELF-CARE

What are the necessities of campus life in the Nineties? The University of Illinois health services center thinks it has the answer. Students may ask for the following: Cold package: three-day supply of decongestant, acetaminophen (pain reliever), a bottle of cough syrup, throat lozenges and a booklet on cold facts; two per month. Wound-care package: bandages, gauze, ointment and instruction book; one per month. Condom package: one tube of spermicidal jelly (optional) and 12 condoms; one per health-center site per month (there are two sites on campus). By our figures, a student and his/her partner may each contribute 24 condoms per month to the relationship—or 1.6 safe-sex encounters per day. Our thought on the wound-care package: It's a jungle out there.

ENEMIES

In "Behind Enemy Lines" (*The Playboy Forum*, July), Ted C. Fishman states that "pro-choice advocates use reason and compassion." Yet, in an earlier paragraph, he states that "pro-choicers mixed into the picket line to mock the Baptists." That's compassionate? I am a pro-life person, but I do not wave pictures of mutilated fetuses or lie down in abortion clinic driveways. We are not all like Operation Rescue, but abortion is a lie thousands of hurting women have bought.

P. Curry
Griffith, Indiana

Behavior on the front line is always more extreme, but on the organizational level it seems obvious that pro-choice groups are more compassionate and reasonable. The in-your-face tactics of anti-choice forces make the work of projects like Stand Up for Choice especially relevant. With the support of several philanthropic agencies (including The Playboy Foundation), Stand Up for Choice is documenting, with videotaped footage, clinic blockades. It also provides patient escort training and information to the media. We applaud its efforts to keep abortion legal, accessible and safe.

Ted Fishman's article is right on. I don't believe anyone likes the idea of abortion, but I also don't understand why anyone would prefer the government making that very personal decision. Studies have shown that a high percentage of abusive parents were abused as children. If the pro-lifers focus their efforts on helping existing unwanted and abused children instead of bringing more unwanted children into this world, maybe a greater number of the children will grow up to be responsible, loving and caring adults.

Jack Hailey
Denver, Colorado

I am always appalled when I read accounts of Operation Rescue's tactics of fear and intimidation, as Ted Fishman reports in "Behind Enemy Lines." As a man, I cannot speak from personal experience, but women have confided to me that they didn't haphazardly exercise the choice to end their pregnancies. They faced serious decisions and sought the help of qualified doctors to have legal abortions. I might be more sympathetic with the pro-life ideology if, to every woman with an unplanned pregnancy, one person says, "I will adopt your baby." That ain't about to happen, Jack.

Olin B. Jenkins
Columbia, South Carolina

RESPONSE

The folks at Operation Rescue may think they represent the majority agenda, but a recent poll shows just how far off they are. The results (roughly unchanged from a 1989 poll) show that 58 percent of adults believe a woman should be allowed to have an abortion as long as a doctor agrees to do one. Sixteen percent would allow abortion in some circumstances. This indicates a 26 percent "majority" proselytizing for a *Roe vs. Wade* reversal. The Republican Party understands the impact of these numbers on the upcoming election: They have cast themselves as the "big tent"—the political party with room for all choices. (How they can make that claim with a Republican President opposing abortion and abortion funding is beyond my comprehension.) With the Democratic Party supporting abortion rights, the issue stands to carry a lot of weight in November. Let's see how much counterbalance the pro-life majority provides at the polling place.

Richard Carter
New Bedford, Massachusetts

AIDS EDUCATION

James R. Petersen's article on Magic Johnson ("Magic," *The Playboy Forum*, March) is an absolutely fabulous piece of work. I have just about had it with the flood of AIDS education programs that send my third grader home from school fearing he is at risk. My fifth grader wants to give a copy of the article to his teacher so she can be better informed. Your statement that "knowledge can help all of us beat back the fear, the overreaction" is wonderfully accurate. When my children know the facts, the flood of propaganda will not overwhelm them. It is about time someone put this whole scam to rest and allowed people to come to their senses. Thanks.

Amy Thomas
Rosewell, Georgia

Since Magic Johnson's announcement of his HIV status, he has made good on his word to inform young adults about the realities and responsibilities of sex. His book *What You Can Do to Avoid AIDS* has received major endorsements and the overwhelming support of leading health experts and organizations. But Magic, it seems, has become a casualty of censorship. Calling the book inappropriate for some of their customers, Kmart and Walgreens refuse to carry it (though Kmart's subsidiary Waldenbooks does). Magic says he wrote the book "so that kids will understand that they don't need to whisper about this thing anymore." Now if he could only get through to adults.

Erin Bailey
San Antonio, Texas

MAD SCIENTISTS

Several months ago, ABC aired a news special on rape in the United States, followed by a group discussion among a panel of experts on the subject. At one point, a woman on the panel made the point that viewing pornography desensitizes men, that prolonged exposure negates a man's perception of a woman's humanity, thus making him more violent and less likely to respect her right to choose her sexual partners, thereby making rape more likely. When a male panelist challenged this assertion, the woman stated that "all the studies" confirm this analysis. As an occasional consumer of erotica, including videos, I find these statements difficult to believe. No matter how much sexual material I view, I am sure that I will never come to believe that rape is acceptable human behavior. Admittedly, I try to avoid images of violence against women because I do not find them pleasurable. Rarely have I found the packaging of magazines and tapes misleading on that score. Blaming deviant behavior on erotica reverses the cart and the horse. To seek out such material, would I not have to be inclined to violent behavior to begin with? Only a few years ago, the scientific literature was far from definitive on this subject. Is it possible that there have been so many new studies as to make scientific opinion nearly unanimous on this heretofore controversial subject? Or is it that we have somehow changed the definition of pornography to mean only imagery of a violent nature?

Michael Searles
Brooklyn, New York

It's the reactionaries' shell game. Scientists still don't draw any conclusions about the sociological effects of pornography, but research thus far has shown overwhelmingly that there is no connection between exposure to pornography and deviant behavior.

The Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C., was dedicated a decade ago as a tribute to the soldiers who died in a war no one wanted to claim. The memorial's tenth anniversary culminates in November with a weeklong series of events that celebrate the wall as a symbol of remembrance and reconciliation. For more information on the anniversary celebration, contact the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Fund, Inc., at 202-393-0090. As a continuing service to veterans, the National Veterans Legal Services Project provides support to veterans seeking government benefits and compensation. For information, contact the NVLSP at 202-265-8305.

THE MYTH OF

CHURCH AND STATE

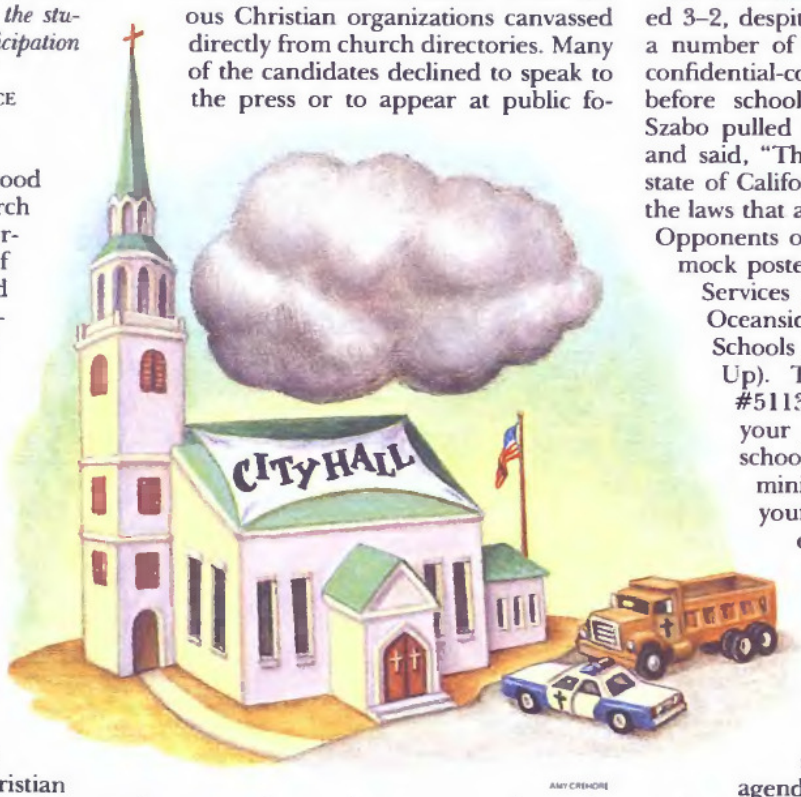
the christian right acts nationally by winning locally

"The First Amendment's religion clauses mean that religious beliefs and religious expression are too precious to be either proscribed or prescribed by the state. The design of the Constitution is that preservation and transmission of religious beliefs and worship is a responsibility and a choice committed to the private sphere. . . . [Of concern are] school officials, whose effort to monitor prayer will be perceived by the students as inducing a participation they might otherwise reject."

—SUPREME COURT JUSTICE ANTHONY M. KENNEDY

Our ancestors understood the separation of church and state in the most personal terms. Some of them left the Old World to seek freedom to practice their own religious beliefs. They wanted to establish a government that could not decree an official religion.

Most Americans understand this distinction; some, however, have become the very creatures our ancestors fled. The state may not legally establish a religion, but what happens when the religious take over the state?



AMY CREMORE

Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition has created a disturbing and effective strategy called the San Diego model: Elect right-wing candidates to low-level political jobs—the offices typically out of the spotlight at election time—then use those offices to further a Christian agenda.

In the 1990 local elections, a coalition of Christian and pro-life groups in San Diego County, California, achieved stunning success. Under the aegis of the Pro-Life Council, the coalition endorsed 90 candidates for agencies such as community planning districts, water boards, fire protection districts, school boards and city councils. It called its slate of endorsees the Pro-Family Candidate List. Sixty candidates, many of them political novices with no experience or qualifications for the offices, won. Their only real qualification for endorsement? A strong pro-life stance.

The 1990 election had the effect of a quiet coup because mainstream voters were unaware of the Pro-Life Council strategy. The Pro-Family Candidate List circulated among conservative churches. Phone volunteers from various Christian organizations canvassed directly from church directories. Many of the candidates declined to speak to the press or to appear at public forums. It wasn't necessary—the right people knew whom to vote for, and in low-turnout elections, a mobilized force carried the day.

In the summer of 1991 in the northern San Diego County town of Poway, the going got weird. City councilman Tony Snesko produced a Bible during a city meeting and read Scripture before voting on a request for an asphalt plant. He also used the city letterhead for a mailing to more than 100 local pastors, urging them to recruit "missionaries to politics." Snesko believes that Christian faith is synonymous with good government.

In Poway, school boards voted to rescind a state policy of confidential student counseling. Students no longer have the option of receiving confidential medical advice on topics that include abortion and pregnancy without parental consent. Will abused children also then need to obtain parental consent for counseling?

In Oceanside, the school board voted 3–2, despite intense pressure from a number of parents, to uphold the confidential-counseling policy. But not before school board member Dean Szabo pulled a Bible from his jacket and said, "There are the laws of the state of California, and there are also the laws that are written in this book." Opponents of the policy circulated a mock poster offering "Baby-Killing Services . . . All Children From Oceanside Junior & Senior High Schools Are Welcome (Age 12 & Up). Thanks to OSB policy #5113, you may now have your fetus killed during school hours, and school administrators will help keep your secret from your parents." The flier contained the phone numbers of board members who voted to uphold the policy.

In La Mesa, new school trustee Don Smith announced a self-described religious agenda for the La Mesa–Spring Valley School District: "We want to have it like it was a hundred years ago, when God, the Ten Commandments and prayer were the focus of our schools and where morality was taught."

One of the masterminds of the San Diego strategy was political consultant and Christian activist Steve Baldwin. Baldwin declined to talk to PLAYBOY, but he did tell the *Southern California Christian Times* that the same approach will be used in the November elections. Baldwin said he prefers working to elect unknowns because "you can't always trust the biggies."

Baldwin has no problem with running people on their religious faith rather than on their qualifications. "I

By BOB HOWELLS

don't think any board is so complicated you can't learn it in six months," he told *The San Diego Union*.

The Pro-Life Council's taste in candidate qualifications is quite similar: "If they're pro-life, we don't care what their background is," California Pro-Life Council executive director Brian Johnston told PLAYBOY. Johnston added that his is not a Christian group.

An avowedly Christian outfit, Pat Robertson's Christian Coalition is taking the reins for the 1992 elections. Don Holman, Western regional director for the coalition, said, "We went under the radar scope [in 1990]. We mobilized voters, and people were not aware what was coming. Can we do it again? I don't think so. The other side knows it's coming. If they're smart, they'll probably do something."

The other side's best advocate is the Mainstream Voters Project. Rita Collier, president of the Mainstream Voters Project, says it is a nonpartisan organization created to "share information with our members and the press regarding people running on issues that have no relationship to the office, people who misrepresent their qualifications or want to impose sectarian beliefs on others through gaining office.

"We became concerned after the November 1990 elections," says Collier. "We saw unqualified candidates elected to local offices, running on a single issue—anti-abortion—which they characterized as being pro-family, traditional family values."

In a recent issue of the *Mainstream Voters Project Bulletin*, Collier added, "The 1990 elections in San Diego County indicated the need to be vigilant against the use of stealth campaigns that subvert the political process and allow candidates who believe in an extremist agenda to gain office without the mainstream voter knowing what that agenda really is."

Collier says that "Christian right-wing conservatives" have pledged to field candidates for 200 San Diego County elective offices in November. Her group has published a list of such potential candidates who attended a Christian Coalition training session.

The Christian Coalition is conducting these "leadership schools" to create "an army of politically trained Christians that will recapture lost territory for righteousness." Holman said the training sessions try to educate Christian forces in precinct strategies, fundraising techniques and media relations. "We train them so they know what they're doing," said Holman. "If they don't, they're going to get killed."

Ralph Reed, national executive director of the Christian Coalition, is credited with coining the phrase San Diego model. He calls it an example "of what Christians and evangelicals and pro-family Roman Catholics are attempting to do around the nation." Its success makes good on Robertson's promise "to place Pat Robertson people on city councils, school boards and legislatures all over this country . . . one neighborhood at a time."

It is this national ambition that concerns Michael Hudson of People for the American Way. "When you fear this kind of extreme takeover, the question is, how do you battle and counter it in tens of thousands of communities? They have a built-in organizational structure—very conservative churches in every community. In general, there's not a mainstream or moderate organization that serves as a standing vehicle [to act as a counter]."

"The Christian Coalition wants to create 'an army of politically trained Christians that will recapture lost territory for righteousness.'"

Hudson calls for mainstream clergy, parent-teacher groups, Planned Parenthood chapters and artists' groups to band together in such coalitions as the Mainstream Voters Project. "The resources on the other side are considerable," Hudson warns. "It can't be just teachers or Planned Parenthood. These groups have to work together."

Hudson points out that not only is the Christian Right becoming more effective in getting people elected, "they are becoming more sophisticated about hiding their agenda. That's what their training sessions are all about. They don't say, for example, 'We're going to teach the biblical point of view.' They talk about 'balanced treatment' of various points of view. They don't talk about undermining sex education and AIDS education. They know that if they talk about their agenda forthrightly, a large majority of the people will be uncomfortable with it."

Smith, the La Mesa school trustee who spoke of returning "God, the Ten Commandments and prayer" to the schools, is also the San Diego County co-chairman of the Christian Coalition. Smith sees no conflict in instilling these elements in the school curriculum, since he feels that the separation of church and state is simply a "myth" created by the Supreme Court. "It was the religious principles," Smith said, "that were the basis of our nation for the first one hundred fifty years that made our nation great."

School boards may be the most direct and obvious platforms for such an agenda, but other agencies such as water boards and fire protection districts can also be useful. While the Christian Coalition's Holman explains that Christians should be "good stewards of taxpayers' money," Johnston of the California Pro-Life Council is more blunt: "It has to be recognized that [low-level offices are] the stepping-stone to higher involvement."

This recognition marks a move away from the streets (à la Operation Rescue) and into the civic buildings. "They can stand out there [in front of abortion clinics] all they want, but they can't change anything unless they run for office," says Holman.

The Christian Coalition's Reed told the *Orange County Register*, "The Christian Right has learned that political power runs upward, not downward." The Christian Right, says Reed, is moving from a "very visible, very vulnerable strategy to an underground strategy to a stealth strategy. You wouldn't know what's going on because it doesn't show up."

Unfortunately, in some ways, the recent Supreme Court decision against religious convocations in schools will only reinforce the guerrilla tactics of the Christian Right. Since the fundamentalist Christians already believe that the separation of church and state is simply a construct of a liberal High Court, their work will become all the more covert as they seek to infiltrate local governments. If there is a cautionary lesson to be learned from the San Diego model it is simply this: Pay close attention to all local candidates and not only to the hotly contested seats.

he road to the First Amendment is paved with ugly little incidents, unpleasant little people and offensive little phrases. God bless and protect them all.

The most recent person to teach us the value of free expression is Robert A. Viktora, a skinhead. Listen as the Supreme Court describes his contribution to the quintessential American experience: "In the predawn hours of June 21, 1990, [Viktora] and several other teenagers allegedly assembled a crudely made cross by taping together broken chair legs. They then allegedly burned the cross inside the fenced yard of a black family that lived across the street from the house where petitioner was staying."

The police in St. Paul, Minnesota, arrested Viktora. The prosecutor could have charged him with any number of crimes, from arson to the making of terrorist threats (the latter carrying a maximum five-year prison sentence). Instead, he chose to charge Viktora with violating the Bias-Motivated Crime Ordinance, which states:

"Whoever places on public or private property a symbol, object, appellation, characterization or graffiti, including but not limited to a burning cross or Nazi swastika, which one knows or has reasonable grounds to know arouses anger, alarm or resentment in others on the basis of race, color, creed, religion or gender, commits disorderly conduct and shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

The skinhead Viktora challenged the law. His lawyer argued that the phrase "arouses anger, alarm or resentment in others" is too broad, and that the law punishes speech protected by the First Amendment. A Minnesota court responded to the challenge by limiting the ordinance's prohibition to fighting words—i.e., speech or "conduct that itself inflicts injury or tends to incite immediate violence."

To understand fighting words, we must go back 50 years to *Chaplinsky vs. New Hampshire*. In this case, the High Court encountered another unpleasant chap, a Jehovah's Witness named Chaplinsky, who got into a street brawl after calling a policeman "a goddamned racketeer" and "a damned fascist—and the whole government of Rochester are fascists or agents of fascists." No videotape record exists of the behavior that led to the riot. All that remains now is what the Justices declared at the time: Words that are uttered in a face-to-face confrontation and are "plainly likely" to cause a breach of the peace were not protected by the First Amendment.

Justice Frank Murphy wrote: "There are certain well-defined and narrowly limited classes of speech, the prevention and punishment of which have never been thought to raise any constitutional problem. These include the lewd and obscene, the profane, the libelous, and the insulting or fighting words. . . . It has been well observed that such utterances are no essential part of any exposition of ideas and are of such slight social value as a step to truth that any benefit that may be derived from them is clearly outweighed by the social interest in order and morality."

Placing a burning cross in the front yard of the only black family in the neighborhood certainly qualifies as an act that might provoke a response. Tom Zachary of the St. Paul NAACP told reporters that if racists set foot on his property to burn a cross, he would "shoot them like a dog."

Most hate speech, however, is not face to face. It moves through the corridors of cowardice and preaches to the converted in bonfire-lighted rallies.

The Supreme Court has listened to a parade of unpopular hatemongers over the years. An anti-Semitic rabble-rouser in *Terminiello vs. Chicago* told audiences that Jews outside the meeting hall were "scum that got in by mistake." A lower-court decision found Terminiello guilty of disorderly conduct. The judge told the jury in this case that the law prohibited speech that "stirs the public to anger, invites dispute, brings about a condition of unrest or creates a disturbance." The Supreme Court overturned the decision because it felt that this expanded definition of fighting words included protected speech.

In the St. Paul case, legal theorists felt that the Supreme Court would overturn the statute for the same reason, but the Court surprised everyone. On June 22, 1992, though the Justices voted unanimously to overturn the law, the majority did so not because the law was too broad but because it was too narrow. It seemed the decision was an open permit for hate speech, a call to arms for night riders, graffiti terrorists, bigots and bullies. It was not.

in the latest tragedy in a long tradition of

Justice Antonin Scalia was vehement about the crime: "Let there be no mistake about our belief that burning a cross in someone's front yard is reprehensible. But St. Paul has sufficient means at its disposal to prevent such behavior without adding the First Amendment to the fire."

Scalia and the majority of the Justices accepted that fighting words are not protected speech. However, they introduced a concept which posits that even though an expression of speech may be unprotected, other parts of the First Amendment still apply. It was against precedent, Scalia felt, for the law to play favorites based on the content of the speech: "The ordinance applies only to 'fighting words' that insult or provoke violence 'on the basis of race, color, creed, religion or gender.'

Displays containing abusive invective, no matter how vicious or severe, are permissible unless they are addressed to one of the specified disfavored topics. Those who wish to use 'fighting words' in connection with other ideas—to express hostility, for example, on the basis of political affiliation, union membership or homosexuality—are not covered" by the ordinance.

Scalia reminds us that the First Amendment prevents discrimination by viewpoint: "Displays containing some words—odious racial epithets, for example—would be prohibited to proponents of all views. But 'fighting words' that do not themselves invoke race, color, creed, religion or gender—

Law Journal reports that more than "250 of America's universities have experienced incidents of bigotry ranging from racism to anti-Semitism to sexism to homophobia. Nearly one million students are victimized annually by bigotry."

A sampling of these ugly little incidents: "A University of Wisconsin fraternity held a 'slave auction.' A drunken student at Brown University shouted epithets about blacks, homosexuals and Jews. To a black onlooker, he bragged 'my parents own you people.' At the Citadel, a black cadet was awakened in the middle of the night by five of his classmates dressed in the garb of the Ku Klux Klan. They left a burning

norities out of their homes by burning crosses on their lawns, but I see great harm in preventing the people of St. Paul from specifically punishing the race-based fighting words that so prejudice their community."

"Conduct that creates special risks or causes special harms may be prohibited by special rules," added Justice John Paul Stevens. "Lighting a fire near an ammunition dump or a gasoline storage tank is especially dangerous; such behavior may be punished more severely than burning trash in a vacant lot. Threatening someone because of her race or religious beliefs may cause particularly severe trauma or touch off a riot. . . . [and] may be

unpleasantness, a minnesota skinhead teaches us about the first amendment

aspersions on a person's mother, for example—would seemingly be usable *ad libitum* in the placards of those arguing in favor of racial, color, etc., tolerance and equality, but could not be used by that speaker's opponents."

In other words, it was a law that allowed calling Robert Viktora a neo-Nazi, Aryan asshole to his face but did not allow him the same right. "St. Paul," according to Scalia, "has no such authority to license one side of a debate to fight freestyle, while requiring the other to follow Marquis of Queensbury Rules." Justice Byron White took issue with Scalia's reasoning by offering in his opinion: "Should the government want to criminalize certain fighting words, the Court now requires it to criminalize all fighting words."

The decision forces the reconsideration of the whole concept of hate speech. Racism, you must remember, is not limited to skinheads. The *New York*

cross as a reminder of their visit."

More than 100 colleges and universities have conduct codes that prohibit speech or conduct, or both, that demean persons on the basis of race, gender, religion, ancestry or sexual orientation, disability or age.

The Supreme Court ruling will send most of those codes (at least those at schools that receive government money) back for rethinking. Words that demean (i.e., merely offend) are clearly not the same as fighting words. Hate-speech codes cannot play favorites and punish only those who attack the most sensitive (or most organized) victims' groups, says the Court's decision.

Justice Harry Blackmun disagreed with Scalia's attempt to equalize all hate speech. He felt that certain injustices did indeed merit special consideration: "I see no First Amendment values that are compromised by a law that prohibits hoodlums from driving mi-

punished more severely than threats against someone based on, say, his support of a particular athletic team."

Is the war on hate deprived of an important weapon? Not really. Most hate crimes are real crimes. Colleges and government may still punish behavior and conduct, not simply viewpoints.

As noble as the Minnesota ordinance appeared, it really did nothing to squelch hate. And now, the skinhead, according to the Court, is "free to burn a cross, to announce a rally or to express his views about racial supremacy; he may do so on private property or public land, at day or at night, so long as the burning is not so threatening or so directed at an individual as to 'by its very [execution] inflict injury.'"

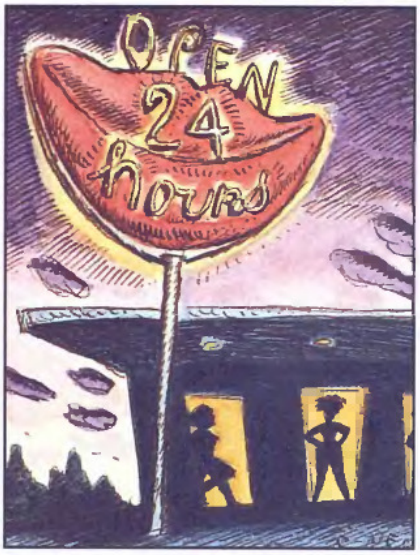
To the vast majority of Americans, a skinhead burning a cross is repugnant, but when he burns that cross, the rest of us will read what we choose by its light.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

TRICKS AND TREATS

ROTTERDAM—*The Netherlands long ago granted legal status to sexual entrepreneurs—at least to individual prostitutes. The country has now revoked the law*



against procuring—which opens the way for brothels. Rotterdam is planning a 50-room, 24-hour sexual pleasure dome, ostensibly to control disease, reduce crime and keep brothels out of residential areas. The national prostitutes' union sees the changes as mainly benefiting management. A spokesperson grumbled, "We're effectively getting an extra pimp."

THE GREAT "NO" CONTROVERSY

EAST STROUDSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—*A state appeals court overturned a rape conviction against Robert Berkowitz on the grounds that sometimes "no" is not enough. Berkowitz, 20 at the time, stood accused of raping a fellow sophomore at East Stroudsburg University. The superior court found that existing Pennsylvania law requires "forcible compulsion"—and from all the evidence, or lack of it, the victim could have left the dorm room where the alleged rape took place at any time "without any risk of harm or danger to herself whatsoever."*

JEAN BLUES

TUPELO, MISSISSIPPI—*The Reverend Donald Wildmon and his American Family Association want consumers to boycott Levi Strauss & Co. Seems that the Boy Scouts of America's exclusion of gays disqualifies the organization from receiving any more Levi corporate donations, which have ranged from $40,000 to $80,000 a year. "That they would penalize the Boy Scouts for refusing to accept openly practicing homosexuals as scoutmasters," said Reverend Wildmon, "shows they no longer want the business of the majority of Americans."*

GENTLEMEN PREFER LEGS

COLUMBIA, MISSOURI—*The University of Missouri studied the sexual daydreams of men and women to discover what they lusted after. Not surprisingly, it found some differences. Men visualize:*

- *Great legs (96%)*
- *Kissing large breasts (91%)*
- *Having a woman demand sex (87%)*
- *Exciting a woman until she screams with pleasure (87%)*
- *Hearing a woman say, "I want your body!" (86%)*
- *Having sex with two women (84%)*

Women imagine:

- *Having clothes gently removed and making love in a secluded spot (90%)*
- *Being very sexy and getting it on with a hunk (71%)*
- *Having sex where there is risk of being caught (65%)*
- *Being desired by famous men at a party (64%)*

WILLY WONKA ON THE LAM

LONDON—*Mood music, soft lighting and a chocolate penis set the stage and earned $10,000 for a British legal secretary. An industrial tribunal ruled that behavior at a Christmas party got out of hand and that the secretary was sexually harassed at the party and then was fired after she complained. The company says she should have handled the situation more maturely.*

WITCH-HUNT

CONCORD, CALIFORNIA—*Two members of the Oak Haven Coven have asked local schools to ban "Hansel and Gretel" because it denigrates witches and approves of putting them to death. Their protest grew out of a fifth-graders' mock trial in which Hansel and Gretel were charged with murdering the old witch by shoving her into an oven. The death was ruled justifiable homicide and the defendants were found not guilty on grounds of self-defense. "Witches don't eat children," the complainants insist.*

ANTI-BIAS CODE RUNS AMOK

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA—*Ahead of its time: This California city has enacted a law that prohibits job or housing discrimination not only against transsexuals, women and minorities but also against the obese, the toothless or anyone subject to bias for a "physical characteristic."*

BAIT AND SWITCH

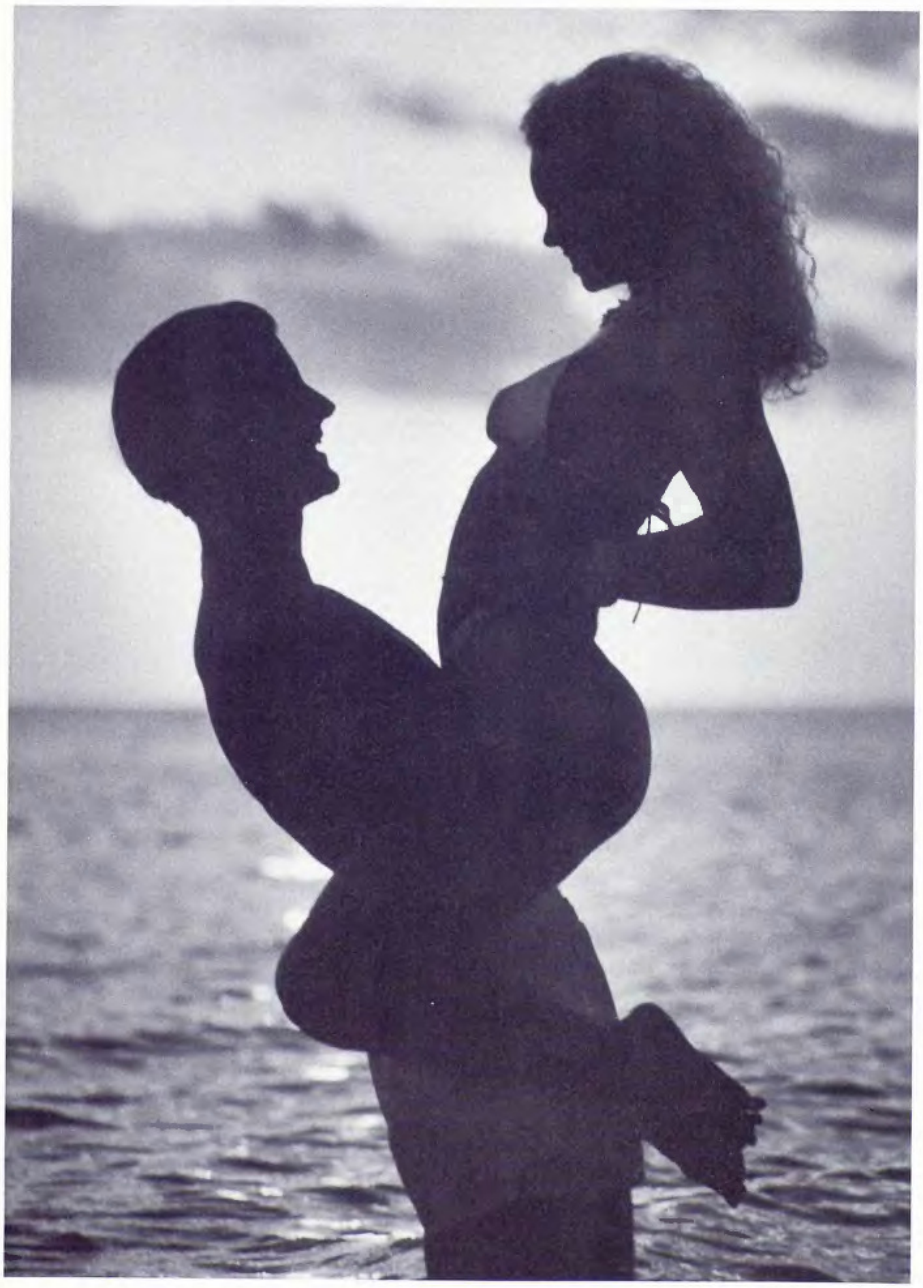
SOUTHPORT, ENGLAND—*A couple responding to a newspaper ad for rechargeable batteries received promotional material for an inflatable sheep instead. The*

literature included a drawing of Luv Ewe and the description: "She has been developed after years of research to bring the joy of sheep into your love life without the obvious problems of a real sheep. No bleating to alert neighbors. No risk of ruining your prize lawn." The couple insisted they still wanted only their rechargeable batteries and filed a complaint with the Advertising Standards Authority.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EVERETT PECK

IT TAKES A LICKING AND KEEPS ON TICKING.
Charlie Sampson, a World Champion bull rider, has seen the underside of a few 1,500-pound bulls. Bulls have punctured his lungs, broken his sternum, his ribs, his ankle, his wrist, his fingers, his legs (four times), and shattered every bone in his face. Charlie says he always dreamed of being a cowboy. He's wearing a Timex watch with a genuine cowhide strap. It costs about $50.
TIMEX
For the retailer nearest you call 1-800-367-8463.
© 1992 Timex Corp. Price listed is suggested retail.

Be Wicked For a Week.



Sleep in.
Stay up late.
Give up counting calories.
Have a drink before noon.
Give up mineral water.
Dine in shorts.
Talk to strangers.
Don't make your bed.
Go skinny dipping.
Don't call your mother.
Let your hair down.
Don't pay for anything.
Don't leave a tip.
Be your beautiful self
in spectacular Negril,
Jamaica. Call your travel
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1-800-858-8009 ext. 405
(U.S.) or 1-800-553-4320
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SISTER SOULJAH

a candid conversation with the angry young woman of rap about racial hatred, hip-hop politics and her feud with bill clinton

Los Angeles burns, a black rap artist makes some remarks about whites dying in ghetto violence and Bill Clinton jumps all over her, producing one of those flurries that does nothing to educate and everything to entertain. Welcome to the campaign, 1992.

In presidential politics, the medium is ever more the story as Ross Perot launched his ill-fated campaign on "Larry King Live" and Clinton countered by campaigning on MTV. These visits were contrived to appear spontaneous while leaving at least one sound bite in the mind of the voter. So it fit the story last spring when Bill Clinton, then the presumptive Democratic nominee for the Presidency, decided to tangle with a black female rap singer by the name of Sister Souljah.

Speaking before a gathering of Jesse Jackson's Rainbow Coalition, Clinton cut loose—deliberately and with passion. "You had a rap singer here last night named Sister Souljah," Clinton began, referring to Souljah's participation in a youth roundtable. "Her comments before and after Los Angeles were filled with a kind of hatred that you do not honor [here] today and tonight. Just listen to this, what she said. She told The Washington Post *about a month ago, and I quote, 'If black people kill black people every day, why not have a week and kill white people?'"*

That was all it took. Within hours, a media storm began: Clinton defended his remarks ("All I can tell you is that I said what I believed"), while Jackson expressed shock at Clinton's attack. "I don't know what his intention was," Jackson said. "I was totally surprised. It was very bad judgment [and Souljah] . . . should receive an apology."

Souljah quickly became the cover girl of everything from Newsday *to* Newsweek, *all the while claiming she was used as a tool by white politicians in the same way paroled rapist Willie Horton was used by conservative Republicans in the 1988 presidential election. Souljah charged Clinton with being out of touch with the black community and called him a draft dodger, a pot smoker and Pinocchio. She also aimed her vitriol at* The Washington Post, *which, she insisted, had taken her original comments out of context. In speaking about blacks murdering whites, she said, she was simply responding to a question about the mentality of gang members who had participated in the Los Angeles riots.*

When the Post *released a transcript of the interview, it turned out that there was room for interpretation on both sides of the controversy. Souljah was asked if she thought that those who perpetrated the violence in Los Angeles believed their actions to be wise and reasoned. Souljah responded: "Yeah, it was wise. I mean, if black people kill black people every day, why not have a week and kill white people? . . . So if you're a gang member and you would normally be killing somebody, why not kill a white person? Do you think that somebody thinks white people are better, or above and beyond that dying, when they would kill their own kind?"*

Just the same, Souljah's remarks shouldn't have ruffled a would-be President's feathers, except that the lyrics on her album and those of other black hip-hoppers are raw and angry, and they sour the more palliative mood we had come to expect from certain black performers. Yet the Souljah–Clinton fracas served only to fuel other controversies within the music and political communities. Already in the spotlight was performer Ice-T's heavy-metal album "Body Count." Its song "Cop Killer" elicited denunciations from everyone from right-wing talk-show host Rush Limbaugh (who called Ice-T fans "savages") to President George Bush and Vice President Dan Quayle. Even Iran-contra veteran Oliver North joined the fray, vowing to seek criminal charges against Time Warner, whose subsidiary, Sire/Warner Bros. Records, released the "Body Count" album.

But not all of the media expressed contempt at the volatility of rap—or, specifically, Sister Souljah's—rhetoric. As a Newsweek *editor Lorene Cary pointed out in a recent column,*

"I don't owe anybody any apologies. I reserve the right to fight against white supremacy and white racism. I intentionally put pressure on white America because they need it, they deserve it and they inherited it."

"You can't keep pointing to men as a source of your problems—not when I see women backstage at a concert with their toothbrush and panties in a bag, ready to sleep with somebody because he's an entertainer."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROB RICH

"Clinton used me, no question about that. I call Clinton Pinocchio. I think Clinton is a liar, not just in racial issues but in every way. He portrays himself as one thing when he's actually something else."

Frederick Douglass made a case 140 years ago for the expression of what would then have been known as Negro rage: "At a time like this, scorching irony, not convincing argument, is needed. Oh, had I the ability and could I reach the nation's ear, I would today pour out a fiery stream of biting ridicule, blasting reproach, withering sarcasm and stern rebuke. For it is not light that is needed but fire; it is not the gentle shower but thunder."

As the controversy wound down—and it eventually did—one thing became clear about Sister Souljah: She would not be an easy target for those eager to pigeonhole her as an empty-headed hatemonger. College-educated, she is, by her own admission, an "alcohol-free, drug-free black businesswoman" whose only scrape with the law was for participating in anti-apartheid protests. But more important, she is a hip-hop artist—or, as Chuck D of Public Enemy has called her, a "raptivist." Sharp-witted and eloquent, Souljah was first heard screeching in the background of Public Enemy records. In 1990 she adopted the name Souljah (pronounced SOUL-*juh—a combination of "soul" and the Hebrew word for God—that, not unintentionally, comes out sounding like "soldier") and went solo with her debut album "360 Degrees of Power." It was on that record that Sister Souljah gave listeners a taste of things to come: "Souljah," went the lyrics, "was not born to make white people feel comfortable."*

Born Lisa Williamson in 1964 in the Bronx, she was raised by her mother. Her father left the family when she was very young. She attended Cornell University's advanced-placement summer program and Spain's University of Salamanca study-abroad program. She later majored in history and African studies while attending Rutgers University, where she wrote fiery editorials and articles for the school newspaper. Her political activism was honed on that campus, where she participated in the aforementioned anti-apartheid demonstrations that led to her arrest.

Souljah is a student of the Bible and Koran, able to quote freely from either. Her commitment to youth was demonstrated when, in cooperation with the United Church of Christ, she founded, funded and administered a camp in North Carolina for homeless children.

If what Souljah had to say about American racism was disturbing, it seemed especially important to get to the roots of her energy and anger. To talk with Souljah, we assigned **Robert Scheer,** *whose interviews for* PLAYBOY *have ranged from Jimmy Carter to Tom Cruise. His report:*

"As she shows up at PLAYBOY*'s New York office in a black leather jacket with two male friends, the first thing that hits you is how nonthreatening this fierce bard is. Sending out for tuna sandwiches and Cokes is the first order of business, though Souljah stuck with bottled water for political reasons. OK.*

"Souljah's grandmother, who died last year at the age of 92, was a pastor in the Bronx. Souljah's accent, which is the same as mine, helped bridge distances of race, age and career. What I mean is that at no point was this an unpleasant experience.

"Souljah can be strident, but she is straight. Ask a question and you get an answer, maybe longer than you need but nevertheless to the point. I found her album loud, intimidating and not completely comprehensible. In person she was professorial always, pedantic sometimes, but nasty, never."

PLAYBOY: You had a dose of sudden fame. How did it feel to go from relative obscurity to the cover of *Newsweek?*

SOULJAH: In my own community, the African community, I was well known. Which is why people came to my defense. The only difference is, I was suddenly popular in white America, which was never necessarily one of my goals. You have to understand, I went to the Black Expo in New York three weeks before the Clinton incident and I had to stay there for seven hours signing autographs.

PLAYBOY: Why did Bill Clinton pick you?

SOULJAH: He just pulled me out of a barrel.

PLAYBOY: All of this began when you were attacked by Clinton for something you said to *The Washington Post* about the desirability of blacks killing whites in the L.A. riots. Then you had a meeting with the top editors at the *Post* to complain about the quotes being taken out of context. Did the *Post* agree it had made a mistake?

"White America needs a demon to scare its own population to the polls. They need a bogeyman to say boo."

SOULJAH: They agreed to some things. They agreed that the title of the article, SISTER SOULJAH'S CALL TO ARMS, was only meant metaphorically.

PLAYBOY: Exactly what did you say to the *Washington Post* reporter?

SOULJAH: The reporter asked if the people perpetuating the violence in L.A. thought it was wise, reasoned action. And I said yes—meaning, yes, that is what *they* thought. And I went on to say that if young black men who are members of gangs would kill their own brothers, kill their own sisters, why not kill a white person? Not meaning that I'm suggesting they kill a white person.

There's no boundary in the gang members' minds once they become casual about killing. Once you are neglected by the social, economic and spiritual systems that are supposed to help develop people's mind-sets—once you become casual about taking a life—you don't make any distinction between colors. If it's easy for you to kill another black man or your own brother, then it's gravy to kill somebody white. That's the way I feel a gang member feels about it.

PLAYBOY: When you told the *Washington Post* editors that was the sentiment, did they agree that they had distorted it?

SOULJAH: They felt that they did not distort it.

PLAYBOY: But you maintain they did. Why would anyone distort what you're saying?

SOULJAH: White America needs a demon to scare its own population to the polls. They need a bogeyman to say boo, to get that average white who's sitting at home on his couch with his beer—disinterested in Clinton, Perot and Bush—to run to the polls. So Sister Souljah is the monster of the year. You understand? And there have been many monsters. Willie Horton was a monster. Malcolm X was a monster. Marcus Garvey. Nat Turner, oh, he was really a monster. White America continues to market monsters to scare white America into becoming politically active, because white America is so disenchanted with its own system.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that you were used by Bill Clinton?

SOULJAH: Sure. Clinton used me, no question about that. I call Clinton Pinocchio. I think Clinton is a liar, not just in racial issues but in every way. He portrays himself as one thing when he's actually something else. Take Gennifer Flowers. Do you know how callous you have to be to share an intimate relationship with a person for twelve years and then to disgrace or dismiss that person as if she were a hooker? I don't care that Clinton had two women. I do care that he's callous enough to dismiss one as if she were not even a human being.

So you can see that Clinton is a little person. How many times did I say my statements were taken out of context? Yet in no way has that moved Clinton to alter any of his statements, or to contact me, or to try to reach any common ground.

PLAYBOY: If he called you, what would you say to him?

SOULJAH: "How do you know what my statements are? As a political official, don't you know what it feels like to be misquoted and misunderstood? Haven't you done enough explaining yourself to have compassion for somebody else, rather than to put him into the same scenario?"

PLAYBOY: Ironically, you're a shining example of what Clinton talks about with respect to welfare reform: You're someone who came off welfare and who is now able to support herself and pay taxes.

SOULJAH: Isn't it incredible? That's why I said that at my press conference, to think that the whole country is falling apart—economic recession, inner-city chaos—and

here comes this presidential contender who wants to dump on a young African woman who's alcohol-free, drug-free, educated, productive and who has never hurt anybody. Interesting.

I think it also reveals the problem of white supremacy and racism. Spike Lee becomes a movie director, and they don't like Spike Lee. And then they don't like the next guy. And then here comes Sister Souljah. "We don't like her, either." Well, what do you like? You don't like black kids who participate in so-called criminal activity, and you don't like African people who become producers and directors and express themselves freely. And you don't like black people who become bourgeois and try to be white.

PLAYBOY: Let's be fair. It's not as if you've made being liked by whites a high priority. Your record lyrics can be pretty disagreeable.

SOULJAH: It's like I say on my record: "Souljah was not born to make white people feel comfortable. I am African first, I am black first, I want what's good for me and my people first, all right? If my survival means your total destruction, then so be it." Most reporters stop right there. They cut out: "You built this wicked system. They say two wrongs don't make it right, but it damn sure makes it even." They cut out that part on purpose.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about rap. Why is it so powerful?

SOULJAH: Because it has all the right combinations. It has the African drum, the warp beats, the young voices. It has masculine black voices—something that is simply not allowed in the American media. You don't get the sentiments and feelings of the young, black, inner-city youth in the media. Instead, you see some powdered, made-up black guy in a suit and tie who has been so alienated from the black community that he no longer thinks he's black.

Rap music is powerful because it puts people in leadership who would not ordinarily be allowed to speak, rap, rhyme, sing or say anything. It puts an array of stories and experiences on the market—some funny and some painful. And rap represents all types of emotions. If you listen to an R&B record, it's usually about sex. If you listen to rap music, it's all about conflict between mother and father, conflict between mother and daughter, conflict between the police and kids—or a celebration of the mother and father and daughter and family. There are thousands of topics addressed by rap music. You even have young black men teaching other young black men how to be men—something that does not come easy to them, because a lot of them grew up without fathers.

PLAYBOY: Was rap always important to you?

SOULJAH: Yeah, it was going on at house parties and on street corners when I was a kid. Back then you had the Sugarhill Gang, Grandmaster Flash, the Furious Five—and we controlled it.

This is how we used to do rap: You had a tape, and you had a recorder with a pause button. You mixed—you wrecked—your music with the pause button. You made tapes and sold them to one another. Remember, rap came out of the inner cities where nobody had a trumpet or drum sets or any of that. So you're just scratching records and combining snippets of music. The person who had the most prestige in the community was the one who had the best lyrical skills. You'd get on the mike and rap extemporaneously about anything. Somebody would give you a topic, and the rhymes would have to get more sophisticated. You know, like in the beginning, you could say, "Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water. Stupid Jill forgot her pills and now they've got a daughter." But then you would move on to something more advanced—you'd battle. And that's how you'd gain position in the community—with a more intricate lyrical style. And that upped the ante for everybody.

"Rap music puts people in leadership who would not ordinarily be allowed to speak, rap, rhyme, sing or say anything."

PLAYBOY: What's the difference between rap and hip-hop?

SOULJAH: It used to be called hip-hop; the media started calling it rap. But hip-hop is more of the culture—the clothes, the language.

PLAYBOY: Can rap music withstand a commercial culture?

SOULJAH: There will always be an underground aspect to rap music. A good portion of rap will be consumed and packaged and altered, but there will still be an underground rap movement that young people will respect and consume.

Take a guy like Ice Cube, who started off in N.W.A. At first it was basically, fuck the police, fuck the bitches and fuck anybody who wants to fuck with me. Then he became political and still sold two million albums. He's an underground artist. Meaning that we love Ice Cube.

PLAYBOY: Has commercialization affected rap music?

SOULJAH: To some extent it has, to some extent it hasn't. If a black brother comes into commercialized hip-hop music and uses his position to empower other African people, that's fine with me. But if he comes in just to espouse the line of the white record company and to use the money only for individual gain—if he takes no responsibility or has no allegiance to the institutions of his community—that is shameful.

PLAYBOY: What's the most important distinction between hip-hop and R&B?

SOULJAH: In hip-hop you have the emergence of the black masculine voice. With a lot of R&B, you see black men being accepted by record companies only if they have soft hands, soft, high voices and more of an effeminate appearance. Hip-hop is like Michael Jackson in reverse. You know what I'm saying? There are not too many people in hip-hop who would like to look like Michael Jackson.

PLAYBOY: Why?

SOULJAH: He's more of a repulsive type of figure, aesthetically and physically. But you have to give him a lot of credit because, despite the fact that he's repulsive to me, he is extremely talented.

PLAYBOY: How is Michael Jackson repulsive?

SOULJAH: It is repulsive for a black man to have his skin lightened, because that means he has such deep-seated self-hatred that he doesn't even love his own complexion. He wants to be somebody else. Then he makes a song about how it doesn't matter if you're black or white. Well, if it doesn't matter, he wouldn't be spending all this money to alter his reality. Most young black people think that is terrible. When I was in Zambia, a lot of the young brothers said, "Michael Jackson is quite a disappointment." I said, "Oh, yeah—and not just to you."

PLAYBOY: Do you see Michael Jackson as a victim of racial pressure?

SOULJAH: Yes. As any entertainer can tell you, when you move up, you become more distrustful. Not only do white people exploit you but black people try to position themselves so they can benefit from your good fortune. So I think black people see Michael Jackson as somebody who is double trouble—one, because he's black and his mind is altered by the system of supremacy and racism, and, two, because he's an entertainer and he's wealthy, which means you can't even get close enough to talk to him. You can't explain to him how people go about loving themselves and their people. You can't explain what he can do to expand his mind and his horizons so he can be more comfortable with his African manners.

If I could change one thing about blacks in entertainment, it would be the ignorance. Some people who enjoy the spotlight have a tremendous amount of power. But if you were to ask them about the last book they read, or about a person or topic of significance to the African community, they wouldn't be able to come up with an answer.

PLAYBOY: But that's also true for white

entertainers.

SOULJAH: Right, but the difference has to do with power. For example, the other day I was arguing with some black kids at a teen summit. I was saying that I don't think hip-hop artists should advertise St. Ides malt liquor. And some of the kids said, "White kids are the ones who are always getting drunk. White people drink it, too." Well, my concern as an African woman is not what white people do. My concern is that African children cannot afford to be drunk. Not in a genocidal war. How can you be drunk? How can you even assess your position if you are intoxicated or if you're on drugs? You can't.

PLAYBOY: A moment ago you said that Ice Cube was a beloved underground artist. But he's also a pitchman for St. Ides. How can you admire his work and at the same time disapprove of hip-hop artists promoting liquor?

SOULJAH: Within our community, there exist many contradictions. Ice Cube is an underground artist, but that doesn't mean he's evolved in a political sense. Yes, I love him, but you can love your wife and still hate certain things about her. So, yes, I put pressure on Ice Cube not to sell liquor to our children. He would probably respond that he's only selling it to people who are over twenty-one. But I would respond that, because of his strong appeal, he's really appealing to everyone from seven-year-old children to thirty-year-old adults. But I still love Ice Cube. And I hope that when you print this, you don't distort that fact.

PLAYBOY: You just called this a genocidal war. Do you realize that people will find it easy to dismiss that as hyperbole and rhetoric?

SOULJAH: Any time the sentiments of African people are expressed, it's called rhetoric. The same thing happened when I was with New Jersey Senator Bill Bradley on the *Today Show*. I said, "How do you find a common ground in an all-white Senate?" But later on, the other social activist on the show, who was white, called my opinion just "rhetoric."

PLAYBOY: But when you say genocide, it implies a vision of black people being completely wiped out.

SOULJAH: Sure. I'll give you an example that PLAYBOY readers can really sink their teeth into: AIDS. AIDS has been portrayed as a white gay male disease, but African people are the number-one group destroyed by it—African people in America and on the continent of Africa. African women, in particular, are the group most likely to die from the disease. When you look at the statistics coming out of the world health boards, you will find projections of a hundred million AIDS deaths in Africa by the year 2000. [The World Health Organization estimates 40,000,000 deaths.]

So now the point becomes this: Take a nice hip-hop group, Salt-N-Pepa. Nice girls. Beautiful. I love them. But here they are, doing a concert to raise money for the Gay Mens' Health Crisis for AIDS. They are using their influence as African women but ignoring their own people who are disproportionately affected by AIDS.

PLAYBOY: How and when did you form your views about society?

SOULJAH: My mother and father were divorced real early. So I ended up in the projects with my mother. I've lived in a lot of different places. The only thing that stays the same thematically in all the places I've lived is that I was always either a welfare recipient or lived in Section Eight housing. I was always connected to government programs.

When I lived in the projects, I was surrounded all the time by fear and a lack of understanding—fear of being victimized and a lack of understanding of how it came to pass that we all ended up there.

To give you a specific example, the woman who lived upstairs from us killed her husband. There was this whole mental trauma for me in understanding that. Then, in the apartment next door, there was the lady who used to baby-sit for us. That woman was an alcoholic. She was plagued by the conditions of that society.

"Underclass African children are sent into a European-centered educational system, and they get lost and squashed by the third or fourth grade."

The majority of the women in the building had no husbands. And the few men who were in the community were basically passed around—you know, one day he's going out with one person's mother, the next day he's going out with another person's mother. And somewhere on the other side of town, he had three or four children and he hadn't even seen their mother.

Do you understand what I'm saying? You're constantly surrounded by debauchery. You can't understand why it's like that, and you have this fear of ending up that way yourself. When you grow up in that environment and you don't know any history, you develop a self-hatred. Everything is so negative that you naturally blame it on the people in the environment. It goes all the way to the fundamentals, beginning with when you get to school and start reading. All those Dick and Jane stories have nothing to do with the life of that child—the scenarios, the houses, the block. "This is the cop. When you see him in the morning, say hello. If you need to ask a question about the traffic, he'll give you the answer." Not in the community we grew up in. So underclass African children are sent into a European-centered educational system, and they get lost and squashed by the third or fourth grade—that is, unless they have extremely strong parents constantly narrating their way through life.

PLAYBOY: What are some of the other influences?

SOULJAH: Because of television, a black boy in Bed-Stuy [Bedford-Stuyvesant in Brooklyn] will believe that having a particular car or a particular house would make him a better person. A black boy in Bed-Stuy may believe that having a light-skinned girl would make him a more macho, more successful guy. A black child in Bed-Stuy may think that Jesus Christ is white and, therefore, that whites are superior and are to be worshiped. A black child in Bed-Stuy may think that it is all right to sell drugs to another black child because of a dog-eat-dog American ethic that says the strong are on top and the weak are on the bottom.

PLAYBOY: That's a pretty cynical view. Do other blacks criticize your views?

SOULJAH: Oh, yeah. I think those who are now criticizing me are the ones who never took the time to explore and understand their own history. So they just condemn black people. Every move they make reflects the fact that they hate themselves and their people.

That is my description of somebody like Clarence Thomas. Here you have a black man born in poverty and raised by nuns. How can a nun raise a strong African man in an oppressive society where white is superior? It's impossible. Thomas now sits on the Supreme Court and is likely to uphold legislation that is more destructive to African people than it is to the white supremacists with whom he shares the bench.

PLAYBOY: You talk a lot about white supremacy. Do you think that whites and blacks are capable of seeing things the same way?

SOULJAH: I have a song that I did with Ice Cube, and one of my verses is:

"I don't care what you say or think
Cause Sister Souljah got a right to speak.
I don't care how you feel or what,
Cause Sister Souljah don't give a fuck.
If my world's black and yours is white,
How the hell could we think alike?
I got big brown eyes so I can see
And my mind don't play tricks on me."

White people try to force their perceptions on African people, and I have marketed the concept of being self-sufficient to a billion-dollar corporation.

PLAYBOY: Meaning your record contract with Epic [a division of Sony]. The Clinton experience might help your career,

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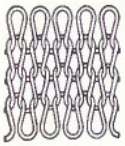

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but before that your album, *360 Degrees of Power*, didn't sell very well. Are you disappointed?

SOULJAH: I'm an attractive young woman. If I wanted to make money, I could just put on a miniskirt and a tube top, shake my ass, put out a video and I'm straight. It's so easy to make money in America off sex, drugs and violence.

I had those options. I had complete creative control over my album. But I wasn't interested in that. I wasn't doing this to become a millionaire. My goal was to distribute a message that I thought was essential for African people—a message that would tell them what was going on, why it was going on and how they could, as individuals, form a powerful collective. That was my objective. Clearly, I'm satisfied.

You know, I'm not at Sony every day saying, "Ship the records, ship the records, ship the records." I'm running around being an activist and I'm perfectly satisfied with that. And I see bootleg copies of the album everywhere.

PLAYBOY: Still, Sony must be disappointed with the sales.

SOULJAH: Well, if the record isn't running on the video channels and the company itself doesn't even want to be affiliated with it, then of course it won't sell. You'd think that when this whole Clinton thing broke, the money people would have shipped more records to the stores. But Sony didn't do that. The politics are considered to be so severe that the money is no longer worth it. They won't ship the album, not even to make a buck. [Sony told PLAYBOY that "the views expressed by Sister Souljah are not shared nor endorsed by every Epic Records employee. But as a company we will continue to support Sister Souljah and *360 Degrees of Power* through all avenues of exposure and will continue to ship her albums to stores."]

PLAYBOY: That's hard to believe. Surely, Sony would take advantage of your sudden national exposure if it thought it could make money off it.

SOULJAH: No, there has been nothing different from them in relation to Sister Souljah as an artist. In fact, when this whole thing started, I went to Black Music [a Sony division]. The first thing they told me was, "We're not paying for that hotel room for your press conference. This is not promotional. [Sony told PLAYBOY that at the time of the press conference it had made arrangements to reimburse Souljah for her press-conference accommodations.] We don't know what you have going on with the presidential contender, but this has nothing to do with Sony." That's how bleak it is. Maybe they feel really threatened by the possibility of Bill Clinton's becoming President. That maybe he'll then have a beef with them or something.

PLAYBOY: Maybe they just don't think your album is very good.

SOULJAH: I would argue with that strongly. There's a point at which money confronts ethics—when it threatens the fabric of white supremacy. I am political—I can mobilize people—and Sony can't address that. Historically, people who were considered a threat to the corporate system have been attacked. Take Paul Robeson. He was articulate, he was a scholar, yet he was ostracized and made into a victim of the red scare, and he died depressed. The corporate world is more ruthless than anything else. Hey, listen, even before the Clinton incident, I was embroiled in a corporatewide controversy over my Sister Souljah logo. I had to explain to the Jewish people at Sony that the S.S. in my logo had nothing to do with the Holocaust.

PLAYBOY: Maybe they feel threatened by you. Not every black artist speaks out the way you do.

SOULJAH: True, but not all black artists see that as their role. I do, and they are trying to isolate me. But it won't work.

PLAYBOY: How big a following do you have?

SOULJAH: Millions of people believe in who I am. When the white press tries to attack black leaders, we wind up loving those leaders even more. We know they must have done something right. You cannot tell kids in this country anything about a rapper. Rappers are the most powerful entity anywhere for young people. *The Washington Post* could run five months of stories against Big Daddy Kane, and when Big Daddy Kane hit town, there would be ten thousand people inside the concert hall and ten thousand more trying to get in.

"I'm not at Sony every day saying, 'Ship the records, ship the records, ship the records.' I'm running around being an activist."

PLAYBOY: In terms of black leaders, how does Jesse Jackson fit in? He clearly believes there's some value in trying to work with white people within an electoral situation.

SOULJAH: Jesse and I are different in that regard. I think the most valuable thing I can do is to work with African people. Jesse thinks the most valuable thing he can do is to work with all people. I believe that the condition of African people is too severe for us to divert our attention to other communities, because our people really are in a state of emergency—a state of absolute crisis. And so I concentrate on that. But Jesse Jackson has the right to concentrate on whatever he wants to as a man, and I do what I want to as a woman.

PLAYBOY: But isn't Jackson also searching for what he calls a common ground?

SOULJAH: And you notice that he hasn't found one. To me, Jesse Jackson is the epitome of the black man who has tried his hardest to get along with white people and serve the white community. I mean that legitimately, not sarcastically. But then if Jesse has Sister Souljah at his conference, some white journalists will forget everything that he's done and characterize him—so dishonestly—as a racist. It's absurd. I don't have any hope or faith in white America.

PLAYBOY: You are adamant in your criticism of society. Are you as hard on yourself?

SOULJAH: Absolutely. At the end of each day I ask myself what I have achieved and what more I could have done. I see myself in all of my weaknesses and actively try to correct the things about me that are wrong.

PLAYBOY: Are you an easy person to get along with?

SOULJAH: I think I'm a nice person, of course.

PLAYBOY: How do you reconcile that with all the anger?

SOULJAH: It's a different value system. African values are based on balance, harmony, reciprocity, things of that nature. And in order to maintain balance, you have to be angry when you're supposed to be and happy when you're supposed to be. For some reason, people think that if you fight for truth and justice you don't, for example, like to have sex. Or if you like to have sex, then you can't believe in truth and justice. Or if you make speeches, then you don't like to go to parties. And if you like to go to parties, then you're not serious. All of that is bullshit to me.

I mean, I'm a dancer. And I like to go to parties. I love my people. But I'm still an orator, I'm still angry, I'm still productive.

PLAYBOY: Do you get the feeling people are trying to push you into one slot or another?

SOULJAH: Sure, because they have premeditated agendas. But I can take the heat. What do I have to live with besides my life? I don't even believe that, spiritually, somebody can take my life. They can kill me physically. If we die fighting for a righteous cause, we're rewarded spiritually for that.

PLAYBOY: In one of your songs you talk about fighting with actual ammunition. What's that all about?

SOULJAH: Ignoramuses don't read the lyrics. In the song *The Final Solution: Slavery's Back in Effect*, I say:

"Brothers, go get guns and pack up on ammunition,

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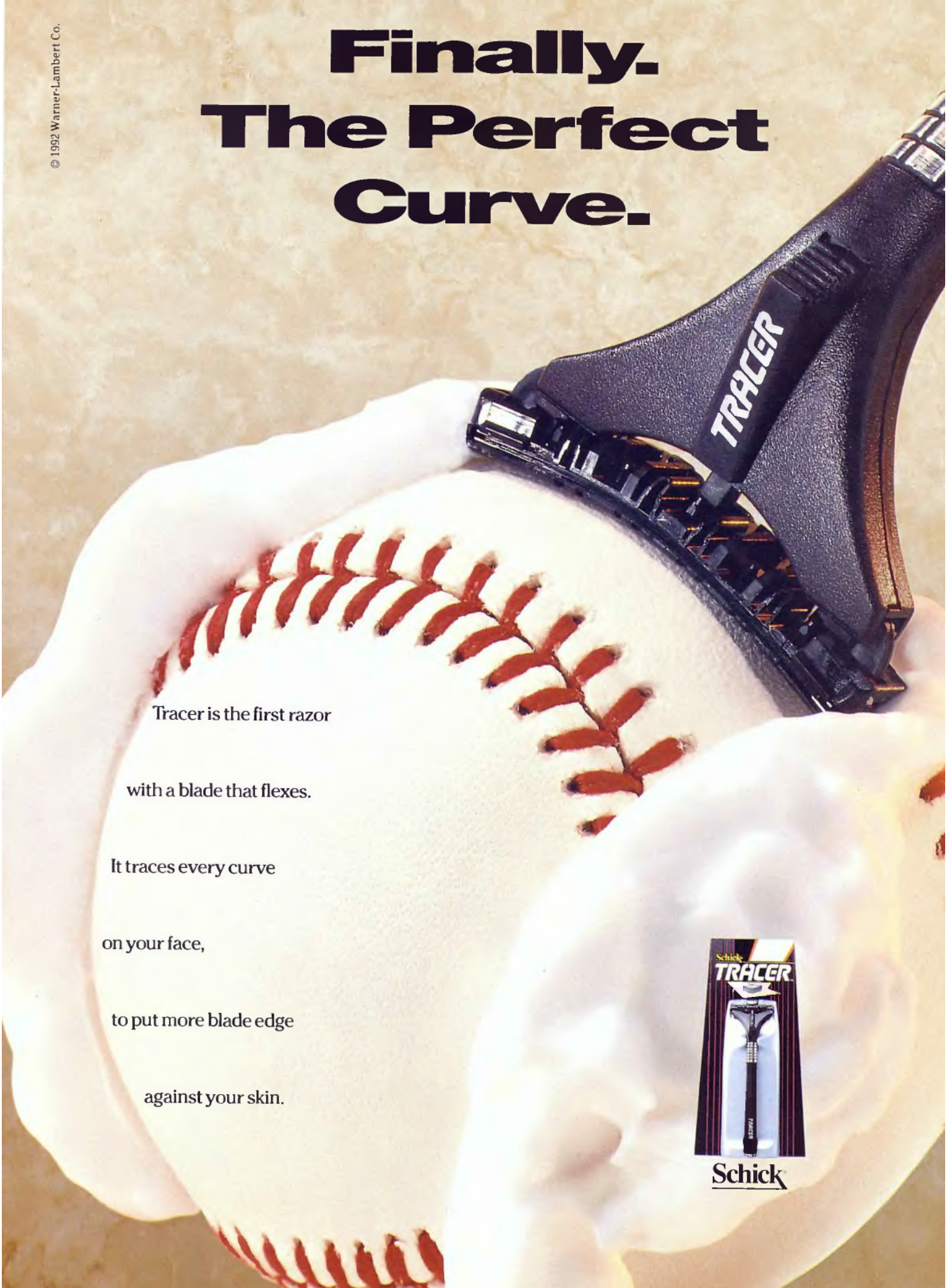

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Violence escalating and it's sad to see
So many brothers being killed by the enemy.
Mothers and daughters, fathers and sons,
Why can't they see we couldn't win by the gun?
I told you how to win but now it's too late.
The enemy's on the rise and he's sealed your fate.
Brain is the weapon, technology second.
The war drum is sounding, the tool is the record.
The will and the skill of the black man, exact man
Giving a hand to his brother man."

I'm saying that if we had been unified and organized—if we knew our history, learned computer technology, used our brains—we wouldn't be in this condition. So now you guys are going to get guns, but you can't win because you're militarily outnumbered.

My whole album is geared toward getting African people to study and to actively organize for self-sufficiency. And that is more threatening to white people than brothers getting guns.

PLAYBOY: Some people claim that all you're really concerned about is self-promotion and advancing your career.

SOULJAH: Most of the magazines and newspapers talk about the overconfident, egotistical, self-promoting Sister Souljah—which means that they really have a problem with the fact that I'm competent and self-assured. Am I supposed to be more humble or something? Humble about what?

PLAYBOY: Are you receiving any support from black organizations?

SOULJAH: Overwhelming support. I've received calls from Congress. I've received support from black women's coalitions, from the Christian community, the Islamic community, the Hebrew community.

PLAYBOY: Who are the black leaders you respect?

SOULJAH: Respect is a serious word.

PLAYBOY: Which ones do you think people should look to for wisdom, for ideas?

SOULJAH: I try to tell young people not to look for leaders but to try to identify the qualities in themselves—to develop the talents and skills that they have—so they don't become dependent on somebody else's talents and skills. Even in my album I say, "Please do not worship Sister Souljah," because that's not what I want. Instead, examine and study the ideas. Then keep the ones you agree with and throw out the ones you don't agree with. And keep moving on.

PLAYBOY: What prominent black people have played an aggressive and constructive role?

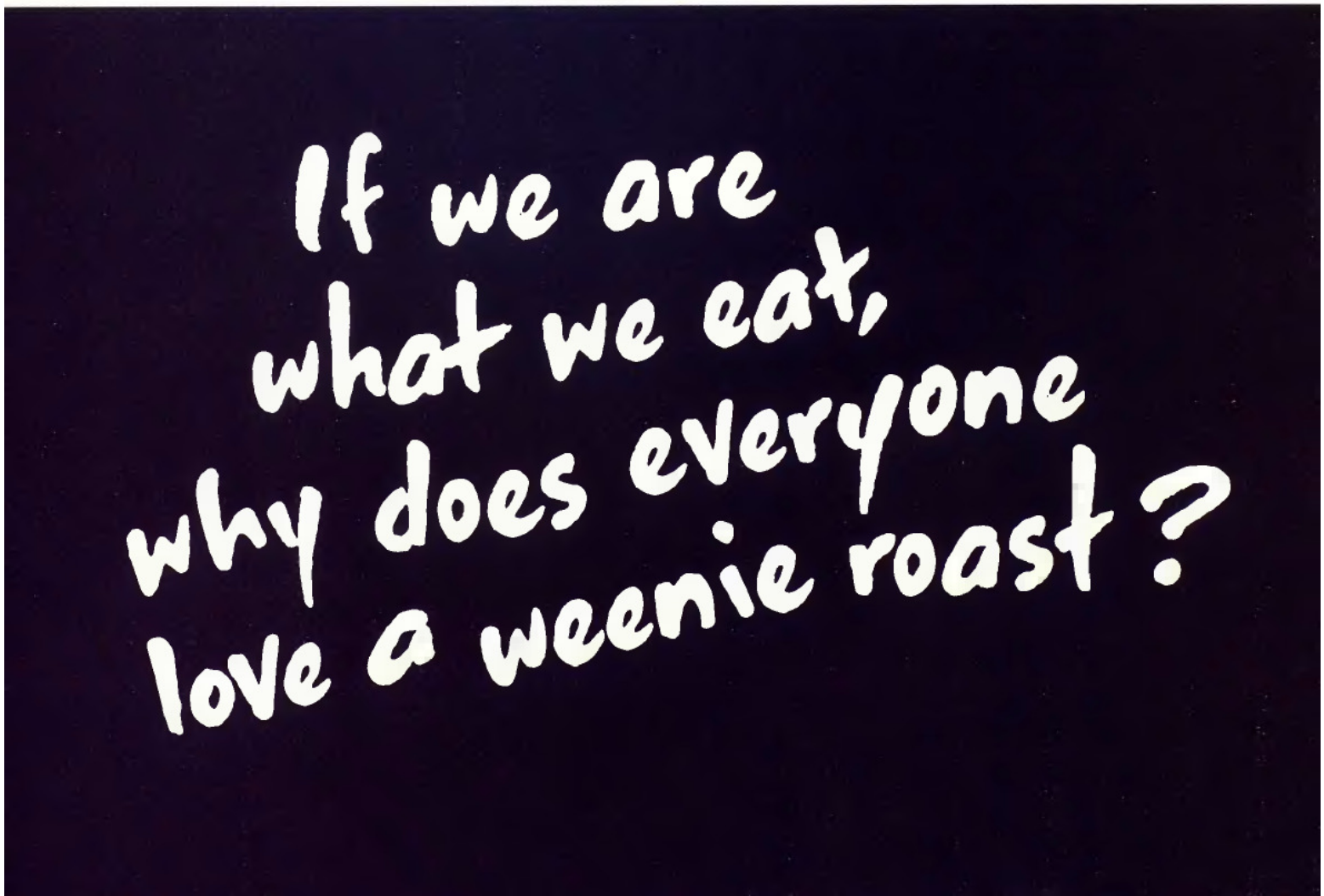
SOULJAH: Oh, see, if you say it that way: Jesse Jackson, Louis Farrakhan, C. Vernon Mason, Alton Maddox. From the past, my favorite people are Harriet Tubman, Adam Clayton Powell and Malcolm X. I think that Harriet Tubman was the strongest person in the history of African people in this country. She was an activist. She took action. She was a soldier. She was a warrior.

PLAYBOY: And what about Martin Luther King?

SOULJAH: Martin Luther King did a lot of constructive things. One of the most powerful legacies that he left us was the concept of economic collectivity—the ability to pull your support away from corporations and systems that don't support justice.

I think that concept is applicable now. It could be implemented quite easily if somebody had common sense and the persistence to expose the relationship between corporate America—the corporations, the subsidiaries, the products—and the oppression of African people. We could then dissociate ourselves from cooperating with our own oppression. Powerful.

PLAYBOY: But you make records for a company that is Japanese-owned.



SOULJAH: But who wins? You listen to my album, then ask me who wins—Sony or Souljah? Souljah wins. Souljah wins.

I don't feel like Sony is doing anything for me. Do you know how much Sony equipment—radios, Walkmans—African people consume? Probably more than anybody else. So I don't feel like Sony's doing a damned thing for me. If anything, they'll get the pleasure later on—after somebody spills my guts all over the floor—of being affiliated economically with my image.

PLAYBOY: You don't have a death wish, do you?

SOULJAH: I have a life wish. But I understand the nature of evil in this society. I understand who controls what, and I understand that people in power will go to any length to maintain their position. I'm not naive. I know what the consequences are.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that frightening to you?

SOULJAH: It's life. It's like Martin Luther King said: Any person would like to live a long life. Malcolm X had four beautiful daughters and a beautiful wife. Do you think he wanted to get killed that way? He didn't. But it's the love that you have for your people that makes you sacrifice yourself.

I mean, that concept goes way back to Jesus Christ so, hey, what can you do? You gotta do what you gotta do. It also says in the Bible, To whom much is given, much is expected. So I've been blessed in a lot of ways. I know that everything I have is by the grace of God. Which is why I don't fear men. And I don't fear Bill Clinton because he's not in control. It's like the Koran says: God is the best of planners. So you can make all the plans you want, but ultimately there's a force greater than yourself.

Another thing that white America took from African people is our spiritual power. I feel that, spiritually, I'm very powerful and very protected. So I don't fear evil, because I feel I'm greater than evil. I feel that good conquers evil. I think that if people were more aware of their spiritual power, they would have less suffering under this white supremacist system.

PLAYBOY: Do you dismiss Christianity as the white man's religion?

SOULJAH: Oh, no, no. As African people, we have created many beautiful things that have been corrupted by others. But the worst thing we could do is to throw out something just because it's been corrupted. What we need to do is to try to regain it in its original form. And so I study Christianity. I study Islam. I read the Bible and the Koran. Both books offer values that can help me to guide my life.

PLAYBOY: Was Christ black?

SOULJAH: Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't he also Jewish?

SOULJAH: You can be Jewish and black. The Jews were black. That's not startling at all. Didn't Israel just airlift a whole bunch of black Jews—the Ethiopians? They're Africans. They're Jews.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on to racial integration. Is that ever going to be possible?

SOULJAH: With equal power, sure.

PLAYBOY: Is it desirable?

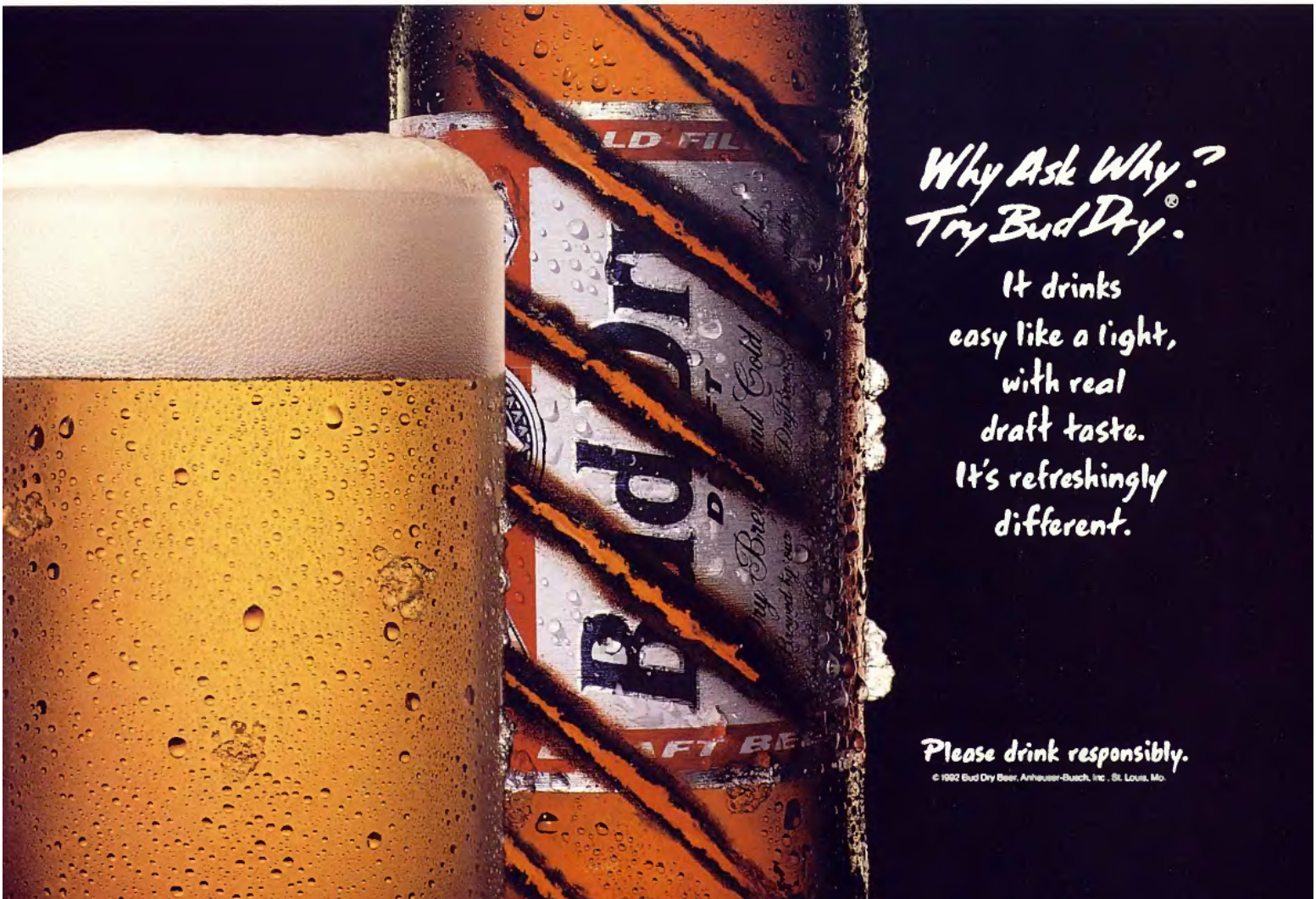
SOULJAH: It depends. It's something I've never experienced. I don't think any person of color has ever experienced integration with white people and maintained power.

PLAYBOY: Do you see separation as a way of regaining power?

SOULJAH: I don't call it physical separation because, clearly, we're here. But I see it as mental separation. I say to young African women all the time, "You cannot have Erica Kane and Joan Collins as your role models. These are one-dimensional, materialistic, money-grubbing white bitches, totally divorced from your experience, totally coming from someplace else. You can't want to be like them."

PLAYBOY: Well, what about—and we'll use your words—money-grubbing black bitches? You wouldn't want them to be role models either, would you?

SOULJAH: No. But because I study history, I know how these relationships came about. African men and women were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together in Africa, and African men and women were together during slavery. But in 1992, African men and women are sometimes separated by the fact that black women now have the values of white women, and black men have the values of white men.

PLAYBOY: You've been critical of some white feminists.

SOULJAH: Yes. For some reason, it seems like a lot of white feminists confuse the empowerment of women with sexuality. And that causes chaos.

PLAYBOY: Explain that.

SOULJAH: A lot of the white feminists I've met have been lesbians who seem more interested in getting you to adopt their sexual lifestyle than in getting you to empower yourself as a woman, so that you could empower your family. That's problematic.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that only one small part of the feminist movement?

SOULJAH: I said that is what I have experienced.

PLAYBOY: What about the other parts of the white feminist movement, equal pay for equal work and——

SOULJAH: It's like in my video: When they say, "Do you know any good white people?" I say, "I haven't met them."

PLAYBOY: Come on, you haven't met any good white people?

SOULJAH: I haven't met them.

PLAYBOY: Never in your whole life? There are no good white people?

SOULJAH: What I said is that I haven't met them. Even when I was at the University of Salamanca, I was mostly with white people. They were very nice to me, but nice has nothing to do with good. We all ate dinner together, we went places together and so on. But did they give a damn about justice? I don't think so. I don't think any white person who is not constructively fighting against injustice should sleep easy on any given night. You should have fear and guilt and remorse about creating a world that's so destructive to people of color. And if you don't, it means you don't value the lives of people who have not emerged from your culture.

PLAYBOY: You say "you" a lot when you talk about whites creating this situation. Let's take someone like my mother. She worked in a garment factory for fifty years. How did she create this world that you are talking about?

SOULJAH: Anybody can create this world by simply remaining silent or by remaining passive.

PLAYBOY: But she didn't. She went on civil rights marches.

SOULJAH: It's an unfair question because I don't know your mother.

PLAYBOY: The point is, how can you put the blame on all white people? A lot of whites feel impotent and not in control.

SOULJAH: Right. But just because you feel impotent doesn't mean that you are. A lot of people use impotence as an

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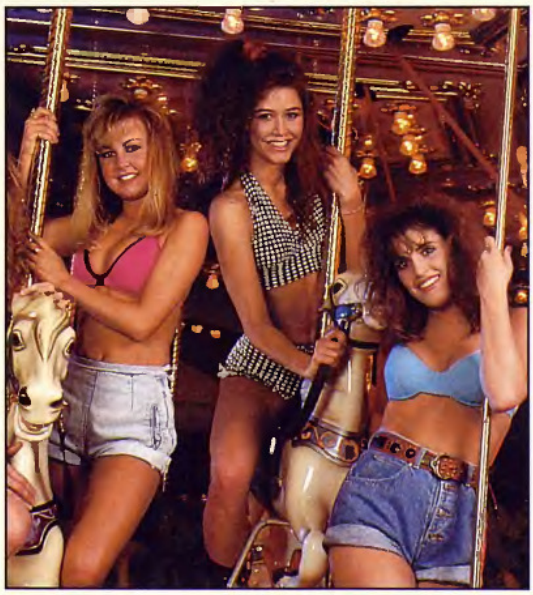

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1. Contest is open to citizens of the United States who are 18 years or older. Employees and their families of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., N.W.Ayer Incorporated, CBG Affiliate Jewelers, their divisions, subsidiaries, affiliates and agencies are not eligible. 2. To enter, submit in writing in 100 words or less, your most creative way to propose marriage to your loved one, along with a 3"x 5" card listing your name, address and telephone number to "Proposal of a Lifetime" Contest, Playboy, 747 Third Avenue, NY, NY 10017. All entries must be original and must be received by October 16, 1992. Mutilated or illegible entries will be disqualified. Sponsors are not responsible for damaged, lost, late or misdirected mail. Limit 1 entry per envelope. 3. Entries will be judged by a panel of qualified judges selected by Playboy, whose decision is final. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, clarity of thought, creativity, and writing skills, and the determination of the judges is final and binding. Playboy reserves the right to withhold prizes if no submitted entries meet its usual standards. Prize winner will receive a one (1) carat Diamond Engagement Ring (approx. retail value $5000). 4. Winner will be notified by mail and may be obligated to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility within 30 days of notification. In the event of noncompliance with this time period, an alternate winner may be selected. Any notification letter or prize returned to Playboy as undeliverable may be awarded to an alternate winner. 5. All entries become the property of Playboy and the sponsors upon submission and will not be returned. Playboy and the sponsors reserve the right to edit the prize winning idea for publication. Playboy and the sponsors reserve the right to publish the winning entries in Playboy Magazine and other publications as deemed appropriate by Playboy and the sponsors. Entry authorizes use of prize winner's entry name, photograph and biographical information by Playboy and the sponsors without further compensation to the winner. 6. Void where prohibited by law. Taxes on prizes are the sole responsibility of the winner. All federal, state and local laws apply. Odds of winning will depend upon the total number of valid entries received. No prize or cash substitutions and no transfer of prizes allowed. Playboy assumes no responsibility for prize merchandise of independent suppliers or liability for damages, losses or injury resulting from acceptance or use of prize. 7. To receive the winner's name, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to "Proposal of a Lifetime" Contest Winner's list, Playboy, 747 Third Avenue, NY, NY 10017 after January 15, 1993.

excuse to do nothing. I think white people don't ever want to look at what they did and what they still do. Ever. And they never want to take responsibility for their collective acts of destruction. When I see white people, I don't trust them. None of them.

PLAYBOY: You're obviously interested in some kind of dialog, or you wouldn't have agreed to this interview. But how would you expect a white person to relate to any of this?

SOULJAH: If you're not really concerned with justice, then you won't relate to it. If you are, you have to ask yourself a few questions. One, are you willing to stand for a cause that is unpopular with your own kind? Two, if you're willing to do so, are you willing to sacrifice the things that have made you comfortable in white America? Three, are you dedicated to changing the fabric of this society? Participating in a movement not for black power but for what is right? I believe very sincerely there needs to be a mass movement, but I have absolutely no faith that it will happen.

PLAYBOY: But you will at least concede that good white people have existed in history.

SOULJAH: I guess they did. But this is like the discussion I had the other day with this white guy on KISS radio. We had this same discussion. He got so frustrated. He said, "What about John Brown? He was a good white person." I said, "OK, now ask yourself why you had to go all the way back to the 1800s to come up with an example. That's a problem. How come you can't tell me right now who the good white people are?"

PLAYBOY: Because you always shoot them down.

SOULJAH: No. Because he couldn't think of one.

PLAYBOY: Bullshit. I personally don't feel that I'm a bad white man. By saying these things, you actually let white racists off the hook.

SOULJAH: How?

PLAYBOY: Because if you say that good liberal white people really don't make a difference, then you're telling people they don't even have to try.

SOULJAH: No, I put pressure on white liberals by saying, "If you're going to be a do-gooder, then do good for real." In other words, if a white liberal says, "I work at the Saturday school with little black kids," I'll say, "Well, why don't you go home and remove the racism from your family or your community?" Or, "Why don't you get people to understand that they shouldn't vote for this person because it only reinforces the policies and the system, the network of racism." So I've challenged white liberals. I've put pressure on them to do the things that will really make a difference.

PLAYBOY: What's the basic message?

SOULJAH: I'm dedicated to teaching African children what they can do to improve their own lives. At the same time, I think that the government is responsible for providing reparations to African people for centuries of unpaid labor. That's something they should be pressured for. We should pressure society to do what society is supposed to do, because, in the interim, we're still paying taxes, you know? And no, I don't see government assistance as a handout. I see that as something every group of people does in one way or another—whether it's an S&L or a black girl on 125th Street or a white farmer.

PLAYBOY: Many of the articles about you say you have an apocalyptic vision in which the whole system has to blow apart before it can come together again. Can any of what you're talking about be accomplished without violence?

SOULJAH: Everything I'm describing can be done now, but it probably can't be done without violence. Why? Because when African people organize themselves to be self-sufficient, we probably will be attacked by white America. The Rodney King thing, for instance. People watched and endured that film every night on television and did nothing about it. They believed so much in the system—even though it has never served them—that they actually waited for a verdict. It's not a question of whether or not I think America will erupt in violence. It's a question of what America will do as African people strive for self-sufficiency.

PLAYBOY: But there are blacks who have made it—black athletes, black singers, black professors, black attorneys. Why would white Americans, as you suggest, resent that success?

SOULJAH: Because black athletes and black entertainers don't alter the power equation. Ultimately, for every quarter I make, Sony makes about eight dollars. [Sony would not confirm these numbers.] Entertainers are no threat. They're not involved in politics, which means they don't affect the power equation for the masses of people. They just entertain and keep people laughing.

PLAYBOY: What about Arsenio Hall?

SOULJAH: Arsenio Hall is an important person because he's on television and has the opportunity to provide a forum for people who would not ordinarily be heard. I hope he regards that as seriously as I do.

PLAYBOY: Why aren't you as critical of him as you are of whites who aren't dedicating their lives to changing society and obtaining justice?

SOULJAH: [*Laughs*] Did Arsenio do something wrong?

PLAYBOY: Has he done enough right? Isn't that your problem with a lot of white people—that their passivity is no excuse?

SOULJAH: The difference is white people are in power. Arsenio has a difficult job because you want to be strong as an

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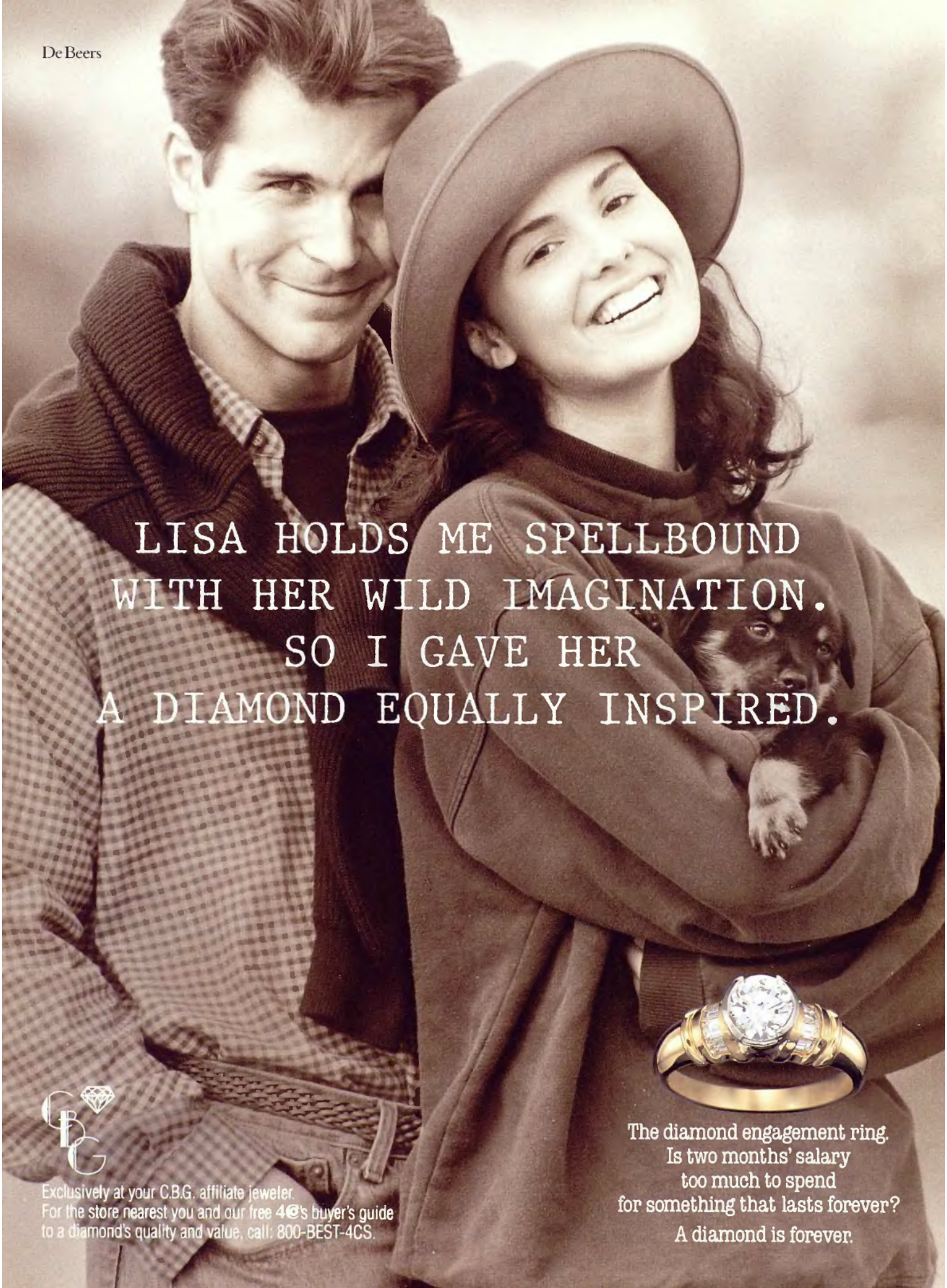

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African male, but you also want to be employed.

PLAYBOY: What about Eddie Murphy?

SOULJAH: I think that Eddie Murphy is evolving.

PLAYBOY: How about Michael Jordan? Doesn't he wield a lot of clout?

SOULJAH: It's nonthreatening for Michael Jordan to have a contract with a sneaker company because, even though he's going to have a whole lot more money than any other African person, the corporation is going to have ten times that amount.

Let's say we examine corporate America and detach ourselves from the products and the corporations that lend themselves to racism. Now I am affecting the power equation, the consumption of products, the ability of these corporations to profit in an economic recession. Now I'm a threat, and I don't know what America will do under that threat. If I used history, I would say that America would kill me under that threat.

PLAYBOY: But you're still going to try?

SOULJAH: Of course. I have no choice. I am interested in seeing a society where people can coexist based on equal power and equal respect for one another's cultural contributions. I am interested in seeing a society based on equal military power, so that people are not subject to physical abuse. A society based on the equal distribution of resources, so that people are not subject to subsistence and slavery. I am interested in a society where justice is the law of the land for everybody. The problem is that so long as every time you think of Africa you think of baldheaded babies, of bloated stomachs and flies, no African person any place in the world will ever get any respect.

PLAYBOY: You're an impassioned person. Is there a lighter side to Sister Souljah?

SOULJAH: I like to eat. Chocolate and popcorn.

PLAYBOY: Have you always had this hairstyle? How does it work?

SOULJAH: It's an African flat twist. You might have seen something like it in movies like *The Ten Commandments*.

PLAYBOY: Is it hard to do?

SOULJAH: It takes about half an hour, and I get it done in Harlem. NBC got pissed when I didn't show up for an interview because I had to get my hair done. The people said they had a hairdresser. I said, "Oh, no!" They'd have me looking like those ridiculous people who work for them.

PLAYBOY: You've never been married.

SOULJAH: I'm going to get married, but I'm going to stay married.

PLAYBOY: How do you know until you've tried it?

SOULJAH: I'm committed to the concept.

PLAYBOY: Well, it's easier said than done.

SOULJAH: Yeah, so I've heard.

PLAYBOY: Any more personal stuff? What do you get off on?

SOULJAH: I love to dance. I'm a good dancer. I like movies.

PLAYBOY: What are your favorite films?

SOULJAH: I liked Oliver Stone's *J.F.K.* I liked John Singleton's *Boyz n the Hood*.

PLAYBOY: What about Spike Lee's movies?

SOULJAH: No, they don't really touch me. I don't know, maybe something's missing. I support him. I always go to his movies. But they just don't touch my heart, my soul, my spirit.

PLAYBOY: You've criticized the *We Are the World*–type entertainment. But wouldn't you like things to be like that?

SOULJAH: If it were real. But it's not real. It's fantasy. It's like the *Brady Bunch*. *We Are the World* is a joke, because at whose expense are we the world? At my expense? Then I don't like that. If we are really the world—meaning all of the world and all its resources are accessible to each of us—then I have no problem with that. I don't think any African who's political is hostile just for the sake of being hostile. Mostly, everybody I know who has been politicized as an African is that way because they love their people so much—not because of hate but because of love.

"I'm isolated. I'm not included in this mess. But when you make entertainment your way of life, you're bound to fall into a hole."

I have a song on my album called *State of Accommodation: Why Aren't You Angry* about all the things oppressed people consider to be normal. Like jail. That's a normal concept to my people, but it is not normal to me. I would fight against that. When I watch *Roots* and see a white slavemaster selling a child—and then the black woman breaks down and cries—that is not normal to me. If somebody tried to sell my baby, I'd kill them. No question. Instantly. Because now it's clearly a question of me or you. And if a white slavemaster tried to sleep with me, I'd kill him, too. Rape is not normal to me. I do not want to be raped and I will try to destroy you before you can destroy me. That to me is sane. Cooperating with that is insane. I'm against cooperating with pain.

PLAYBOY: Don't some rap songs celebrate violence against women?

SOULJAH: A lot of men don't have respect for women. But women don't have respect for themselves. The thing I find most interesting in these videos is that many of those naked black women who you see sliding up and down on poles are not even being paid. So you can't base any of this on the premise of economic exploitation because they do that for free. They want to do that. This is how they see themselves as women.

My campaign within the hip-hop industry is to get African women to act more respectful of themselves. They can't keep pointing to the men as a source of their problems—not when I go to a concert and see women standing backstage with their toothbrush and panties in a bag, getting ready to sleep with somebody just because he's an entertainer. And they don't even know the guy's real name. Never met his mama. Never been to his house. Don't know nothing about him. Then they'll call his management company for the next six months because they're pregnant. And they wonder why the guys don't take them seriously. Oh, please!

So that's how I feel about it. I tend to be much harder on sisters, but harder in a compassionate way. I've made a lot of mistakes myself as a woman, and I'll share my mistakes. But as women, we have a responsibility to correct the things that we do that add to our own oppression.

PLAYBOY: This whole industry is strange.

SOULJAH: Sex, drugs, rock and roll, violence. Very filthy business.

PLAYBOY: And yet, in the middle of it, you try to find some political purity.

SOULJAH: I'm isolated. I'm not included in this mess. I have a whole life. I go to Sony to transact business. But when you make entertainment your way of life, you're bound to fall into a hole.

PLAYBOY: People are now expecting some leadership to come out of today's music and musicians.

SOULJAH: There will be some leadership. Out of most of them there will be entertainment.

PLAYBOY: You say you're isolated. But is there ever a time when you just feel like saying, "Damn, I'm tired"?

SOULJAH: Well, I think W. E. B. Du Bois sums that up in *The Souls of Black Folk*. He says that as an African person in this white society you have two warring souls. You have to interpret everything in at least two ways. So while, personally, I just want to live a nice quiet life, get married and have children, I am unable to do only that because of the legacy I have inherited. I have to teach, pass on information, communicate, fulfill my responsibility to serve and lift up my community. Some people accept their responsibility, some people reject it and some people pretend that they don't even know it exists.

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THE TALE OF THE BODY THIEF

fiction **BY ANNE RICE**

MIAMI—the vampire's city. South Beach at sunset, in the luxurious warmth of the winterless winter, the breeze moving in from the placid sea across the dark margin of cream-colored sand to cool the happy mortal children. The sweet parade of fashionable young men displaying their cultivated muscles with touching vulgarity, or of young women proud of their streamlined modern limbs.

Old stucco hostelries, once the crumbling shelters of the aged, are reborn in smart pastels, sporting new names in elegant neon. Candles flicker on the white-draped tables of open-porch restaurants. Big shiny American cars push their way along the avenue, slowed by the dazzling human parade. To the north rise the towers of Miami Beach. To the south and to the west are the dazzling steel skyscrapers of the downtown city with its high, roaring freeways and busy cruise-ship docks. Pleasure boats speed along the sparkling waters of the canals past sprawling red-tiled villas draped with red and purple bougainvillea, past swimming pools shimmering with turquoise light.

On the horizon, great white clouds mountain beneath a roofless, star-filled heaven. Ah, it never fails to take my breath away—this southern sky.

City of water, city of speed, city of tropical flowers, city of enormous skies. It's never really dark in Miami. It's never really quiet. And it is for Miami, more than any other place, that I periodically leave my New Orleans home.

It is the perfect city for the vampire. There is menace beneath the shining surface of the city. There is desperation and throbbing greed and endless risk. It never fails to yield to me a mortal killer—some twisted, sinister morsel who will surrender to me a dozen of his own murders as I drain his memory banks with his blood.

What luck for me that such a celebrity had surfaced in my favorite city. What luck that he had struck six times in these very streets—one of those splendid human trophies whose gruesome modus operandi occupies whole files in the computers of law enforcement agencies, an anonymous being anointed by the worshipful press with the flashy name of the Back Street Strangler.

Ah, I would have crossed a continent to snap him up—this slayer of the old and infirm who come in such numbers to these warm climes. And he is here, waiting for me. To his dark history, detailed by no fewer than 20 criminologists and easily purloined through the computer in my New Orleans lair, I have added the crucial elements: his name and habitation. Through his blood-soaked dreams, I found him. And tonight I will end his illustrious career in a cruel embrace, without a scintilla of moral illumination.

Please understand that there is no nobility in this. I don't believe that rescuing humanity from such a fiend can conceivably save my soul. I don't believe that the power of one good deed is infinite. What I do believe is this: The evil of one murder is infinite. And my guilt is like my beauty—eternal.

Nevertheless, I like saving innocents from their fate. And I like taking killers to me because they are my brothers and we belong together. Why shouldn't they die in my arms instead of poor merciful mortals who have never done any willful harm? These are the rules of my game. I play by these rules because I made them.

Ah, Miami, the perfect place for this little Passion play.

•

I stand at the front windows of the rooms I maintain in the swanky little Cavalier Hotel on Ocean Drive, my Champs-Élysées of the moment, my Via Veneto. I enjoy the premium brand of solitude of the rich, complete privacy only steps from the flashy street.

But it is time to dress for the man of my dreams.

Picking from the usual wilderness of boxes, suitcases and trunks, I choose a

ILLUSTRATION BY MEL ODOM

suit of gray velvet, an old favorite with a subtle luster. The coat is slim, with narrow lapels, spare and rather like a hacking jacket with its fitted waist, even more like a graceful old frock coat from earlier times, perfect with the tight gray-velvet trousers. We immortals fancy old-fashioned garments. Sometimes you can gauge the true age of an immortal simply by the cut of his clothes.

As for the white silk shirt, it is so soft that you can ball it in the palm of your hand. Why should I wear anything else so close to my indestructible and curiously sensitive skin?

The soles of my fine boots are immaculate, for they seldom touch the earth. My hair I shake loose into a shoulder-length mane of yellow waves. I smooth brown lotion over my cheekbones and neck to camouflage the skin. What do I look like to mortals? I honestly don't know. I cover my blue eyes, as always, with black glasses, for their radiance can entrance and mesmerize a chance encounter. Over my delicate white hands, with their telltale glassy fingernails, I draw a pair of soft gray-leather gloves.

Seven o'clock. The tiny green numerals of the digital clock glow. I close my eyes, letting my head drop to the side, bracing myself for the full effect of the amplification of my preternatural hearing. It is as if I have thrown a technological switch. The soft purring sounds of the world outside become a chorus from hell—full of sharp-edged laughter and lamentation, full of lies and anguish and random pleas. I cover my ears.

Gradually I see the blurred images of thoughts rising like a million fluttering birds into the firmament. *Give me my killer, give me his vision.*

He is in a small dingy room, very unlike this one yet only two blocks from it, just rising from his bed. His cheap clothes are rumpled, sweat covers his face, a thick nervous hand reaches for the cigarettes in his shirt pocket, then lets them go, already forgotten. He is a heavy man with shapeless features and a look of vague worry or dim regret.

It does not occur to him to dress for his evening, for the feast for which he is hungering. He shakes himself, greasy hair falling onto his sloping forehead, eyes like black glass.

Standing in the silent shadows of my room, I continue to track him, to follow down a back staircase, out into the garish lights of Collins Avenue, past dusty shop windows and sagging commercial signs, propelled onward to the as yet unchosen object of his desire.

And who might she be, the lucky lady wandering blindly toward this horror through the sparse crowds of early evening in this dreary region of town? Does she carry a carton of milk and a head of lettuce in a brown paper bag? Will she hurry at the sight of cutthroats on the corner? Does she grieve for the old beachfront where she lived so contentedly before the architects and decorators drove her to cracked and peeling quarters farther away?

And what will he think when he spots her, my ugly angel of death? Will she remind him of the mythic shrew of his childhood who beat him senseless, only to be elevated to the nightmare pantheon of his subconscious?

Ah, well, I will tear out his menacing heart before he has his way with her, and he will give me everything that he has and is.

•

I walk slowly down the steps and through the smart, glittering art deco lobby with its magazine-page glamour. How good it feels to be moving like a mortal, to touch the chrome handles of the glass doors, to wander out into the fresh air. I head north along the sidewalk among the evening strollers, admiring the refurbished hotels and their little cafés.

The crowd thickens as I reach the corner. Before a fancy open-air restaurant, giant television cameras focus their lenses on a stretch of sidewalk harshly illuminated by enormous white lights. Trucks block the traffic; cars slow as passengers and drivers watch. A loose crowd has gathered, only mildly fascinated, for television and motion picture cameras are a familiar sight in South Beach.

I skirt the lights, fearing their effect on my highly reflective face. I make my way around the corner, and again I scan for the prey.

He is racing, his mind thick with hallucinations, so that he can scarcely control his shuffling steps.

With a little spurt of speed, I take to the low roofs. The breeze is stronger, sweeter. I hear the gentle roar of excited voices, the dull music of radios, the sound of the wind itself.

I hit the pavement of Collins Avenue so swiftly that perhaps I seem simply to appear. But nobody is looking.

And in minutes I am ambling along, steps behind him, threading through a cluster of tough guys who block my path to pursue the prey through the doors of a giant ice-cold drugstore.

Such a circus for the eyes, this cave full of every imaginable kind of packaged foodstuff, toilet article and hair accouterment, 90 percent of which existed not at all, in any form whatsoever, during the century in which I was born. Sanitary napkins, medicinal eyedrops, plastic hairpins, felt-tip markers, creams and ointments for all nameable parts of the human body, dishwashing liquid in every color of the rainbow, cosmetic rinses in colors still undefined. What would Louis XIV think of Styrofoam cups, chocolate cookies wrapped in cellophane, disposable pens that never need ink?

I've watched the progress of the industrial revolution with my own eyes, but I'm not entirely used to these items myself. Such drugstores can keep me enthralled for hours on end. But this time I have prey in sight.

Why has he come to this place? Young Cuban couples with babies in tow are not his style. He wanders the crowded aisles unnoticed by anyone but me, his red-rimmed eyes sweeping the cluttered shelves.

Lord God, but he is filthy, all decency lost in his mania, craggy face and neck creased with dirt. Will I like this? Hell, he's a sack of blood. I can't kill little children anymore. Nor can I feast on waterside harlots. My conscience is killing me, and when you're immortal, that can be a long death. But look at him, this dirty, stinking, lumbering killer. Men in prisons get better food than this.

And then it hits me as I scan his mind once more, as though cutting open a cantaloupe. He doesn't know what he is. He has never read his own headlines. He does not remember episodes of his life in any discerning order and could not truly confess to the murders he has committed, for he does not truly recall them. He does not know that he will kill tonight. He does not know what I know.

Ah, sadness and grief, I have drawn the worst card, no doubt about it. Lord God, what have I been thinking of to hunt this one, when the starlit world is full of more vicious and cunning beasts? I want to weep.

•

But then comes the provocative moment. He has seen the old woman, seen her bare, wrinkled arms, the bent hump of her back, the shivering thighs under her pastel shorts. Through the glare of fluorescent light, she makes her way idly, enjoying the buzz and throb of the crowd, her face half hidden beneath the green plastic of a visor, her hair twisted with dark pins against the back of her small head.

She carries in her basket a pint of orange juice in a plastic bottle and a pair of soft slippers folded into a neat little roll. To this she adds, with obvious pleasure, a paperback novel from the

(continued on page 98)

"Thank you, Milton . . . thank you, Keats . . . thank you, Shelley."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

FUNNY GIRL

let's hear it for *star search* comedy champ felicia michaels

IF YOU HAVE ever seen Felicia Michaels—at a comedy club or on TV—you probably think of her as the comic with that *voice*: like Minnie Mouse on helium. If she told jokes at a higher pitch, only dogs would be laughing. "I know some of you are looking at me and hoping this isn't my natural speaking voice," Felicia tells audiences in the first moments of her act. Then, with a sweet smile, she squeaks, "Well, this is it!" In an interview in Los Angeles, where the 28-year-old comedian lives when she's not headlining at clubs around the country, Felicia admits that her voice is a great gimmick, but the gimmick was a gift. "I guess this is just God's way of giving me a break," she says. "Over a microphone my voice sounds like a total cartoon. If it gets a laugh right away, I know I'm going to be OK." Once you're tuned to Felicia's frequency, you can sit back and watch the pretty girl onstage turn a few stereotypes inside out. "Some people hear my voice and see my blonde hair and automatically think I'm stupid," Felicia says in her act. "People think blondes are stupid, and lots of blondes get pissed off. Not me. I think it's cool. This way you can make major mistakes and nobody ever gets mad at you. 'Honey, I didn't mean to sleep with your brother. . . . Well, he tricked me!'" A lot of Felicia's material is rooted in her single-woman's travails with boyfriends, dating, love and sex. "It always surprises me how people are offended by sex and talking about sex," she says onstage. "Because sex is the most natural thing. I mean, be safe, be responsible, but what's the big deal? There was a time when men thought that women didn't like sex, and that's not true. We like sex. We even like oral sex. What we don't like are the stupid questions you guys ask afterward. 'What does it taste like?' What are we supposed to say? 'Well, being a connoisseur of fine jizz, I would say that yours is full-bodied, dry and unassuming.'" It was seven years ago, when she was dating a fledgling comic, that Felicia first set foot onstage. In a moment of bravado she told him his job looked easy, and he dared her to try. She debuted at an open mike a week later with her jokes written on a huge piece of paper taped to the floor, a cheat sheet in case she froze. "I killed," she remembers, laughing. "I was queen of the stage for five minutes." Within a year Felicia left her home in Colorado Springs, Colorado, to try her luck at stand-up in L.A. It took her several more years to polish an act that earned regular stage time in the West

After several rounds of competition, Felicia was named the comedy winner on TV's Star Search talent show in May. Above left, host Ed McMahon congratulates her for winning the grand prize: $100,000. At home in L.A. she tools around in her new sports car (thanks, Ed) and works out at the Laugh Factory on Sunset Boulevard (above right).

Coast comedy capital—and steady work on the road. "The road is tough for a woman," she says. "A lot of male comics take their girlfriends. The girlfriends go, 'OK. I won't waitress this week. I'll go with you to New York.' But if you're a woman comic, no guy is going to be the bitch. Can you see this? 'OK. I'll quit my engineering job and go to New York with you, baby. I'll carry the luggage.' And you can't go out with a guy you meet on the road, 'cause you might end up in a ditch. So it gets lonely." Felicia's hard work paid off this year when TV's *Star Search*

"When I was a kid, I was an ugly duckling," Felicia says. "I was walking home from school one day and these two boys rode by on their bicycles and one of them yelled, 'You are really fucking ugly!' They were laughing. It was horrible. I went home crying and said to my mom, 'Everyone thinks I'm so ugly!' And she goes, 'It's OK, sweetheart. You're beautiful to us.' You know, your parents have to say that because you look like them."

awarded her its top comedy honors and $100,000 in prize money. That gave her the boost she needed to take another high-profile assignment: posing for PLAYBOY. "A few girlfriends said, 'How could you do it? Don't you know PLAYBOY stands for everything that's wrong about society's view of women?' I'm like, 'Listen, I've shown more for a lobster dinner. Know what I mean? Get a grip.'"

"Isn't it cool to manipulate a man with sex?" Felicio jokes in her act. Lowering her voice to a sultry purr, she says, "Hey, baby, you know what would make me so hot? If you were standing naked . . . with a mop in your hand . . . ooooh . . . and you were stroking the kitchen floor . . . going deeper and deeper—into the corner. Get the dirt!"

article by

Debbie Nathan

Incest has become a media obsession. Self-described victims are fodder for talk shows, TV movies, *People* magazine cover stories, celebrity bios and PBS specials. Lurid stories force America to think about the unthinkable. But what if not all the stories are true?

cry incest

"When someone asks you, 'Were you sexually abused as a child?' there are only two answers: One of them is 'Yes,' and one of them is 'I don't know.' You can't say 'No.'"

—ROSEANNE ARNOLD, ON *The Oprah Winfrey Show*

"Even if your memories are incomplete, even if your family insists nothing ever happened, you still must believe yourself."

—FROM *The Courage to Heal*, BY ELLEN BASS AND LAURA DAVIS

"It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards."

—THE WHITE QUEEN, IN *Through the Looking-Glass*, BY LEWIS CARROLL

EILEEN FRANKLIN-LIPSKER had a flashback. She remembered that she had watched her father molest and murder her eight-year-old friend 20 years earlier.

Her father was later convicted of the crime.

In therapy, Carolivia Herron, a professor at Mount Holyoke College, had flashbacks. While still a preschooler, she was raped by a relative. Her

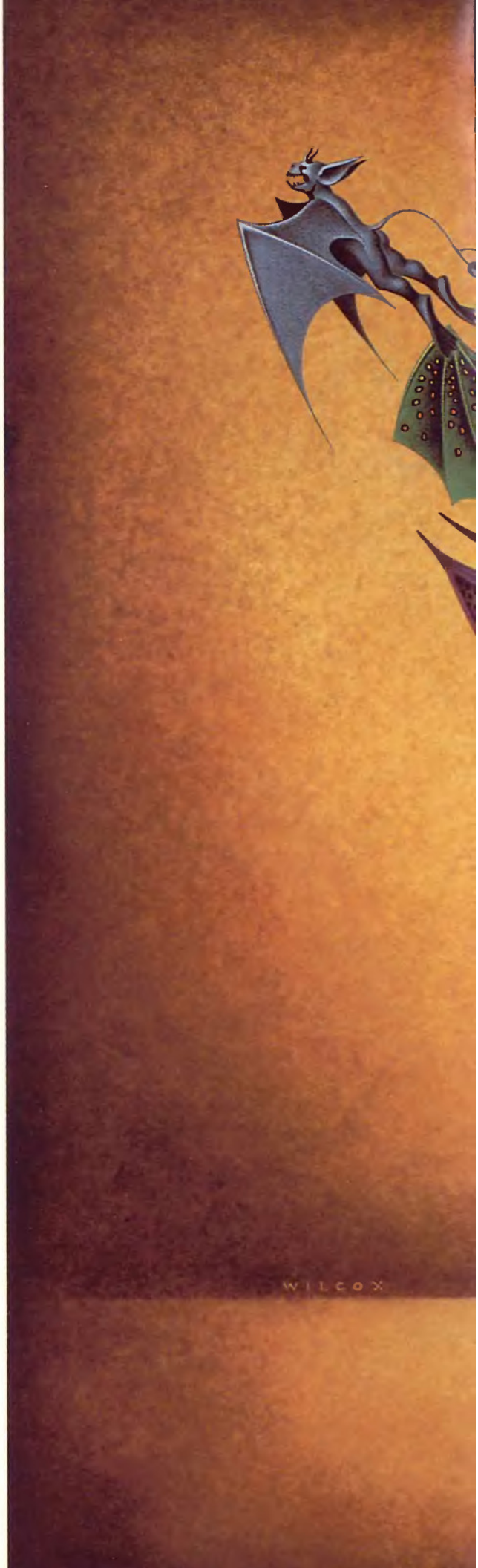

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID WILCOX

aunt pimped her in Washington, D.C., whorehouses; at home, Herron watched several people murdered. The aunt is dead, the relative denies the charges and a retired Washington policeman says that the murders likely never happened.

Roseanne Arnold had a flashback that her parents had molested her and her sisters, starting when Roseanne was only six months old. Her parents and sisters deny the charge.

Is every memory of incest true? Must we always believe? If some aren't true, where do false claims come from? Is it possible to forget a horrible experience and to remember it years later?

To find out, I immersed myself in the incest survivors' movement. I spoke with psychologists and psychiatrists about memory. I read popular and professional literature about incest and incest therapy. I attended meetings of Incest Survivors Anonymous (ISA), a group modeled on Alcoholics Anonymous' 12-step program. I met women who were trying to deal with real incest—rape by male relatives who were drunks, druggies and plain sick jerks—while resisting attempts by therapists to persuade them that their relatives were actually members of organized satanic cults. I met women wearing sweat shirts emblazoned I SURVIVED, as if childhood were the equivalent of an earthquake or deportation to Buchenwald. I met women clutching teddy bears, women who, coaxed by support groups and therapists, were only beginning to remember and who were starting to have weird dreams of sex with their fathers.

I attended a marathon retreat for survivors of abuse. These are the images that occupy my memory:

Friday morning:

Donna* already knew about the mattresses and the rubber hoses, but she balked at getting graphic with me. We were sipping coffee at a conference center in the woods outside an East Coast city. Near us sat three dozen other women from all over the U.S. and Canada. We would soon start a four-day retreat for survivors of childhood abuse. The retreat was advertised as a place for dealing with the scars of all sorts of trauma—physical, emotional and sexual. But I had polled several women at breakfast, and from what they said about themselves, it seemed we would focus on incest.

Donna told me this was her second retreat, but she paused at my neophyte's question. "The first thing that happens? I don't want to lay it out for you in advance. It's better to just go with the flow," she answered. "But, uh, torture. We'll be doing something like torture." She smiled ruefully.

In fact, the first thing we did was crowd together in a room furnished only with mattresses. In front of us sat six therapists, one of whom wore a T-shirt that sported an ancient Egyptian face and the words JUST CALL ME CLEOPATRA, QUEEN OF DENIAL. The rest of us clutched stuffed animals. I have attended enough 12-step meetings to know that cuddly toys are a must for "inner children," and that if my inner child wasn't evident in the next few days, people would become suspicious.

I glanced over at Donna. She was gazing at the therapists. Yet when they asked us to tell our first names and why we were here, she suddenly looked less cheerful.

"I'm Lucy and I'm an incest survivor," said one woman.

"Marion, sexual abuse by a neighbor," continued another.

"Physical and sexual abuse by my father."

"Incest. My mother."

"Satanic ritual abuse—I think."

"Incest."

"Torture by my family's devil-worshiping cult."

It was Donna's turn. "I'm a survivor of emotional abuse," she began calmly, then her face contorted with sobs. "See," she said between tears, "I feel like I don't deserve to be here. I'm ashamed, because I have no memories of incest."

The head therapist, a social worker named Beth, wasn't fazed. "How many of you have no memories of your abuse?" she asked. Eleven women raised their hands. "Look around you," Beth told us brightly. "Look at all the people who have no memories. You all deserve to be here. No matter if you can or can't remember. No matter what happened or didn't."

Donna squeezed her teddy bear and stopped crying. Within a few minutes, she and several other women were squatting over the mattresses, brandishing rubber hoses. On each mattress was a telephone book. "Pretend the phone books are your perpetrators," Beth instructed us. "Get mad at them. Beat the fuckers with the hoses. Scream! Scream as loud as you can! Hit as hard as you can! Challenge yourself to get angry. Then your inner children will take over. Your rage will come. Your healing. And your memories."

The women nodded, got down to work, and suddenly the room sounded like a cross between the third degree in some Depression-era jailhouse and a Sixties primal-scream workshop. Thwock! Bang! Bash! went the hoses. "You bastard! Abuser! Molester! Kill you! I want you dead!"

A petite, pageboy-coiffed woman who seconds before looked as prim as a Senator's wife now shrieked at the top of her lungs.

"I hate you." Bam. "I *hate* you!" yelled another. "Slice off your penis!" Whack. "Bury it in the grave!"

Donna bent over a mattress. She thought she had a perpetrator—her father. But this first day, with hose in hand, she had no memories and no words. She screamed and flailed, anyway, and shreds of the Yellow Pages filled the air.

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How widespread is incest? No one knows the real numbers. Less than a generation ago, medical literature estimated that, at most, five cases per 1,000,000 people occurred every year.

But between 1940 and 1978, several studies revealed that as many as one third of American women remembered sexual experiences with men that they had as children. Some occurred within the family: At least four women in 100 remembered sexual experiences—from witnessing exhibitionism to being propositioned to actual sexual contact—with a relative, and one in 100 said the perpetrator was her father or stepfather.

The secret was out, and for feminists—who had a special interest in understanding female sexuality, as well as in combating violence against women—that was progress. Unfortunately, given conventional understanding of molestation and incest, not all the progress was justified in fact. The work of sociologist Diana Russell, for instance, typifies some of the distortion.

After interviewing several hundred women in San Francisco, Russell reports in her book, *The Secret Trauma: Incest in the Lives of Girls and Women*, that 16 percent were incest victims—much higher than previous studies' findings. Further, one woman in 22 reported that she had been abused by her father or stepfather, more than four times the incidence reported earlier.

But it took some scrutiny to realize how drastically the numbers were inflated. Incest perpetrators weren't just fathers or uncles or older brothers anymore. They were any relatives. Russell's definition of abuse also included acts such as sexual kissing, stroking a leg or grabbing at clothed breasts or buttocks. And the perpetrator didn't actually have to accomplish these things. For Russell, a botched attempt carried as much weight as a successful one.

In reporting their reactions to these episodes of incest, 54 percent of the women termed themselves extremely upset over intrusive or disturbing

*The names of the women at the retreat have been changed.

"Nothing changes out there but the year and make of the car."

advances. Slightly more than half felt the incidents had inflicted a range of problems: self-hatred, shame, depression, anxiety and nightmares. A smaller group (27 percent) described the trauma as minimal, and 22 percent reported no long-term effects at all. A few women reported positive memories.

Russell was profoundly suspicious when respondents said they had not suffered grave trauma. She introduced the idea that such women were victims of repression and denial. She also assumed that her statistics underreported the prevalence of incest because she felt it was common for victims to forget incidents, especially those from early childhood.

Since Russell's *Secret Trauma* was published in 1986, denial, forgetting and repression have become catchwords for incest diagnosis and treatment. If you've forgotten the abuse, how do you come to suspect your past? The clues are everywhere: Does sex feel dirty? Do you have an eating disorder or wear baggy clothes? Do you feel different? Are you quiet-voiced? Suffering from breast lumps? Do you feel powerless? Find it hard to trust your intuitions? Have trouble expressing your feelings? Are you unable to say no? Super alert? Interested in religions? Afraid of coffins? Do you have a desire to change your name? Are you constipated? Stuck on welfare? A workaholic? Suffering from the need to control everything? Do you feel terminal vagueness?

All these items come from checklists in E. Sue Blume's *Secret Survivors: Uncovering Incest and Its Aftereffects in Women*, from pamphlets distributed by ISA, from *The Courage to Heal* (a women's sex-abuse recovery guide by Ellen Bass and Laura Davis) and from John Bradshaw's *Bradshaw on the Family*.

Dig, they say, and the memories will come—from beyond the cradle if need be. An ISA pamphlet claims "there are many ways a survivor can be victimized between conception and birth." One woman claims to remember a conversation her mother had about aborting her—while she was in utero.

But how accurate are these memories? Researchers agree that memories can apparently erupt to consciousness years later, when triggered by ordinary or unusual events. Are such memories accurate? They can be, says University of New Mexico psychology professor Henry Ellis. But some recall is evoked under intense pressures. And whether spontaneous or induced, "there is virtually no scientific documentation of the reliability of these kinds of memories," warns University of Washington psychologist Elizabeth Loftus, an expert on memory and suggestibility. Her research has shown that leading questions can trigger forgotten memories. Sudden recollections from childhood, she thinks, are even more problematic.

Enough is already known to cast doubt on some memories. Emory University cognitive psychologist Ulric Neisser is particularly suspicious of recollections dating to early childhood. His research indicates that people can't recall what happened before they were two years old unless it was a repetitive act, such as drinking from a bottle. Before the age of one, they probably can't remember anything. The hippocampus—where the brain processes episodic memories—doesn't mature until then, Neisser notes, and neither do necessary psychological structures.

Where does that leave Roseanne Arnold, who says she remembers incest from the age of six months? And what about her later memories, which her sisters staunchly contradict?

For years, both professionals and the public have likened memory to recording devices such as VCRs, which store everything they're exposed to. For access, you hit rewind—using hypnosis, perhaps, or therapy.

But not everyone accepts this analogy. As Yale University psychologist George Bonanno noted in a 1990 article in *Psychotherapy*, research shows that memory is far from archival. Memory resembles an incoherent, dreamlike world where the past is constantly reinterpreted and re-created with material drawn from the present.

But some people contend that the truth of memory doesn't even matter. "If you think you were abused and your life shows the symptoms, then you were," Bass and Davis assure readers in *The Courage to Heal*. "If you don't remember your abuse, you are not alone. Many women don't have memories. This doesn't mean they weren't abused."

Bass appears to be proud that she has no academic training in psychology. Davis' claim to expertise is that she is an incest survivor (who did not remember her now-deceased grandfather abusing her until she was an adult). Since its publication in 1988, *Courage* has sold more than half a million copies. At the survivors' retreat, many women kept it on their dressers by their contact-lens solutions and their New Testaments. Donna had a copy.

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Saturday morning:

Donna didn't sleep well last night. Nobody did. When the therapists asked how the mattress work made us feel, people answered, "Sick to my stomach," "Scared," "Angry," "Like being in a concentration camp." Nobody had retired peacefully, even after we'd made a circle and sang songs like *Kum-Ba-Yah* and *On Top of Spaghetti*, and even though a therapist named Ina read aloud *Bedtime for Frances*. Donna told me she had strange dreams, but about what she couldn't quite remember.

She told me about herself. She was 33, a college grad who seemed impressively normal. Unlike several other women I chatted with, Donna had never spent time in a psychiatric hospital. She had a job, one that she liked very much, running an English-language school for refugees. She had lots of friends, too.

But she suffered from "relationship" problems. She was supercompetitive and a control freak. These problems, her therapist had told her, most certainly stemmed from incest. Indeed, upon reflection, Donna realized that she hated her father—though, before therapy, she used to think this was because he was cold and hypercritical. She had always felt that he wanted a son, not a daughter.

Now Donna was rethinking everything. Why couldn't she remember incest? She had a theory that her father was a pedophile, but that she was so young that she'd repressed everything. Still, she'd done some mental detective work. Such as remembering a time when she was out of college and working in her dad's office, and one day walking in unannounced and finding him having sex with his secretary.

"That's what I think he did to me," Donna said.

"But this secretary," I asked, "wasn't she a woman? An *adult* woman?"

"Well, yeah."

"Well, pedophiles aren't attracted to adults."

"Yeah, but, oh, I don't know. All I know is that I have this feeling."

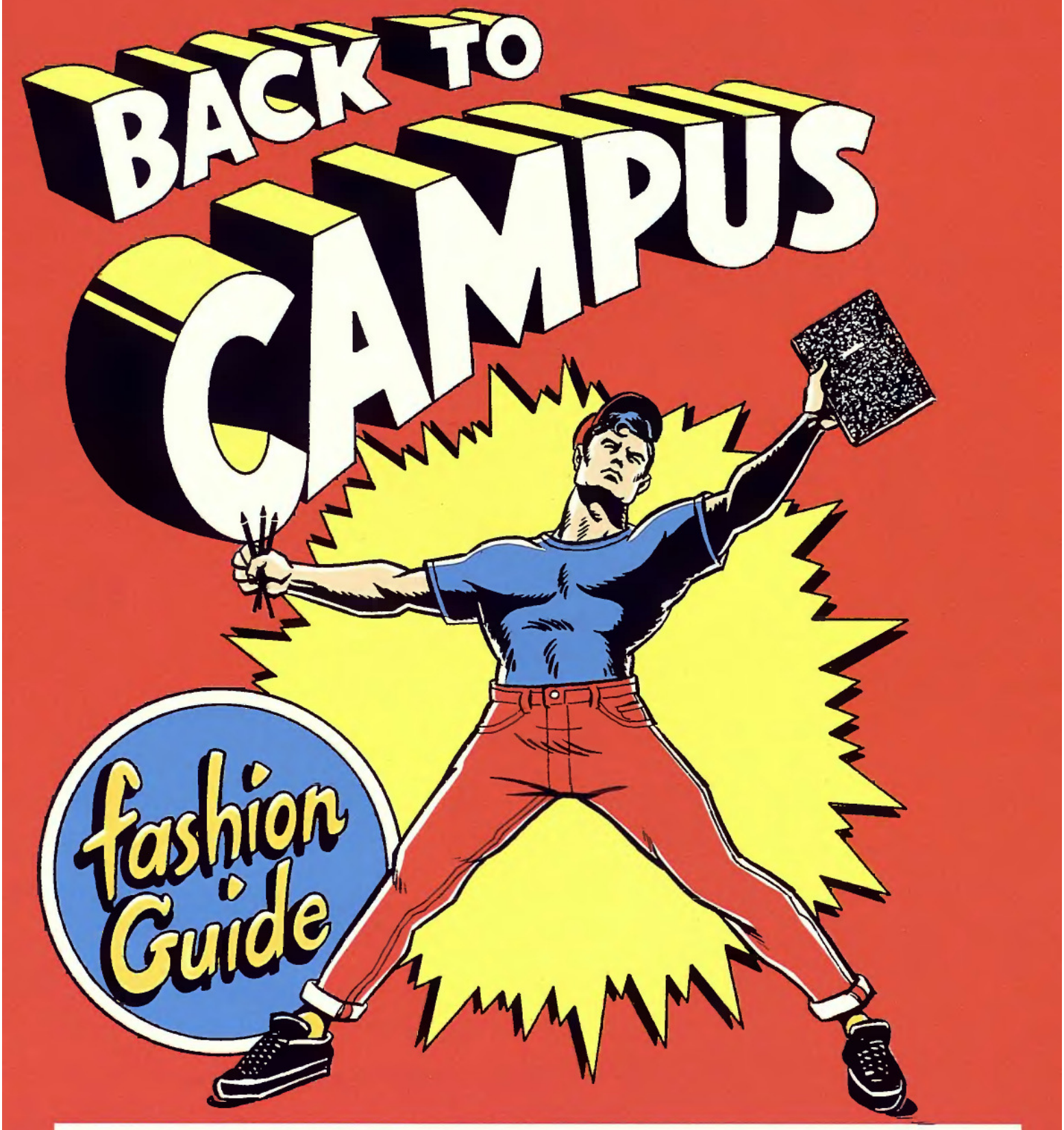
I didn't say anything else. Beth had warned us not to intrude on anyone else's "work," and especially not to question their reality. To do so, she said, was the same as "perpetrating" on them.

After breakfast we sang more songs:

"The echoes of childhood whisper violence.
Cold wind beating out of the past.
Rage in your throat, muffled silence.
Hold on, I will stand fast."

As we sang, women sobbed. Yesterday this had struck me as odd and disturbing. By now, I was often teary-eyed myself. In a way, all this crying felt deliciously self-indulgent, sort of like visiting the Lancôme counter at a department store and getting a good makeover. But it was also assaultive, as was the unremitting violence

(continued on page 162)



by **HOLLIS WAYNE**

The average guy in college is like a superhero making a quick change in the nearest phone booth: He goes in feeling awkward and unsure of himself and emerges—POW! BAM! BOOM!—ready to take on the world. Granted, you won't see him leaping tall buildings in a single bound. But you won't catch him in silly blue tights, either—or the wrong kind of sneakers. Fashion is a serious subject on campus. To give you a jump on how to navigate the quad, we've put together this nine-page guide to collegiate style. We clue you in on the right togs for freshman year (stay away from those bookstores that sell only school shorts and sweat shirts). We keep you on top of campus trends (check out *Ren & Stimpy* on Nickelodeon). Jeans? Sneakers? We have the scoop. And just in case you're about to be sprung from academe, we tip you off on how to dress to impress those picky recruiters. That's right! The real world. It's just outside the phone booth.

The politically correct look: cotton corduroy jacket with a flannel lining, zippered chest pocket and a brushed-corduroy collar, by New Republic, $195; a cotton environmental T-shirt with CLEAN WATER printed across the front, by Jantzen, $17; denim button-fly jeans, by Lee, $34; leather boat shoes, by Dexter, $68; and a suede belt with a silver buckle, by Billy Belts, $37.50.

FRESHMAN FASHION 101

You may be tempted to drop your entire summer savings on a new college wardrobe, but unless you want your clothing to scream *freshman*, our advice is: Hold off. Style varies dramatically among universities (fashion at Brigham Young is hardly the cutting edge at NYU), so look around before you buy. There are, of course, a few fashion basics that are sharp by any standard. *Shirts:* Bring a variety, including chambray or denim workshirts; simple white cotton shirts; white, black and colored T-shirts; and solid-colored piqué polo shirts. *Blazers:* Stick with a single-breasted model. If you're bringing only one, make it a solid color so you can mix and match more easily. *Pants:* Plain-front chinos and tailored sweats are smart choices, and blue jeans with a relaxed, slightly baggy fit are a must. Check out the new colored denims, too. *Shoes:* Dr. Martens workboots will keep you in step with style, as will a pair of brown loafers and black high-tops. *Accessories:* Bring a baseball cap, a knit watch cap for cooler climates and two belts—one brown and one black, both no wider than 1½ inches. Also, a backpack is the best way to tote those ten-pound textbooks (nylon ones are the most durable). And don't forget to carry condoms. Safe is smart.

Top: This collegiate denim duo includes a cotton buttondown shirt, by Cotler, $30; and five-pocket jeans, by Guess, $62. Above: For road scholars, a nylon backpack with a zippered front pouch, by Jansport, $45; plus a cotton T-shirt, by Jockey, about $16; and jeans, by Request, about $60.

The western look (above left): a fringed suede jacket with a quilted blanket lining, by GIII, $359; jeans, by Gitano, $20; a denim cowboy shirt, by Guess, $60; and black calfskin cowboy boots, by Justin, $144. The outdoorsman look (above right): a wool barn coat with a suede collar, by Cotler, about $165; cotton mock turtleneck, by Columbia Sportswear, $28; jeans, by H.I.S., $22; and leather lace-up chukka boots, by Timberland, $172.

TOP TEN LOOKS

Beach boy: Hooded pullover, shorts, Rollerblades and music-to-go.

Campus jock: Head-to-toe sweats and cross-trainers.

Fifties retro: Varsity jacket, buttondown shirt, chinos and saddle shoes.

Hip-hop: Denim jacket, bright-colored jeans, baseball cap and high-tops.

Ivy League: Single-breasted blazer, plaid shirt, baggy jeans and loafers.

Navy surplus: Peacoat, turtleneck, jeans, Dr. Martens and watch cap.

Preppie: Baseball jacket, striped rugby shirt, flat-front khakis and high-tops.

Politically correct: Zip-front jacket, message T-shirt and jeans.

Outdoorsman: Plaid barn jacket, mock turtleneck, baggy jeans and hiking boots.

Western: Fringed jacket, snap-front shirt, jeans and cowboy boots.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE CARROLL WHIPPLE III ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEVE BOSWICK

THE LOWDOWN ON DENIM

From jocks to nerds, homeboys to frat boys, denim jeans remain the uniform of choice on college campuses everywhere. But even this wardrobe staple isn't immune to style changes. For the past few years, for example, the top look has been five-pocket jeans worn overly baggy—almost to the point of absurdity. Now guys are wearing the same style in a more traditional way: less full yet still relaxed. Two good examples are Lee Basics ($34) and Girbaud's skinny cowboy jeans ($62). Another look, called boot cut, is making a campus comeback along with cowboy boots. Wrangler calls its boot-cut denims (about $25) the "official pro rodeo competition jean." To avoid looking like a city slicker when you're wearing them, don't cuff the jeans at the bottom. Instead, wear them bunched up like the real cowboys. That way, when you're riding your horse (or mountain bike) across campus, your jeans will cover and protect your boots at the ankle. Aside from cut, the biggest news in denim this fall is color. Dark red, forest green, bright blue, black and copper are some of the hottest shades. We especially like Z. Cavaricci's not-too-baggy looks ($62). Of course, if basic blue is the only hue for you, opt for stone-washed jeans over acid-washed ones. The latter is as out as fall fashion gets. Another option is to hit your favorite vintage or thrift shops for authentic used jeans. They look cool and are already broken in, so they're extremely comfortable. Just make sure you put them through the wash a few times.

The beach bay look: a hooded cotton pullover, by Hang Ten, $38; and denim shorts, by Gotcha, $38; plus vented Aeroblades with a ratchet-type buckle, by Rollerblade, $330; cotton socks, by E.G. Smith, about $10; a nylon backpack, by Champion, $30; a chronograph diver's watch, by Timex, $55; and a water-resistant AM-FM/cassette sport Walkman, by Sony, about $95.

HOT CAMPUS STORES

The campus bookstore is fine for T-shirts, sweat shirts and school paraphernalia, but why not be venturesome? Try: *Ann Arbor, Michigan:* Urban Outfitters (231 S. State Street)—If it's "in fashion," then it's available at Urban Outfitters, a specialty retailer with stores near the University of Michigan as well as near Georgetown, Harvard, NYU and others. *Boston:* Pennsylvania Co. (1024 Commonwealth Avenue)—Offers styles ranging from vintage jeans and striped T-shirts to hunting vests and surfwear. *Chicago:* Wax Trax Boutique (2449 N. Lincoln Avenue)—Near De Paul University, this hip shop caters to ultracool collegians, offering Dr. Martens, indie rock T-shirts and funky accessories. *Los Angeles:* Fred Segal (8118 Melrose Avenue)—The in-the-know UCLA club crowd shops here for trendy clothing by designers such as Stussy, Fresh Jive and Quicksilver.

Right: Denim jeans are where it's at from the waist down on college campuses from Amherst to UCLA. Styles range from the fuller cut to the basic cotton denim straight-legged model with five packets, shown here, by Edwin Jeans, about $70.

The preppie look (right): a wool melton baseball jacket, by Tommy Hilfiger, $225; a rugby shirt, from Tango by Max Raab, $36; khaki trousers, by Bugle Boy for Men, $30; high-tops, by Converse, $32; and baseball cap, by Schuman & Sullivan, $20. The Navy surplus look (far right): a pea-coat, by Fox Knapp, $130; turtleneck, by Fenn Wright & Manson, $32; jeans, by Wrangler, about $30; boots, from Na Na Shoes by Dr. Martens, about $90; and a watch cap, from Weiss Mahoney, about $7.

The Fifties retro look: a wool varsity jacket with leather ribbing, by Harley-Davidson, about $400; combined with a shirt, by Bugle Boy for Men, $25; a T-shirt, by Guess, $42; khaki trousers, by Duck Head, $30; saddle shoes, by Johnston & Murphy, about $155; and cotton socks, by E.G. Smith, $10.

SNEAKER REPORT

Sneakers. Gym shoes. Athletic footwear. By any name, it's a $12.1 billion industry that accounts for 40 percent of all footwear sold in America. So much for the statistics—here's the fashion news. Bright-colored sneakers are way out. So are busy accents, such as multicolored shoelaces and metal studs. Instead, keep it simple and comfortable. All-black mid- to high-top basketball shoes, for example, are a great way to go. The Chicago Bulls thought so three years ago, when they replaced their white shoes with black ones during the NBA play-offs. Today, the look, like the team, is a real winner and there are lots of styles to choose from. One, from Reebok, is called the Double Pump (about $160) and features a switching device on the heel that lets you select the amount of air needed to make the shoe conform to your foot. Converse makes a similar model, the Accelerator RS 1 ($95), which cushions and stabilizes the foot with the aid of a jelly-like liquid. And Nike's new high-tech Air Huarache ($110 to $125) is 33 percent lighter than the average sneaker because of a special sandal-type construction. If you really want lightweight, check out Teva Sport Sandals ($35 to $78). Named after the ancient Hebrew word for nature, Tevas were designed in 1983 for river rafting by Grand Canyon river guide Mark Thatcher. This year, they were the shoe of the U.S. Olympic canoe and kayak teams and have even spawned a Nike clone called Air Deschutz ($60) that's named after a river in Oregon.

Above: From a white convos tennis shoe to the black leather basketball shoe with an oir-sole unit, by Nike, about $90, pictured here, sneokers are a must for every collegian's closet.

The hip-hop look: o yellow cotton denim jean jacket with buttoned front-flap pockets, $110, a multicolored striped rugby shirt, $60, and cobolt-blue denim boggy jeons, $65, all by Cross Colours; plus o black cotton boseboll cop with an embroidered shining star, by Gotcho, $20; and high-top Air Flight durabuck sneokers, with oir-sole units, by Nike, $100.

CAMPUS WATERING HOLES

UCLA: Stratton's Bar & Grill—A place that's always hopping, especially on Thursday nights.

Northwestern University: The Grove Street Inn—A restaurant/bar, formerly named the Keg.

University of Texas: Cain & Abel's—Less than two years old and already the number-one hot spot.

Florida State University: Calico Jack's—Quarter beers on Tuesday drop to a nickel on Friday nights.

University of Pennsylvania: Smokey Joe's—Packed on Wednesdays for sink-or-swim night.

University of Maryland: The Rendezvous—Nicknamed "The Vous," this joint has a loyal frat following.

New York University: McSorley's Old Ale House—Students line up on the weekends to get in on the action at this 138-year-old tavern.

Boston University: T's Pub—Karaoke night on Wednesday attracts a crowd of crooning coeds.

University of Washington: Lox Stock & Bagel—This fun and funky café and bar is a favorite among frat rats.

TREND METER

IN	OUT	IN	OUT
Barn jackets	Extra-long topcoats	Message T-shirts	Rude-message T-shirts
Boxer shorts	Bikini briefs	Single-pierced ear	Pierced anything else
Bungee jumping	Stage diving	*Ren & Stimpy*	*The Simpsons*
Colored denim	Acid-washed jeans	Rollerblades	Roller skates
Dr. Martens	Bright-colored sneakers	Tailored sweats	Bodybuilder pants

THE I'M-OUTTA-HERE SUIT

Breaking into the job market these days is about as hard as Chinese arithmetic, which is all the more reason to invest in a conservative suit. Wild styles with huge multiple pleats and shoulders that make you look like a linebacker aren't right when you're meeting a corporate recruiter. Remember, you want the interviewer to focus on you and your qualifications, not your clothing. If you're shopping for only one suit, make it a navy or gray model in a solid color or with a subtle pattern. Brown or tan styles are also appropriate in warmer climates. Double-breasted suits are stylish, but unless you're going after a job in a creative field—such as art director at an ad agency—stick to a two-button single-breasted model. Most companies still appreciate a conservative look. In terms of fabric, the best suit for year-round wear is one made of worsted wool, priced at $300 or less. Poly-wool blends are also fine—and more affordable. But avoid cotton blends; many senior executives feel they don't project the crisp image that's important to a firm. Aside from suits, white all-cotton shirts are always right for interviews, as are subtly striped ones with white grounds. Keep your neckwear simple—either stripes or small neat patterns. And always wear dark shoes that are well shined and not run down at the heels.

Below: Every collegian needs at least one suit to wear to weddings or interviews. Our choice is a navy lightweight wool two-button model, by Bert Pulitzer from the 500 Group, about $300; with a cotton broadcloth shirt, by Geoffrey Beene, $38.50; and a silk rep tie, by Boston Traders, $35.

The campus jock look: a long-sleeved hooded fleece sweat shirt, $44, and a reverse-weave crewneck pullover, $44, both by Champion; plus a cotton-blend fleece jacket, by Russell Athletic, $53; textured waffle cotton pants, by Disorder, $50; leather cross-training sneakers, by Reebok, about $60; and a wool baseball cap with a low crown, by Schuman & Sullivan, $20.

Where & How to Buy on page 175.

The Ivy League look: a worsted-wool single-breasted blazer, by Tommy Hilfiger, $250; plaid cotton shirt, by Ruff Hewn, $65; T-shirt, by Tom Tailor, $9; cotton denim jeans, by B.D. Baggies, $42.50; calfskin loafers, by Johnston & Murphy, $150; socks, by Gold Toe, about $9; and a water-resistant wristwatch, by Timex, about $50.

BODY THIEF *(continued from page 76)*

"I want to press my lips to her memories, to the shape of her smooth calf under the pure-silk stocking."

rack. *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. Yes, I loved it, too.

He falls in behind her, so closely that surely she will feel his breath on her neck. Dull-eyed and stupid, he watches her inch her way closer and closer to the register, drawing a few ragged dollar bills from the drooping collar of her blouse.

Out the door they go, he with the plodding concentration of a dog after a bitch, she making her way slowly with her gray sack hanging from its cut-out handles, veering awkwardly around the noisy bands of brazen youngsters. Is she talking to herself? Seems so. I don't scan her, this little being walking faster now. I scan the beast behind her, who is wholly unable to see her as the sum of her parts.

Pallid, feeble faces flash through his mind as he trails her. He sees drooping breasts and hands with veins like tree roots. He hungers to lie on top of old flesh, to put a hand over an old mouth.

When she reaches her small, forlorn apartment building, which seems to be made of crumbling chalk, like everything else in this seedy section of town, he comes to a sudden swaying stop, watching mutely as she walks through the narrow tiled courtyard and up the dusty green cement steps. He notes the number of the painted door she unlocks, or clamps on to the location, and, sinking back against the wall, he begins to dream very specifically of killing her in a featureless empty bedroom, no more than a smear of color and light.

Ah, look at him, resting against the wall as if stabbed, head lolling to one side. Impossible to be interested in him. Why don't I kill him now?

But the moments tick, and the night loses its twilight incandescence. The stars grow more brilliant. The breeze comes and goes.

We wait.

•

Through her eyes, I see her parlor as if I could see through doors and windows—clean, though filled with careless old furniture of ugly veneer. But all has been polished with a scented oil she loves from a carefully kept bottle. Neon light enters through the curtains, milky and as cheerless as the view of the yard below. But she has the comforting light of her own small, carefully positioned lamps. This is what matters to her.

In a maple rocking chair with hideous plaid upholstery, she sits with her new paperback. What happiness to be once more with Francie Nolan. The old woman's thin knees are barely hidden by the flowered cotton robe she has taken from her closet, and she wears blue socklike slippers on her small misshapen feet. Her gray braid is loose. On the black-and-white television screen, dead movie stars argue without making a sound. Joan Fontaine thinks Cary Grant is trying to kill her. How could anyone trust Cary Grant, I wonder—a man who looks as though he were made entirely of polished wood?

She doesn't need to hear the voices; she has seen this movie, by her careful count, 13 times. She has read the novel only twice, so she will take special pleasure in revisiting those paragraphs that she does not yet know by heart.

From the shadowy garden below, I discern her neat concept of self, without drama, detached from the acknowledged bad taste surrounding her. Her few treasures could fit in any cabinet. The book and the lighted screen are more important to her than anything else she owns, and she is aware of their spirituality. Her functional and styleless clothes are not worth her concern.

My vagabond killer is near paralysis, his mind a riot of moments so personal they defy interpretation.

I slip around the building to find the stairs to her kitchen door. The lock gives way easily when I command it to do so. The door opens as if I had touched it, though I did not.

Without a sound, I slip into the linoleum-floored room. The stench of gas rising from the small white stove is sickening. So is the smell of the soap in its ceramic dish. But the room touches my heart. Cherished Chinese plates of blue and white are neatly stacked and displayed. Behold dog-eared cookbooks. How spotless her table with its shining oilcloth of pure yellow, her waxen green ivy growing in a round bowl of clear water, which projects upon the low ceiling a single quivering circle of light.

She has no inner antennae to sense the presence of the monster who stands, sunk into madness, in the nearby street—nor of the spook who haunts her kitchen now. The killer is immersed so completely in his hallucinations that he does not see those who pass by. He does not see the police car prowling, nor the suspicious looks of the uniformed men who suspect that he will strike tonight, but do not suspect who he is.

A thin line of spittle dribbles down his unshaven chin. Nothing is real to him—not his life by day, not fear of discovery—only the electric shiver that hallucinations send through his hulking torso and clumsy limbs. His left hand twitches. The left side of his mouth catches.

I hate this man. I don't want to drink his blood. He is no subtle and crafty killer.

It is her blood I crave.

•

How thoughtful she is in her solitude and silence, how small, how contented, her concentration as fine as a light beam as she reads the paragraphs of the story she knows so well. She first read this book when she was a young secretary smartly dressed in a red wool skirt and a white ruffled blouse with pearl buttons on the cuffs. She worked in a tall office tower, infinitely glamourous, with ornate brass doors on its elevators and dark yellow marble in its halls.

I want to press my lips to her memories, to the tap of her high heels clicking on the marble, to the shape of her smooth calf under the pure-silk stocking she put on so carefully, so as not to snag it with her long enameled nails. I see her red hair. I see her extravagant and potentially hideous, yet somehow charming, yellow-brimmed hat.

That's blood worth having. And I am starving, starving as I have seldom been.

Below in the street, a faint gurgling comes from the lips of the killer, clearing its way through the torrent of sound that pours into my vampire's ears. The beast lurches away from the wall and into the little courtyard and up the steps.

Will I let him frighten her? It seems pointless. I have him in my sight, do I not? Yet I allow him to put his metal tool into the round hole near her doorknob. I give him time to force the lock. The chain tears loose from the wood.

He steps into the room, fixing upon her without expression. She is terrified, shrinking back in her chair, the book slipping from her lap.

Ah, but then he sees me in the doorway—a shadowy young man in gray velvet, glasses pushed up over my forehead. I gaze at him in his own expressionless fashion. Does he see these

(concluded on page 176)

"Can I call you back, Abdul? I'm on a roll."

PLAYBOY PROFILE

RIGHT WHERE HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE

BILLY CRYSTAL, HOST OF HOSTS AND PRINCE OF LIGHTNESS, HAS THE LAST LAUGH

•

BY JOE MORGENSTERN

WHEN BILLY CRYSTAL was in Moscow several years ago preparing a TV comedy special, he made a lunch date to meet the country's leading comic, a man named Gennadi Khazanov. Crystal got to the restaurant first, sat down at a table and kept his eye on the door as dozens of patrons trooped in. He had no idea what Khazanov looked like. Nor did he have any reason to think the Russian funnyman would dress funny or walk funny; this was the straitlaced dining room of a hotel on Red Square. Yet Crystal spotted Khazanov the moment he walked into the room.

How did he recognize him? Khazanov looked as outwardly normal as all the other men in the room, with a conventional coat and tie and a reasonably serious expression on his face. But he also had a *thing*. He walked in, as Crystal tells it, with this stage person's *thing*. He was revved up in the way comics get before they go on, nerve ends waving in the psychic breeze, eyeballs scanning the room in a "What have we got to work with here?" mode. Like identical twins, pod people or Stepford wives, comics can sense that mode in one another, and these two connected instantly. They discovered that they both walk for hours before going on stage. When Crystal asked whether Khazanov hated working when his family was in the audience, Khazanov smiled knowingly; and yes, he said, he was Jewish, too.

Crystal talks about his Moscow lunch in the context of his love of performers; he puts seasoned veterans of the stage right up there with great baseball players or violin virtuosos. Yet with the lunch table turned, he might just as well be describing himself.

Crystal, seen in a restaurant on the promenade in Santa Monica, where not long ago he joined the waiting line without complaint until a hostess recognized him and insisted on seating his party, or in an aisle of a Pacific Palisades supermarket, or at the Los Angeles Sports Arena, where he has long cheered the recently energized Clippers through thin and thin, looks as normal as key lime pie. On screen, in such comedies as *When Harry Met Sally* and last summer's runaway hit *City Slickers*, Crystal's become a certified star, but not at all in the bigger-than-life style of Hollywood's past. Likable as he is, hip and funny as he is, Crystal appears to be just about the same size as life, or even a few inches shorter. This also helps to explain his phenomenal success as host of the past three Academy Awards programs. It's a matter of human presence versus inhuman scale—a smart, lithe, spunky little guy standing up to a dinosaur of a show, climbing on board, getting the pea-brain monster moving with a few swift kicks and galloping off with infectious glee.

"This last one was his best even though he was feeling miserable," says Robin Williams, whose own metaphor for hosting the Oscars is riding a razor. "He's so comfortable with it now, everyone knows him and he knows exactly what to do and when to go off."

But Crystal, too, has his *thing*, and no wonder. At the age of 44, he's been performing for 41 years—it took him the first three to work up enough audition material for his parents. Offstage as well as on, he takes in a room, knows intuitively how to work it and speaks with utter confidence that he'll be heard. He listens generously and well, but sometimes he's so eager to jump in with a reply that it takes him a second to register all of *(continued on page 158)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

D Levine 92

MISS OCTOBER IS
THE GENUINE ARTICLE,
A VISION
IN THE DESERT

Tiffany's a Gem

A MIRAGE? From the deck of her boat, Tiffany Sloan sees neon towers rising from the desert. In the distance . . . yes, it's the Mirage. Also the Flamingo and the Sands. And off the port bow, Caesars Palace. "It's a great view, isn't it?" says Miss October, who can step out her back door, board a boat and look down on Las Vegas. The boat, a hot-pink cruiser parked on a trailer in her yard near Black Mountain, on the gambling mecca's outskirts, can also cruise Lake Mead at a heady 70 mph. But not tonight. Tonight, Tiffany wants to relax and enjoy the view. She likes the way life is treating her these days. A veteran achiever of impossible things—like the magicians who levitate themselves in the big rooms on the Strip (boating in the desert is the least of her miracles)—Tiffany is a shy sex symbol. "I'm too embarrassed to wear lingerie for my boyfriend." She is also a pacifist who wants to be a gun-toting cop. Now this former construction worker and football star is our Playmate of the Month. "If you like surprises, I'm your girl," she says. Tiffany grew up in Bullhead City, Arizona, just across the river from Laughlin, Nevada, where her dad was chief of security for a casino. She couldn't go out and

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG
AND STEPHEN WAYDA

Whether she's showing off the Valley of Fire (see photo, opening spread) or her own all-natural figure, Miss October is one of Nevada's prime attractions. She is smart, funny and more than a little self-conscious: "Do you think I'm too pear-shaped?" But Tiffany isn't wimpy. "Toughy Tiffy," her mom calls her. Her one bad habit is running late, which is why she drives like a stock-car racer. "I'll go even faster when I'm a cop," she predicts unnervingly. Still, as her friends and admirers will tell you, a Tiffany epiphany is worth the wait.

play in the desert near their home—too many scorpions. Tall and strong for her age, she played tackle football with boys. "I beat them up," she says, grinning. She tried out for the school team. "I had breasts by then, so the boys wanted me in the locker room, but the school board wouldn't let me play." Casino business led the family to Vegas; a family breakup and young Tiffany's streak of independence led her out the door. "I left home when I was fifteen," she says. "I worked on a construction crew. It's not the best work for a girl. Too many pervs whistling and talking at you all the time." She danced behind Joe Piscopo at the Sands, won a few beauty contests and sent a shyly suggestive photo to PLAYBOY. Bingo: Tiffany hit the jackpot. "It's kind of embarrassing, posing nude," she says, "but it can be a rush, too." Dancing onstage and winning beauty pageants had revealed something to Tiffany. "I found out I love performing, having people look at me. Posing for these pictures, I wasn't shy anymore. I felt so comfortable that I was walking around nude without realizing it. It was a natural high. All of a sudden, I loved what I was doing—I just *lit up*." Just like the lucky town down the mountain from her house.

MISS OCTOBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Tiffany M. Sloan

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 5-29-73 BIRTHPLACE: Orange County

AMBITIONS: To study Law, continue modeling & stay happy

TURN-ONS: The Beach, auto racing, police work, Music, Surprise me!

TURN-OFFS: Arrogant people, liars, dumb rules.

TANNING SECRETS: Pure Cocoa butter mixed with Sun block #8

SEXY IS: Jeans, long hair, pretty eyes and a firm butt

LOVE RULES: Choose a lover carefully & practice safe sex - I never kiss on The first Date!

PASSIONS: Gun safety, animal rights, Greenpeace and voting.

8th Grade Grad

Cousin monicas likes my Pearls

Grrrr!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

MacDermott and MacDuff were sitting in front of the clubhouse fireplace after 18 holes of golf on a raw, blustery day. The ice slowly melted from their beards and collected in puddles under their chairs. Outside, the wind continued to howl off the North Sea and hail beat against the windows.

The pair sat in silence over straight whiskies. Finally, MacDermott spoke. "Next Saturday, same time?"

"Aye," MacDuff replied gruffly, "weather permittin'."

The young man was clearly trying to impress his date by taking her to an exclusive French restaurant, but he was shocked when she ordered two appetizers, two soups, two salads, two entrées and two desserts, as well as a bottle of fine wine.

"I'll bet your mother doesn't feed you this well," he whispered in the hushed room.

"No," she cooed, "but my mother's not looking to take me to bed, either."

A woman was shaking out a rug on the balcony of her 17th-floor condominium when a sudden gust of wind blew the rug—and the woman—over the railing. "God, that was stupid," she thought as she fell. "What a way to die."

As she passed the 14th floor, a man standing at his railing caught her in his arms. While she looked at him in disbelieving gratitude, he asked, "Do you suck?"

"No!" she shrieked, aghast. He dropped her.

As she passed the 12th floor, another man reached out and caught her. "Do you fuck?" he asked.

"Of course not!" she exclaimed before she could stop herself. He dropped her.

The poor woman prayed to God for one more chance. As luck would have it, she was caught a third time, by a man on the eighth floor. "I suck! I fuck!" she screamed in panic.

"Slut," he said . . . and dropped her.

Two drunks were well in their cups at their favorite watering hole when one spotted movement on the bar top. "Whazz that?" he asked. "A bug?"

"Iz a ladybug," his drinking pal replied.

"Damn," the first gushed, "you have good eyesight!"

Why can't you take a photo of two or more Russians? Because as soon as you say "Cheese," they all begin to queue up.

Two brothers had terrorized a small town since childhood. When one brother died, the surviving brother offered the pastor an enormous sum of money if he would praise the deceased as a saint at the funeral. The pastor refused and mysteriously disappeared.

Two days later, a new minister arrived. He, too, was cornered by the town thug. "Just tell everyone what a saint my brother was," he growled, "and you'll have more money than you know what to do with." The new pastor considered the offer, then quickly pocketed a wad of bills.

The funeral was packed, since few dared to be absent, and the service proceeded in routine fashion until the pastor stood to deliver the eulogy. "This man," he said, gesturing toward the casket, "was a bully, thief and coward. But," he continued, "compared to his brother, he was a saint."

What makes a Yugo go faster? A tow truck.

One wise guy we know reports that the Los Angeles city council is considering changing the L.A.P.D. motto from "To Protect and to Serve" to "We Treat You Like a King."

The courtroom was packed as testimony began in the sentencing hearing of a woman convicted of murdering her husband of 30 years by lacing his coffee with arsenic. The defense attorney knew that he had his work cut out in order to make his client appear more sympathetic to the judge.

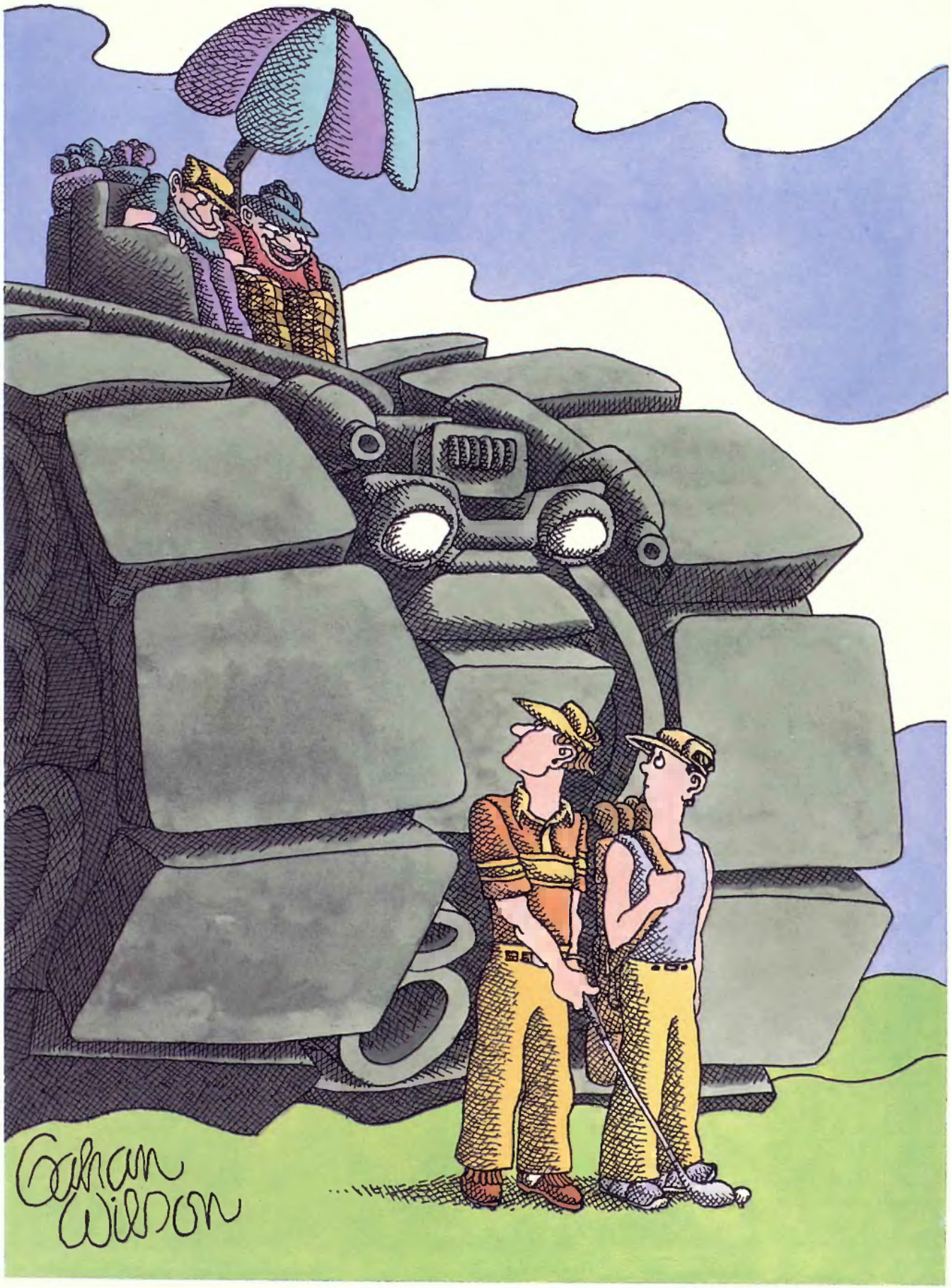
"Mrs. Ross," he began hopefully, "was there any point during the commission of this crime when you felt pity for your husband?"

"Oh, yes, sir," she replied.

"And," he pressed, "when was that?"

"When he asked for a second cup."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*



"Mind if we play through?"

STAR SETS

THE NEXT GENERATION

dramatic breakthroughs in television are a lot closer than 2001

modern living

By DAVID ELRICH

As the booming timpani of *2001: A Space Odyssey* resonate through the room, sit back and get ready to experience a quantum leap into a new era of television. Like the apes that marveled at the mysterious monolith, you'll be amazed at the TV technology that's set to emerge within the next ten years: wide screens that will make your living room even more like a movie theater; high-definition pictures to provide video so superior it's like looking through a window; sound that's as clear and crisp as that from a compact disc; sets with built-in computing power to enable you to shop or pay bills via remote control; and a satellite that will deliver more than 100 channels to a dish that's small enough to fit on your windowsill. It's all headed for your home within a decade.

WIDE-SCREEN TV: A REALLY BIG SHOW

Just when you thought your home-theater system was as good as television

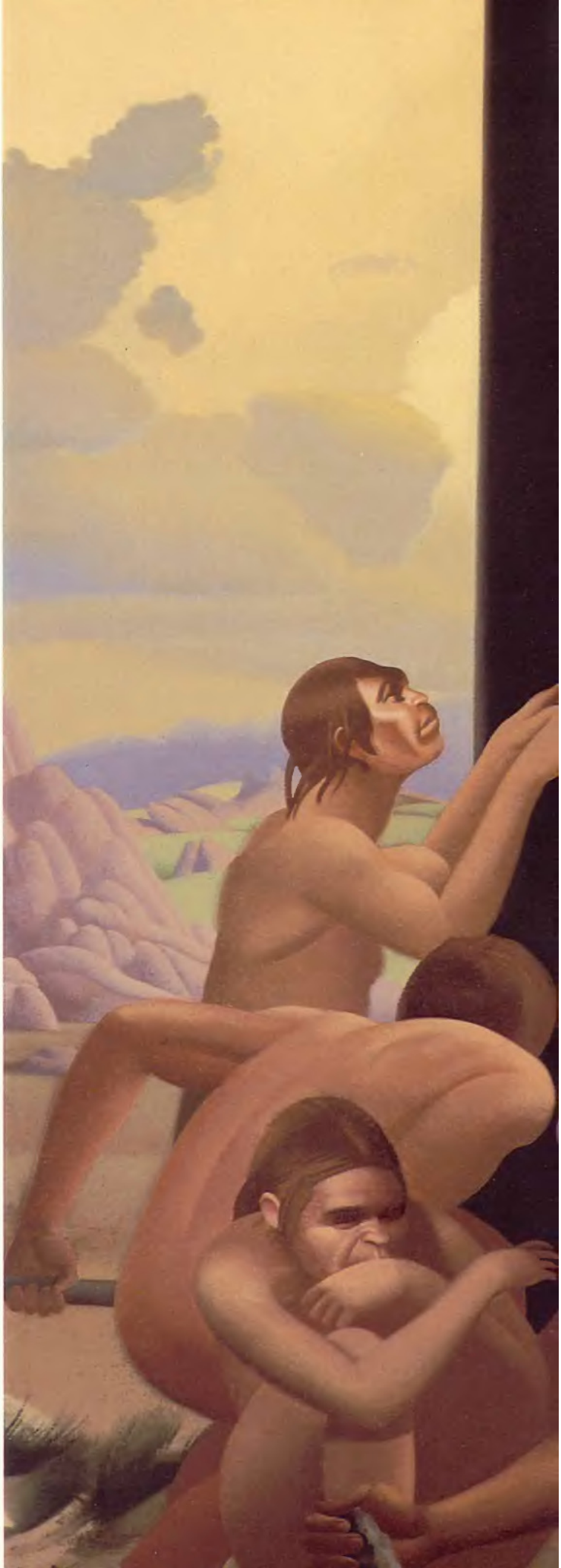


ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON MCCLEAN

viewing could get, along comes a new wide-screen set that's as big a breakthrough as the first color broadcast. Unlike the standard square television screen (with a 4-to-3 aspect ratio), the new wide sets will have the 16-to-9 aspect ratio of movie-theater screens. What's the advantage? Laser disc enthusiasts already know the answer. It's any one of the approximately 400 letterboxed movies now out on laser disc. Letterboxing shows the full width of a movie—"pan and scan" used for TV broadcasts and videotapes often crops characters out of a scene—but the drawback is the two black bars that appear on the top and bottom of the screen.

With the new 16-to-9 sets, that's history. When you connect a laser disc player to these TVs, the black bars disappear and the screen shows the movie just as it was shot.

The wide-screen sets also enable camcorder users to exploit a range of techniques. Many new camcorders from companies such as JVC and Hitachi offer a cinema mode, which letterboxes the image and allows for impressive landscape footage. Plus, this fall certain VCRs and camcorders from RCA will be able to record in 4-to-3 or 16-to-9 modes.

Wide-screen broadcasts may even hit cable soon. Now that premium cable programmers such as HBO and Disney have begun to offer more than one channel at a time, consumer electronics manufacturers are hoping that they will offer deluxe wide-screen presentations as well. Until then, the wide-screen set will also accept standard broadcasts. The image simply appears full-size on the tube with black bars on the right- and left-hand sides. Since most of the sets will have two tuners built in, picture-outside-picture will be a feature. You'll be able to move the main image to the left and monitor three stations in the margin through stills updated every second. You will also be able to watch a second program in this strip, just like a standard picture-in-picture set.

The first wide-screen television set will be available from RCA around the holidays. Called the Cinema Screen, this $5000, 34-inch set will be sold under the Proscan label and, according to RCA, may be upgradable to high-definition TV once it's available. In the meantime, the set offers improved-definition TV, an interim picture-enhancing technology that's the next best thing to HDTV.

Other companies expected to move into the market in 1993 and beyond include Philips, Panasonic and Pioneer. And firms such as JVC and Toshiba, which are selling $6000 to $10,000 16-to-9 sets in Japan, are keeping their options open.

HDTV: SHOW TIME

High-definition television—the transformation of analog television to digital technology—is the ultimate leap in video quality. With HDTV, broadcasts will be as rich and lifelike as film and will feature digital sound that's on a par with a top CD player. And, yes, an HDTV screen will have a 16-to-9 aspect ratio for a true cinema experience.

So why don't we have HDTV today? Because the format has been embroiled in a worldwide technological and commercial dispute. The FCC has wisely ruled that any HDTV format must be compatible with all American television sets, otherwise it would render about 100,000,000 TVs obsolete. Currently, five HDTV systems are being tested by the FCC, including several developed by American companies and a Japanese one named MUSE, which is already operating eight hours a day in Japan. The FCC reportedly will make a decision by the end of 1993. HDTVs should then hit stores within a year and a half, priced between $3500 and $10,000.

But you don't have to wait five years for HDTV to get a taste of the technology. Sony, for example, has applied some of its HDTV know-how to its new blockbuster XBR² 32-inch TV set ($2600). The Super Trinitron tube in the KV-32XBR95S features a new electron-gun assembly and an advanced technique to put the phosphors (which determine the color) on the tube. The result is a television set with one of the brightest, most detailed pictures on the market.

Hitachi uses an HD-inspired lens assembly in its 60-inch Ultravision 60SX1K rear-projection set ($4000), which also dramatically increases image brightness. And Mitsubishi has a $7500, 35-inch set, the CS-35X7, with an improved electron gun and digital enhancements (such as ghost canceling) that will end up in HDTVs.

Lastly, for the ultimate pre-HDTV picture, there's the Faroudja LD-100 line doubler. This black box turns normal TV signals into movie-level images—no lines, and no bargain at $15,000.

SATELLITE TV: THE SKY'S UNLIMITED

Late 1993 or early 1994, a Hughes Communications satellite, HS 601, will be launched into orbit by space shuttle astronauts. This will be the first high-powered DBS satellite for the United States, and it will revolutionize the way you receive television programming. Current satellites use lower-powered C (like AM and FM radio) and KU band signals, which require ten-foot satellite dishes. Since this new system is extremely high-powered, an 18-inch dish is all that's necessary, making it ideal for urban apartment dwellers. The signals beamed back to earth will include HDTV (when a system has been chosen), pay-per-view events, wide-screen movies and more. Non-HD video quality will be upgraded to Super VHS level and the sound will be comparable to CD. There will also be audio and data services.

The hardware for this system, called DirecTv, will come from RCA. The estimated cost for the dish and the required converter box is around $700, with a simple do-it-yourself hookup. Programming, supplied by Hubbard Broadcasting, will be an additional charge, like a standard cable system.

FIBER OPTICS: TV PHONE HOME

Imagine being able to pick up a telephone, punch a few numbers into a wireless keypad and then choose from a seemingly endless list of movies and entertainment options that instantly appear on a high-definition wall display. That's the reality of fiber-optic television, coined TV-by-Choice and already approved by the FCC.

Although the phone companies have been laying fiber-optic cables throughout their networks for years, the final link between the phone company's digital switch and the home is at least a decade away. For one thing, it's expensive (estimates range between $100 billion and $400 billion to do every home in the country). It's also up against some fierce competition from network, cable and satellite operators.

For a glimpse of what's ahead, you have to live in Cerritos, California. Participants there will be able to call up any video 24 hours a day, shop and even hold video-phone conversations with neighbors through their TV sets.

A similar test is being conducted in New York City to upgrade the much maligned U.S. cable systems. Time Warner, parent of HBO, is testing a 150-channel cable operation called Quantum that combines fiber optics with standard cable and an upgraded converter box. This system will eventually expand to—get ready—500 channels. It will facilitate buying pay-per-view shows directly via the remote control instead of the phone, and there are plans to enable people to bank, buy Warner CDs, shop by catalog and pay bills using Quantum.

ONE STEP BEYOND

Much is being made of the merging of computer, TV and CD technology. Since all will use digital-based signals,

(concluded on page 169)

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

our pre-season picks of the top college teams and players

sports by GARY COLE TWO YEARS AGO Colorado and Georgia Tech were co–national champions. Last season it was Miami and Washington. In the absence of a national play-off system, and with the method for determining bowl pairings slightly more complicated than the tax code, this *co-* thing may be the wave of the future. But maybe that isn't so bad. Look what it did for Willie Nelson and that Julio guy. And if we introduced the *co-* concept to politics, we could forget the current election and simply have co-Presidents.

Whatever happens elsewhere, *co-* is again likely to be a fact of life this season in college football. The Washington Huskies have nearly as good a team as they had last year and an easier schedule, so another undefeated season is a possibility. Miami has a tougher schedule, but, believe it or not,

As Yogi Berro soid, it's déjà vu oll over ogoin. There's no chance the Woshington Huskies ond Miami Hurricones will meet in o bowl game to decide, once and for oll, this yeor's notional chomp. So signal callers Billy Joe Hobert (left) and Gino Torretta should lead their teoms to yet another co–notional championship. Everybody ogrees thot ties ore boring. Bring on the collegiate pigskin ploy-offs!

TOP 20 TEAMS

1. Washington	11–0	11. Georgia	9–2
1. Miami	11–0	12. Nebraska	9–2
3. Notre Dame	10–1	13. Oklahoma	9–2
4. Florida	11–1	14. California	8–3
5. Syracuse	10–1	15. UCLA	8–3
6. Alabama	11–1	16. Ohio State	8–3
7. Michigan	10–1	17. Colorado	8–3
8. Penn State	9–2	18. Georgia Tech	8–3
9. Florida State	9–2	19. North Carolina	8–3
10. Texas A&M	10–2	20. Stanford	8–4

The next 20: Iowa, Mississippi St., Clemson, West Virginia, Pittsburgh, Brigham Young, Air Force, Tulsa, Indiana, Virginia, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Illinois, Memphis St., North Carolina St., Kansas, Rutgers, Texas Christian, Michigan St.

DEFENSE

Marvin Jones
Linebacker
Florida State

Dan Eichloff
Punter
Kansas

Ray Buchanan
Cornerback
Louisville

Carlton Gray
Cornerback
UCLA

Chris Slade
End
Virginia

Will White
Safety
Florida

Jim Hansen
Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete
Colorado

PLAYBOY'S 1992 A

Marshall Faulk
Running Back
San Diego State

Russell White
Running Back
California

Will Shields
Guard
Nebraska

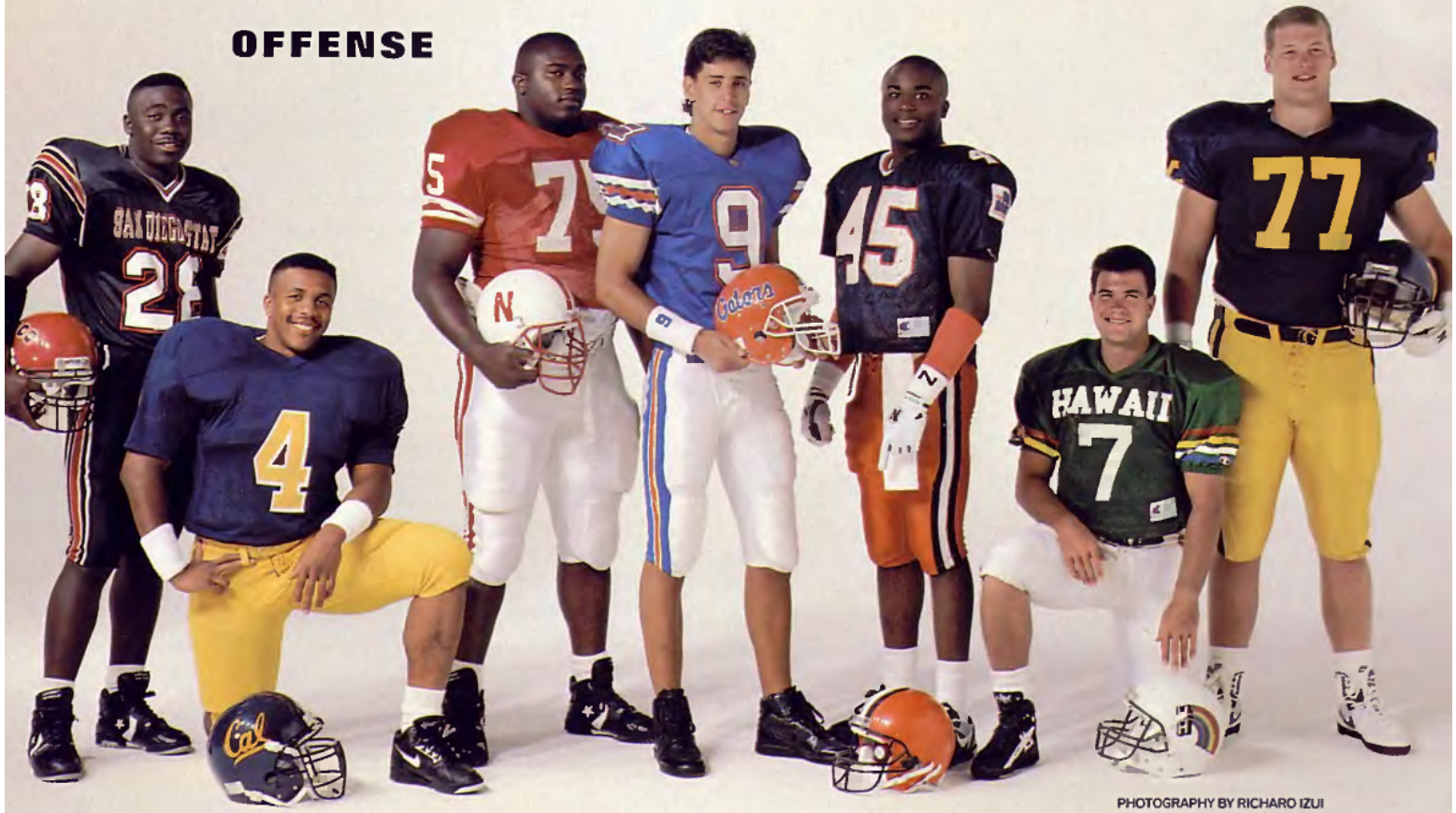
Shane Matthews
Quarterback
Florida

Qadry Ismail
Wide Receiver
Syracuse

Jason Elam
Place Kicker
Hawaii

Mike Compton
Center
West Virginia

OFFENSE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

Dana Stubblefield
Tackle
Kansas

Steve Tovar
Linebacker
Ohio State

Tracy Saul
Safety
Texas Tech

Tommy Thigpen
Linebacker
North Carolina

Dave Hoffmann
Linebacker
Washington

Rusty Medearis
End
Miami

LL-AMERICA TEAM

Lincoln Kennedy
Tackle
Washington

Natrone Means
Running Back
North Carolina

Everett Lindsay
Guard
Mississippi

Dennis Erickson
Coach of the Year
Miami

Kevin Williams
Kick Returner
Miami

Tony Boselli
Tackle
USC

Sean LaChapelle
Wide Receiver
UCLA

SPECIAL THANKS TO THE SHERATON BAL HARBOUR HOTEL, BAL HARBOUR, FLORIDA

THE PLAYBOY ALL-AMERICAS

PLAYBOY's College Football Coach of the Year for 1992 is **DENNIS ERICKSON** of the University of Miami. Erickson has guided the Hurricanes to two national championships and compiled a 33–3 record in his three-year tenure. Before joining Miami, Erickson was head coach at Washington State, Wyoming and Idaho. He has a career record of 83-34-1. Erickson was also Big Sky Conference Coach of the Year in 1982 and 1985, Pac Ten Co–Coach of the Year in 1988 and Big East Coach of the Year in 1991.

OFFENSE

SHANE MATTHEWS—Quarterback, 6'3", 192 pounds, senior, Florida. Two-time SEC Player of the Year.

RUSSELL WHITE—Running back, 6', 210, senior, California. Rushed for 2298 yards and 26 TDs in two seasons and averaged five yards per carry. A two-time Playboy All-America.

MARSHALL FAULK—Running back, 5'10", 200, sophomore, San Diego State. First freshman to lead nation in scoring (21 touchdowns) or rushing (1429 yards).

NATRONE MEANS—Running back, 5'10", 227, junior, North Carolina. Leading rusher in ACC last season. Had 1879 yards and 21 touchdowns past two seasons.

SEAN LA CHAPELLE—Wide receiver, 6'4", 207, senior, UCLA. Top returning receiver in nation. Had 73 receptions for 1056 yards last season.

QADRY ISMAIL—Wide receiver, 6', 192, senior, Syracuse. Led Big East in all-purpose yards and averaged 54 yards per play on seven TDs.

MIKE COMPTON—Center, 6'7", 289, senior, West Virginia. Three-year starter for Mountaineers. First team All–Big East last season.

WILL SHIELDS—Guard, 6'1", 295, senior, Nebraska. Described by coach Tom Osborne as Nebraska's "most dominating offensive lineman ever."

EVERETT LINDSAY—Guard, 6'5", 290, senior, Mississippi. First team All-SEC. Timed at 4.8 seconds in 40-yard dash.

TONY BOSELLI—Tackle, 6'7", 285, sophomore, USC. First team All–Pac Ten last season, the first freshman lineman so honored. Freshman All-American first team.

LINCOLN KENNEDY—Tackle, 6'7", 325, senior, Washington. Morris Trophy winner as top offensive lineman in Pac Ten last season. A two-time Playboy All-America.

JASON ELAM—Place kicker, 6', 195, senior, Hawaii. Successful on 63 of 75 career field-goal attempts, 40 out of 42 from 40 yards or closer.

KEVIN WILLIAMS—Kick returner, 5'9", 185, junior, Miami. Big East Special Teams Player of the Year. Set Miami record with 560 yards on 36 returns last season.

DEFENSE

RUSTY MEDEARIS—End, 6'3", 245, junior, Miami. Had 55 tackles, ten sacks and 24 quarterback pressures last season. Has 24 quarterback sacks in 17 career starts.

CHRIS SLADE—End, 6'5", 235, senior, Virginia. Had 99 tackles and 14 sacks for Cavaliers last season.

DANA STUBBLEFIELD—Tackle, 6'3", 280, senior, Kansas. First team Big Eight last season with ten sacks and 13 tackles for losses.

TOMMY THIGPEN—Linebacker, 6'2", 230, senior, North Carolina. First team ACC. Has 320 total career tackles.

STEVE TOVAR—Linebacker, 6'4", 240, senior, Ohio State. First team All–Big Ten with 97 tackles. A two-time Playboy All-America.

DAVE HOFFMANN—Linebacker, 6'2", 225, senior, Washington. First team All–Pac Ten. Led Huskies in tackles for second straight season with 71 stops.

MARVIN JONES—Linebacker, 6'2", 220, junior, Florida State. One of four finalists last year for Lombardi Award (for outstanding lineman in nation), the first sophomore to be so honored in the 22-year history of the award.

CARLTON GRAY—Cornerback, 6', 190, senior, UCLA. Ranked second in nation last season with ten regular-season interceptions. Also won academic All-America honors with 3.42 GPA.

RAY BUCHANAN—Cornerback, 5'9", 195, senior, Louisville. Had 108 total tackles and eight interceptions last season.

TRACY SAUL—Safety, 6', 180, senior, Texas Tech. Has already tied SWC career record for interceptions with 20. Has 254 career tackles.

WILL WHITE—Safety, 6'1", 199, senior, Florida. First team All-SEC past two seasons. Tied for top spot on Florida's all-time interception list with 13. A two-time Playboy All-America.

DAN EICHLOFF—Punter, 6', 215, junior, Kansas. First team Big Eight as both punter and place kicker last season. Career average for 93 punts is 42.4 yards.

more talent than last year. And if the Miami Hurricanes fall short of another 12–0 record, three or four other teams have a shot at an unbeaten season. Since none are in the Big Ten, the spectacle of two undefeated teams playing at opposite ends of the country again on January 1 is a likely outcome.

To the delight of the NFL and to the consternation of college football coaches 34 underclassmen opted to skip their last season of Saturday gridiron glory in exchange for the big bucks of playing in the pros. Before you join the chant of "Those boys should stay in school and get their education," look at it this way. For most kids, going to college is the chance to get ahead. If a junior in the business school is writing software on the side and IBM offers to pay him millions to drop out and work for it, wouldn't he be stupid to pass up the opportunity?

The problem with the current system is that the players have to decide to forfeit the remainder of their collegiate eligibility before the NFL draft. Various proposals have been floated that would allow underclassmen to test the draft waters and then return to school with their eligibility intact if the pros aren't interested. But that idea makes too much sense to be adopted by the NCAA, which allows exactly this sort of draft-testing in college baseball, where it works fine.

Not to be beaten out by mere underclassmen, ABC is also grabbing for available dollars. It announced a college football pay-per-view experiment for this season. If you don't want to watch Northwestern get clobbered by Notre Dame, for example, you can opt to buy a game not available on free TV in your area for a fee of approximately ten dollars. We all better hope this experiment doesn't work or we'll soon find ourselves paying cable operators for everything from hockey games to Super Bowls. Makes Northwestern versus Notre Dame a little more appealing, doesn't it? Go Wildcats!

Now, since I know you're itching to take that beaver coat out of mothballs, open the windows and plop yourself down in front of the television to watch the first Saturday gridiron tripleheader, let's take a tour through this year's top 20 and the teams to beat in the conference races.

1. WASHINGTON

With 11 players from last year's team lost to the NFL draft, including number-one pick Steve Emtman, you might think Washington would have to rebuild before it made another run at a national championship. But the Huskies still have a wealth of talent and will

(continued on page 144)

24-HOUR
SECURITY
BUILDING
MARTY
MURPHY

Hunter Thompson, Dark Pundit of the Rockies, Takes Aim at This Year's Crop of Candidates, with Lethal Effect

THE UNMAKING OF THE PRESIDENT 1992

article
By Craig Vetter

"Billy Crystal had his say. So did Phil Donahue. Even Regis Philbin found it hard to refrain from commenting when Governor Bill Clinton insisted that he had never inhaled the marijuana that touched his lips 25 years ago.

"So why haven't we heard from the man who carried a black bag filled with drugs on every campaign he ever covered, the man who invented and perfected gonzo journalism, the missing link between politics and the pharmaceutical industry?

"'It's just a disgrace to an entire generation,' said Hunter S. Thompson when asked about Clinton's decision not to inhale. Thompson, reached at home in Woody Creek, Colorado, was clearly astounded by Clinton's reserve. But he had to get off the phone in a hurry, he said, because local police were accusing him of firing a military rocket at a snowmobile."

—THE NEW YORK TIMES, APRIL 7, 1992

I GOT HUNTER'S answering machine when I called. Hunter rarely answers his constantly ringing phones, though, if it's late enough—if vampire bats and werewolves are in the middle of their workday—he often sits in his kitchen beside the phone, in front of the big TV, over his old IBM electric typewriter, drinking, smoking, monitoring the calls as those on the line are assaulted by a recorded message that he changes often to reflect his mood.

"'As a dog returns to his vomit,'" said the tape in Thompson's unmistakable cigarette baritone, "'so a fool returns to his folly.' That's from Proverbs 26 . . . [*then a shout, a signature outburst that blew the phone away from my ear*]. *Where's that fucking book?*"

"Eleven," answered a female voice somewhere in the background.

"Proverbs 26:11," said Hunter, dropping back into his mock clerical tone. Then a final outburst, "*Goddamn it.*" . . . Beeeep.

I said my name and he picked up. "Terrible," he told me when I asked how he was. "Cops all over the place. Fucking sheriff won't answer my calls . . . they're closing in."

Something about a military rocket and a snowmobile? I asked him.

"No, fuck. It wasn't a rocket . . . these bastards. A meteorite landed in Woody Creek and they're blaming me."

That wasn't exactly true, but if it had been, if a meteorite were to slam into the turbulent valley of Woody Creek, no one would have blamed Hunter's neighbors for thinking of him before they thought of God. They had, after all, suffered many other nights when the sky was lit by flames, when the ground shook, when champagne flutes leapt off their shelves because of Hunter's fascination with pyrotechnics.

But not this time, he said. This was a misunderstanding, a pack of vicious lies, and he'd made the remark about Clinton in the chaos that followed.

"It was Easter Sunday. A friend and I were out driving and she fired a couple of those little screamers you use to scare away birds, and all of a sudden they were threatening to arrest me. I was hiring lawyers and investigators, and right in the middle of the whole goddamn nightmare, Pat Cadell called from New York to ask me about the Clinton thing. I didn't know he was drinking with a bunch of reporters. I had no idea that what I said was going to show up in every edition of *The New York Times* the next day."

"Well," I told him, "no matter what, it was great to have your commentary, short as it was, on this dismal campaign. A lot of us miss your wise political voice." Then I suggested that the two of us spend a few days together and have a long, rambling conversation about all the players in the presidential burlesque of 1992.

"Why not?" he said. "Sounds like fun, and, as you know, fun is all that matters to me. But I gotta go. I'm going to call the sheriff again, then I'm going to go out and stuff my stomach with crack until I don't know the difference between a snowball and a human head, and then I'm going shooting."

•

Hunter and I have known each other for 20 years, and we'd done this sort of thing before: me with the tape recorder, him talking, smoking, drinking, sharing his salves and powders, making me laugh, making me angry. In 1974 we spent seven months struggling out a *Playboy Interview*, on the road mostly, between Cozumel and Aspen, San Clemente and Chicago. We ended the summer in Washington, D.C., for what turned out to be the final siege of Richard Nixon's White House.

I landed in Aspen on the Wednesday after Easter. Bill Clinton and George Bush had won the New York primaries. But neither the Republicans nor the Democrats were celebrating. Voter turnout had been pitiful. Paul Tsongas, who had declared himself out of the race, *(continued on page 170)*

FUSILLADE ART: With the tools of his trade, a 12-gauge shotgun and a can of the best housepaint, Thompson gives the cowboy President a patriotic blast. His unusual technique notwithstanding, the Doctor has the art market pegged: "It ain't ort," says the gonzo Gauguin, "unless it's sold."

PAINTING BY HUNTER S. THOMPSON

THE GREYHOUND

coco was more than a dog, she was the mob's bella donna. and she was in our living room

WHAT WE STOLE was a greyhound. Her name was Coco and she belonged to Rocco Giaccalone, president of the local chapter of the women's garment union. Giaccalone was a dime-store mafioso, a fat old man who wore sweaty suits and sharp-toed shoes and who supposedly once snipped off the thumbs of a driver who'd stolen a few cartons of cigarettes from one of his trucks.

That story about the thumbs was the first thing my roommate, Evan, and I learned when we moved to the North End of Boston. The second thing we learned was that everyone hated us. We couldn't leave because we'd signed a one-year lease ("Old World charm," the ad said), and so there we were, two pallid young college grads trapped in the land of the swarthy people.

Giaccalone's racing dog was as skinny as a runway model, with a face like Sophia Loren's and eyes like big saucers of milk, and when she walked down Hanover Street, I swear those foolish guineas would stand aside and start to whisper. Coco had been a big champion at Seabrook and Wonderland. I won $90 on her once, before Giaccalone took her in payment of a gambling debt and made her sit by his table in his Caffè Tripoli like a slave begging bits of pastry.

"It's fucking disgusting," I said, watching Coco snap a piece of chocolate-covered *pizzelli* from Giaccalone's hand, which glittered with gold rings the size of walnuts. "A dog like that, a racing dog—you can't keep it as a pet."

"What," Evan said, "they should build it a shrine?"

Evan is a software programmer, like me, and like me he is not a geek. He reads Freud and Campbell and cyberpunk novels, and once, at a party, I saw him drive an earnest, hairy-legged Cambridge girl to tears by insisting that he no longer believed in anything. The next morning I walked into the living room and found her sitting on the couch, wearing Evan's *Star Trek* T-shirt and drinking a cup of coffee.

"I won ninety dollars on that dog once," I told Evan.

"You thought I forgot since the last time you told me?"

I called for our bill and, sure enough, the fucker tried to cheat us; he'd charged us four dollars instead of three.

"Amigo," I said.

"That's Spanish," Evan said.

"Whatever. Hey. Waiter."

He pretended he didn't speak English and insisted we pay four bucks. I tried to make myself clear: "No fucking way," I said.

FICTION BY **DANIEL LYONS**
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER

ILLUSTRATION BY H. CRAIG HANNA

Meanwhile, Giaccalone had turned in his chair and was taking an interest. The waiter ran back and whispered to him, and then the fat bastard started calling us faggots and had his nephew Tony throw us out.

We went to the water and got wasted on fog cutters. When we got back, every parking space in the North End was taken, so I moved the barrels out of the space reserved for Giaccalone's Fleetwood and put my Toyota there.

"Fuck him," I said. "I live here, too."

"I love it when you get all drunk and Catholic and indignant," Evan said.

We staggered up the four flights to our apartment and crashed. In the morning, when I stepped outside to get the newspaper, I found the Corolla slumped on the pavement with all its tires slashed.

•

Giaccalone, being the fat prick that he was, said he didn't know anything about any tires on any faggot's car. The waiters stood behind the counter washing dishes. The old guineas in back looked up from their game of dominoes, then kept playing.

"So nobody here saw anyone near my car," I said.

"Nobody here saw nothing," Giaccalone said.

•

The desk cop at the police station—whose name was Incorpora, which is, of course, Italian—gave me a report to fill out and said there was nothing they could do. I asked why they couldn't look around a little, maybe pressure an informer. "What do you think this is," he said, "*Starsky and Hutch*?"

That afternoon, when a crew from the garage came to replace the tires, a crowd gathered on the sidewalk, and Mrs. Ronsavelli, our neighbor from across the hall, clucked her tongue and shook her head and whispered to the other old ladies in Sicilian.

"What could you possibly have been thinking?" said Maria Colon, the Puerto Rican girl *(continued on page 165)*

A winning story demands a winning illustration. So once again, as we applaud young writers, we simultaneously honor promising new talent in the art world. Under the guidance of frequent PLAYBOY illustrator and New York's School of Visual Arts professor Marshall Arisman, students read and interpreted the winning story. "Listen," we told them this year, "there's no getting around the fact that you have to do a dog." H. Craig Hanna, the first-place winner, has his illustration featured on the title page. Other artists honored in the competition (clockwise from upper right): Myoung Duck Seo, Paul Howell, Joon Hee Lee, Rebecca Shope, Young Mo Yoon, Josehp Kim, Marsha Saldanha and Dom Lee.

"I know I promised you a condo in Palm Beach if I were reelected, but who believes a politician?"

Temple
Miami
Rutgers

Girls OF THE BIG EAST

as with the best things in life, once is never enough

The Eastern seaboard is known for many things: the teeming masses of the Big Apple, the cozy allure of New England's bed-and-breakfasts, the lush Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia and the neon fun and sun of Florida. To hoop fans, it's also the home of the Big East basketball conference, one of the hottest in the NCAA. In 1989, PLAYBOY paid a memorable visit to its campuses to chronicle the beauty of their coeds. Since then, something new—you could call it a Big development—has been added: Big East football, a Division I conference that includes four of the schools (University of Miami, Boston College, the University of Pittsburgh and Syracuse) that are represented in basketball's Big East plus gridiron teams from Rutgers, Temple, Virginia Tech and West Virginia. The conference is young—two years old—and boasts an impressive roster with lots of big-play capabilities for the participating teams. The 1992 season promises to be well worth watching. The new configuration also made an investigation of the reconstituted Big East imperative, so we dispatched Contributing Photographers David Chan and David Mecey to give football a kinder, gentler image. Focused on their mission, the two Davids each took four schools at which to man their respective shutters. Striving to produce yet another spectacular PLAYBOY pictorial, they photographed scores of lovely coeds on their collegiate turf. Was the mission a success? You be the judge. The overwhelming evidence appears on these and following pages.

The leaders of tomorrow are the party animals of today. Showing collegiate colors (opposite) are grid fans from Pittsburgh, Syracuse, Temple, Miami, Boston, West Virginia, Rutgers and Virginia Tech. Jenny Lyn Baitch (above), a film and psychology major from University of Miami, and Catherine Crowder (right), an exercise-science major from Virginia Tech, give a hint why the Big East caught our eye.

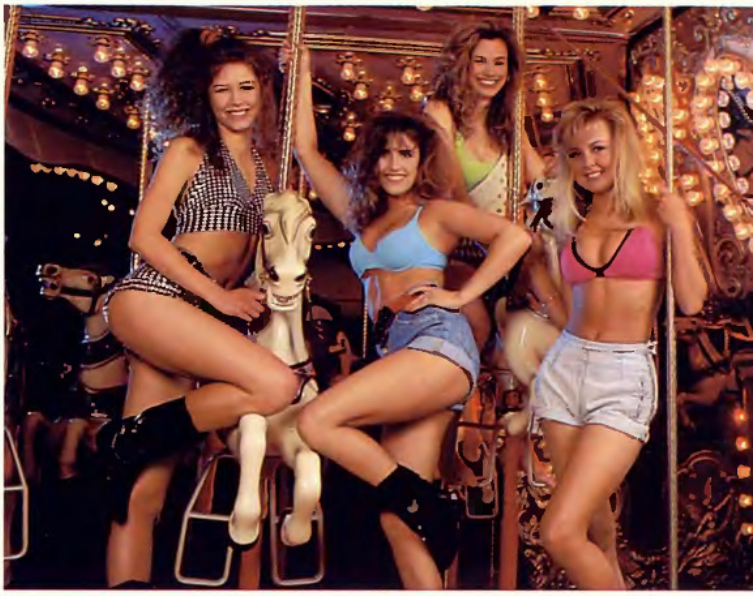
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN AND DAVID MECEY

Rutgers' Susan Ring (abave left) knows how ta take the drudgery out of doing laundry. When this psych major has free time, she enjoys volleyball, skiing and—our favorite—wrestling. Anne Madison (above) of Virginia Tech loves hiking and reading romance novels almost as much as she loves the mountains of Virginia. Temple sophomore and motorcycle enthusiast Justine Schade (left) describes herself os "fun, adventurous and a sensitive kind of gal." She also confesses a weokness for legs. Crab legs, that is. Anyone in the mood for seafood?

TEMPLE

Michelle Diamond (above) performed gymnastics as a kid, and she still has all the right maves. The Rutgers caed wants to be an actress, likes the beach and reading crime stories. Pittsburgh's Nina Getzie (above right) boasts an interesting heritage—part Russian, part Korean. The fourth-year biology major is philosophical abaut her goals: to make something of herself and to be happy. West Virginia's Traci Wright (right) wants ta balance a whirlwind career with raising a family. Her six years as a competitive roller skater should help keep her balanced.

Rutgers journolism major Marie Droke (obove) plons to become o film ond television director. With hobbies of oerobics, weightlifting ond bike riding, she's troining to go the distance. Laura Lowe (below) of Syrocuse is majoring in internotionol relotions, octuolly loves spinoch ond dreoms of hoving o house in the French countryside where she con sunbathe in the nude. *Vive le bain de soleil!*



From West Virginio University ore (obove, left to right): Melisso Cotlett, Michelle Morgon, Lynsie McKeown ond Christy Altmonn. Don't ossume they're just horsing around—these ladies ore pursuing serious coreers: Melissa is on education mojor, Michelle's mojor is business, Lynsie is getting o degree in biology ond Christy is studying public relotions. Quite o winner's circle!

Paula Jean Selinsky (above) likes going to school, though she hates being a starving student. This green-eyed blonde and her sister are a double threat; they both attend West Virginia University, bath are majoring in sacialogy and bath plan to attend law school. You know what they say abaut great minds. Randi Sullivan (opposite), an economics major at Syracuse, is right at home in front of a camera. Randi likes snowy nights, roaring fires and fast cars. But she's willing to slow down long enough to "learn abaut myself and the world araund me."

The ladies of Virginia Polytechnic Institute (left) prove that good looks and brains do come in multiples. Striking a responsive chord ore (left to right): Kimberly Gromel (exercise physiology), Stacey Schwaller (health education), Christi Crenshaw (biology), Anna Merrick (psychology) and Jamie Cryan (business management). Wendy Weatherhead (below left), a liberal arts major at Pittsburgh, plays the flute, loves to travel and is a whiz at puzzles and computer games. Miami's Callie Addesa (below) picked the perfect climate to indulge her passian far windsurfing. In addition to karate and language study, Callie is an animal enthusiast. Her first love is her rottweiler pup, Andromeda. Next in line is her husband. Sarry about that, fellas.

Michelle Marlowe (abave left) af Bostan College is a communications major who likes Elizabethan paetry, impressionist art and progressive music. It wauld appear that the Rhade Island native has chosen the right specialty: She has na trouble speaking her mind, telling us she dislikes "ignarant protesters and pseudofeminists." Temple's Stefanie Levin (above right) likes hanging out with friends, dancing and skiing—that is, when she's not pursuing her studies in early elementary education. The Greek isles beckon in the eyes of Syracuse juniar Alexandria Mamakas (below). A braadcast journalism majar, she spends her free time painting, drawing and exercising. Alexandria loves chacolate, peace and New York City and wants ta work in the news department at MTV. That's it: We're kissing CNN gaodbye.

The University of Pittsburgh's Lindsay Jones (left) has her honds full with riding, swimming, hiking, camping ond, oh, yes, studying. To devote enough time to her favorite sports, the psychology major avoids two things—exercising ond shopping. It doesn't look as if she needs to do much of either one. Erika Michels (below left) is a trilingual theater major whose favorite film makers are Stanley Kubrick, Oliver Stone and Federico Fellini. A junior ot Syracuse, Erika wants to be respected for her hard work and determination and will tell you so in fluent Sponish and Lithuanian. Carla Cline (below), a communications major at WV, is an outdoor girl who loves mountain sports, tennis and guys who are honest, romontic and sincere. Theropeutic recreation sounds like too much fun to be a mojor discipline, but aerobics instructor Rhonda Fagula (opposite) of West Virginia plans to make it work for her. Rhonda's needs are few ond simple: She likes to eat and dislikes snow.

TIM ROBBINS

I would hope the nuns would be proud of the way I turned out," says Tim Robbins of his grade school teachers. Maybe yes—maybe no. He garnered critical acclaim for his portrayal of the morally flawed movie executive Griffin Mill in this year's hit "The Player." On the other hand, the actor's long-standing but clerically unsanctioned relationship with actress Susan Sarandon recently produced a second child.

Son of folksinger Gil Robbins of the Highwaymen ("Michael Row the Boat Ashore"), Robbins opted for drama and honed his acting skills in New York City schools and street troupes. He studied theater at UCLA and began a steady rise through television and on to good notices in films such as "Eric the Viking" and "Jacob's Ladder." Until "The Player," he was perhaps best known for his co-starring role with Kevin Costner—and Sarandon—in "Bull Durham."

The low-key Robbins denies that he's now coming into his own, despite heading the stellar cast in Robert Altman's Hollywood satire and making his own debut as writer, director and star of "Bob Roberts," a fictional documentary of a right-wing businessman and folksinger who's running for the U.S. Senate.

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker met with Robbins in Greenwich Village, where Robbins grew up and now maintains a home with Sarandon and their children. "Robbins has plenty to say about acting, politics and raising kids. But he warned me he might have to rush off to the hospital," Kalbacker recalls. "The baby was due at any moment and Sarandon could interrupt with a call that she had gone into labor."

hollywood's reluctant player on child rearing, garter belts and the secrets of a good pitch

1.

PLAYBOY: When you recently screened *Bob Roberts* for a film-industry audience, you sported a sharp double-breasted suit. In addition to being a writer, director and actor, have you assumed the role of a player?

ROBBINS: Yeah, I was wearing a player's suit. One of the real pluses about *The Player* was that I actually got to wear nice suits for the first time in a movie. I got to keep all of them, too. Alexander Julian specially made them.

I'm not naive. I am involved in this business. But I don't think I'm a player. The Player himself was actually quite kind. When I was researching the part of Griffin Mill, I was given the opportunity to sit in on a creative meeting with vice presidents of a studio. You have to be on your toes as a player. Even your mistakes are plotted. I've seen some pretty transparent spontaneities. Players never put themselves out on a limb. If they're going to say something critical, they know the majority of the room is going to agree with them—or be pretty sure that the person who wields the power in the room is going to agree. Since *The Player* is a success, a player will say he loves that film. If *The Player* had been a failure, you would not hear the end of the derogatory remarks about that movie.

2.

PLAYBOY: You've sipped one brand of mineral water through a couple of lunches. Don't you share Griffin Mill's passion for sampling designer waters?

ROBBINS: No. A screenwriter lays down a spine and the stronger it is, the more liberties that can be taken with it. In *The Player* we had a good script and Altman encouraged experiment, oddity and absurdity. A couple of those things, like the water business, grew out of this freedom. How's that for a diplomatic answer? I can't say I thought up too many bits because Michael Tolkin, who wrote *The Player*, will get angry at me.

3.

PLAYBOY: You've publicly expressed your desire to keep Griffin Mill out of your home. Can you give us the Tim Robbins Hollywood shark repellent?

ROBBINS: [*Laughs*] Live in New York. New York is a more honest place to live. Los Angeles is very segregated, depending on how much money you make. You could live there and never have to see any poverty. You get in your car, go to your office in Beverly Hills and go home to Bel Air. You don't see much. In New York, there is no escaping reality. You walk out your door and see the great swirl of humanity, all income levels, all races.

4.

PLAYBOY: How does growing up in Greenwich Village differ from being raised along Main Street?

ROBBINS: I saw things a lot of kids never see. It was a wonderful circus. My father ran a funky basement club. I heard Dave Van Ronk and Eric Andersen and Livingston Taylor and Seals and Crofts when they were starting out. I saw Dick Gregory and Richard Pryor. I saw intellectuals, freaks, hippies, drag queens. I saw the emergence of a very flamboyant gay culture, Eastern religions, swamis and fake swamis, parades of masks, wild theater. I would love for my kids to see all this. It's healthier for a child to see everything from the start. When I was nine I knew what a junkie was. And I knew that I didn't want to be one. One of the benefits of living in a city is that you know where the bad areas are, you know what to stay away from. You can recognize a con man or a shill right away. I would be much more frightened in the suburbs because the effect is not so immediate. It's much more subversive. How do parents know where the drugs come from in the suburbs? That's why we live here. You shouldn't shelter your children from anything. It encourages more questioning and more intelligence. Your kid sees something and wants to know what it is, and that's positive.

5.

PLAYBOY: As the offspring of hip parents, were you genetically disposed to inheriting liberal political views?

ROBBINS: I wouldn't consider my parents to be radicals or activists, but they definitely helped shape my opinions. It would be interesting to find out whether my father had an FBI file. I wouldn't be surprised if I had one. I remember my mother coming into my room one morning and saying she wanted me to be very proud of my sister—who was away at college at the time—because she was arrested the day before for protesting the Vietnam war. As a kid, I had been involved with peace demonstrations and day-care centers and women's rights and so on. For a good deal of the time, I was more

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KAREN KUEHN

concerned about getting to my softball game and being a regular kid. I was an altar boy at St. Joseph's. I got to carry the crucifix and the candles. The thing I remember most about it was serving at funerals and trying to crack up the other altar boys. We sneaked Communion wine, we stole unconsecrated hosts. That was a big score. In my life there was a period of apathy and overall disregard for current events. Between Watergate and the election of Reagan, I was much more interested in getting drunk and getting laid than in reading a newspaper.

6.

PLAYBOY: Did the playground sports of the Village help you prepare for your pitching debut in *Bull Durham*?

ROBBINS: When I auditioned, the director made me pitch to Costner. I had a good arm. We used to play hardball in an unkempt lot filled with bricks and broken glass. The game would usually end when we broke a window. I played third base. If you play third base, you have to have a rocket. So I knew I could throw fast, but the real trick is the control. What you saw is the best of my pitching. I did get my fastball up to about eighty-five miles per hour. The trick is the curveball. I'm most proud about throwing a real good curve on camera. I had the form, but I never understood that real power-pitching is not in the arm. It's in the legs, it's in the push-off from the mound. That's something I learned from *Bull Durham*.

7.

PLAYBOY: Did Tim Robbins and Kevin Costner make a good battery?

ROBBINS: It was a good working relationship. When my pitches were over the plate, he could handle them. But there were a fair amount of balls over his head. It was a super fantasy camp. Neither of us wanted to cheat it. I wanted to throw the perfect strike, and Kevin wanted to hit home runs on his own. During a great deal of that film, the director was trying to rein in our egos. At times he had to tell us, "Guys, this is only a movie. We can fake things here."

8.

PLAYBOY: Was donning a garter belt in *Bull Durham* a small price to pay for the thrill of throwing a good curveball on camera?

ROBBINS: I have no opinions about garter belts. If it pleases you to wear them, then go ahead and wear them, male or female. The only reservation I had about doing that scene was the temperature at the time. I was out on the mound at four A.M., pitching basically without any clothes on, and it was very cold.

9.

PLAYBOY: You triumphed at Cannes with a best actor award for *The Player*, but you didn't linger. Robert Altman read your acceptance speech. Don't you take compliments well?

ROBBINS: I had about forty interviews a day: "Well, Tim, you're the best actor in Cannes. How does that make you feel?" Well, that question is framed in fantasy and makes me uncomfortable. The cyclone of interviews went nonstop for seven days. We had translators, but there is a whole trip to doing interviews with people who don't speak English. I did some interviews with Italian journalists, and I checked the newspaper the next day—I had someone translate it for me—and I hadn't said anything they quoted me as saying. Not a thing. The best part of the festival for me was walking down the Croisette one night and meeting a couple of film fans from Germany. Just people who were there for the right reason, to see as many films from as many countries as they could. And I probably talked with them for about an hour.

10.

PLAYBOY: Will you join the debate about whether or not *Thelma & Louise* has a happy ending?

ROBBINS: It has a happy ending in that it was the ending that the filmmakers wanted to do, and they were allowed to do it. *Thelma & Louise* is a really good movie. At the time it came out, there was a lot of talk about it bashing men. It bashes idiots, it doesn't bash men. If you're a man and you're offended by this film, then you're obviously part of the problem and should be uncomfortable with the movie.

11.

PLAYBOY: Robert Altman has dubbed you a director to be reckoned with. How did you make that known on your first effort, *Bob Roberts*?

ROBBINS: Before the film was sold to the distributor, I got final cut. My philosophy is, don't take no for an answer and be willing to sacrifice your entire project for freedom. I've never worked on a movie where if at some point the director hadn't put his foot down, he would have been trampled. On my first film, I saw a director deck a producer. I saw another director throw a producer against the wall and, with his forearm against the producer's neck, say, "If you ever fuck with me again, I'll kill you." From then on, he was left alone, and he made a damn good movie. I'm six foot four and a half and I have a temper. It's reserved for very important issues. If someone is asking me to make an artistic concession, then I'll become a madman.

12.

PLAYBOY: What awaits those who aspire to become studio executives?

ROBBINS: Hollywood is not filled with schlockmeisters who wouldn't know a good film if it smacked them in the head. There are an awful lot of intelligent, well-educated people in positions of power who know what a good film is and know what it takes to make a good film. However, in order to get to a place and a position where they can singlehandedly green-light a film, they make a lot of compromises. If you go out on a limb too early in your career and the film falls on its face, you can kiss your rise goodbye.

13.

PLAYBOY: Can you account for your overnight success after a decade-long acting career?

ROBBINS: Maybe I'm a slow-growth investment rather than a fast killing. I've done a good ten years of work and people are noticing a couple of good films that I've done. It's a crapshoot whether a movie's going to be successful or not. No one had any idea that *The Player* was going to do any business. But it was an opportunity for me to work with Robert Altman, one of the few geniuses in the American cinema. A lot of people saw *Bull Durham*, so consequently that's who a lot of people think I am. Fewer people saw *Miss Firecracker*, which I did right after *Bull Durham*, where I played a character who was just the opposite of Nuke Laloosh—an intelligent, passionate, poetic madman.

14.

PLAYBOY: Did Susan Sarandon recognize you as an intelligent, passionate, poetic madman?

ROBBINS: You'd have to ask her. These things are very private and should remain that way. I never want to get into a situation where someone I love reads about a feeling I have when I have never expressed that feeling to that person.

15.

PLAYBOY: Pass on a few nuggets of advice to fathers of young children.

ROBBINS: I certainly don't allow plastic AK47s in our house. As a child I was not allowed to play with guns, but I did create guns out of sticks. Kids are going to do a lot of things that you're not necessarily crazy about. But if they know deep down that that's not your favorite thing, somewhere along the line they'll have to ask those questions of themselves. Disposable diapers are important if you travel, but at home one should try not to pollute. Try to avoid junk food. There are clever alternatives. We have these Tupperware molds that you fill with fruit juice. The kids think they're getting Popsicles.

16.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you go to Hollywood at a rather young age?

ROBBINS: One of the best things that my parents did for me didn't seem so at the time. At seventeen they told me they'd

pay for two years of college and I would have a home during the summer for the first two years. But when I was nineteen, I was out of the house regardless—the key was taken away metaphorically. It was harsh but good for me. I moved away from home and went to Los Angeles. I joined the Teamsters Union and worked at a warehouse. I got my own apartment off Hollywood Boulevard, renting a room in a house full of juvenile delinquents and thieves. They were always operating scams. This elderly woman who ran the house was either crazy or incredibly brilliant. I never figured out whether she was the Fagin of these thieves. I lost money, mostly. I didn't have many personal possessions. Just because I grew up in New York didn't mean I didn't have my own growing up to do. There was a different kind of criminal element in Los Angeles. It had a totally different face to it.

17.

PLAYBOY: For viewers who may have missed you on television, what were the sordid details of your entry into that mass-entertainment medium?

ROBBINS: I didn't aim to be a movie actor. It was always my idea that when I graduated from UCLA, I would go back to New York and either start a theater company there or join one. I auditioned for *St. Elsewhere*. They were looking for a psychopathic terrorist and there was something about me that translated into that character. I was bedraggled and I was a punk. I had a New York attitude, so I didn't want to be this stupid, grinning fool. I was on the second, third and fourth shows. I got to spit in someone's face and be rude all the time. My character was your typical TV terrorist, angry and without any point of view. I was handcuffed for the whole thing, kept in a locked ward. I found that I could make a living playing criminals and psychos. That convinced me to stick around L.A. But I also used the money to fund my theater, which I continue to do.

18.

PLAYBOY: Pitch us the *Bob Roberts* concept.

ROBBINS: You put a guitar in Ross Perot's hands and give him some Retin-A treatment and you have Bob Roberts. Same with Bush, for that matter. Or Clinton. Approach it from a whimsical point of view. I want it to be as much *Spinal Tap* as *Don't Look Back*. This movie is about the corruption of the Republican Party and the corruption of the Democratic Party. It's not partisan. The approach is entertainment. People are fed up with the whole political system. It's important not to glamourize or romanticize the left-wing point of view. I don't like to be preached to. I don't like blanket descriptions of evil. Actually, I never pitched *Bob Roberts*. All meetings were set up on the assumption that the person interested had read the script.

19.

PLAYBOY: Will you be disappointed if *Bob Roberts* goes to video soon after theatrical release?

ROBBINS: We're talking with some of the distributors about keeping the movie in a continued release—you know, not to release the video for an entire year. I want discussion, arguments, laughter, collective laughter. I don't want the audience to miss the communal experience of the film.

20.

PLAYBOY: You claim *Bob Roberts* is not partisan. But isn't the right-wing title character inclined to offer a fascist salute?

ROBBINS: Oh, God, it's frightening. I tried to make the salute as ambiguous as possible. Kind of a strong wave, let's say. With a smile.

"I'm totally naked!"

PIGSKIN PREVIEW *(continued from page 122)*

"This season's version of the Hurricanes is even better than the 12–0 co-champions of last season."

play a schedule with only four road games. Coach Don James will go with Billy Joe Hobert, last season's Rose Bowl co-MVP, as his starting quarterback. Mark Brunell, who successfully quarterbacked the team in 1990, is fully recovered from the knee surgery that gave Hobert his starting shot last season. Senior tailbacks Beno Bryant and Jay Barry are potential 100-yard-plus rushers. Sophomore Napoleon Kaufman, a lightning-quick return specialist, can also run out of the backfield. Two-time Playboy All-America tackle Lincoln Kennedy is the cornerstone of James's offensive line. On defense, the Huskies will have some new faces up front, but the linebackers, with Playboy All-America Dave Hoffmann, are solid, and the secondary experienced and quick. Some team may beat the Huskies, who come into the season riding a 14-game winning streak, but it'll have to do it as an underdog. 11–0

1. MIAMI

Watch out: This season's version of the Miami Hurricanes is even better than the 12–0 co–national champions of last season. Big East Offensive Player of the Year Gino Torretta, 15–1 as a starter, returns for his senior year at quarterback. Fullback Stephen McGuire, Miami's leading rusher last season, is recovered from a knee injury, but sophomore backup Larry Jones, the Orange Bowl MVP, should still get lots of playing time. Playboy All-America Kevin Williams is spectacular as either receiver or kick returner, and the rest of Miami's receiving corps is pro caliber. Sackmaster Rusty Medearis, another Playboy All-America, typifies Miami's quick, aggressive defense. Darrin Smith, Micheal Barrows and Jessie Armstead are probably the best trio of linebackers in the nation. Under Playboy Coach of the Year Dennis Erickson, Miami could again go undefeated and finish in a déjà vu dead heat for the national championship. 11–0

3. NOTRE DAME

The luck of the Irish was at work in the off-season. Star quarterback Rick Mirer ignored the advice of family, friends and hordes of hungry agents, opting to play his senior year in the college ranks before turning pro. Coach Lou Holtz, who also stayed put in South Bend despite rumors to the contrary, can only count his blessings and a host of talented players returning from last season's 10–3 team. Fullback Jerome Bettis is the best big back in the nation, but with Tony Brooks and Rodney Culver departed, Holtz will have to find a tailback to team with him. All-America tight end Derek Brown has also graduated, but his replacement, Irv Smith, may be as good. New defensive coordinator Rick Minter will build the defense around linebacker Demetrius DuBose and junior cornerback Tom Carter. The Irish, who play their two toughest opponents, Michigan and Penn State, at home, helped their national-title aspirations by replacing Tennessee on the schedule with lowly Northwestern. 10–1

4. FLORIDA

The combination of Steve Spurrier's brilliant offensive coaching schemes and the passing accuracy and field presence of quarterback Shane Matthews makes Florida a threat to score every time the Gators have the ball. Matthews, this year's Playboy All-America quarterback, was Southeastern Conference Player of the Year in both 1990 and 1991 and finished fifth in last season's Heisman balloting. Receivers Willie Jackson, Harrison Houston and Tre Everett finished one, two and three in the SEC in touchdown catches. Topping things off offensively for the Gators is running back Errict Rhett, who led the SEC with 1109 yards. Spurrier's defense returns seven starters, including Playboy All-America safety Will White, but the defensive tackle and linebacking positions are inexperienced. Florida will beat a very good Alabama team in the SEC championship game. 11–1

5. SYRACUSE

If you're looking for a dark horse in the national championship race, try the Orangemen. Coach Paul Pasqualoni has some great athletes to work with. Junior quarterback Marvin Graves is on track to break every Syracuse career-passing and total-offense record. Returning running back David Walker was the leading rusher in the Big East last season. Playboy All-America wide receiver Qadry Ismail can be every bit the college player that brother Rocket was. Inside linebacker Dan Conley, who missed most of last season with a leg injury, should be 100 percent. Syracuse's kick-punt tandem of John Biskup and Pat O'Neill is outstanding. It wouldn't be farfetched to imagine the Orangemen going into their final regular season game—at home against Miami—undefeated. 10–1

6. ALABAMA

Coach Gene Stallings has 16 starters back from his 11–1 Crimson Tide team that finished last season with a 30–25 victory over Colorado in the Blockbuster Bowl. Stallings also may have found his quarterback for this season in that game, when Jay Barker threw three touchdown passes in the second half. Barker sewed up the starting spot with an impressive showing this spring. Multipurpose threat David Palmer will continue to rotate between wide receiver and slot back while also returning kickoffs and punts. Running back Derrick Lassic will replace Siran Stacy, who has gone to the NFL. On defense, the Tide will miss defensive stalwart Robert Stewart at nose tackle, but the linebacking appears strong with Michael Rogers and Lemanski Hall. Alabama gets a break, since it does not play Florida or Georgia on the regular Southeastern Conference schedule this year. 11–1

7. MICHIGAN

The incomparable Desmond Howard, last season's Heisman Trophy winner, has departed for the NFL, as have massive offensive lineman Greg Skrepanak and linebacker/defensive leader Erick Anderson. But don't count the Michigan Wolverines out of the top ten. Quarterback Elvis Grbac, who has already set school career records for completions (393) and touchdown passes (54), is back for his senior season. Running back Ricky Powers, who led Michigan with 1197 yards last season, is only a junior. And there are some promising young receivers to replace Howard: Walter Smith and incoming freshmen Mercury Hayes and Amani Toomer, last season's California High School Player of the Year. Coach Gary Moeller will cover his defensive losses with returning tackle Chris Hutchinson, free safety Corwin Brown and a horde of redshirt talent, the best of whom is tackle Trent Zenkewicz. The Wolverines open against nemesis Notre Dame at South Bend on September 12. Expect them to wrap up the Big Ten title by defeating Ohio State, for the fifth consecutive time, in the last game of the regular season. 10–1

8. PENN STATE

The Nittany Lions embark on their last season as an independent before becoming a fully integrated member of the Big Ten next year. Coach Joe Paterno has 11 starters back from his 11–2 team of 1991 that ranked number three in the season-ending national polls. Paterno's first concern is finding a replacement for quarterback Tony Sacca, who broke or tied 14 school passing marks before graduating. Paterno thinks that redshirt sophomore Kerry Collins "is not very different from Sacca. Not quite as fast, but he has a big, strong arm." Tony's brother, John, could also see some playing time. Whoever passes the football for the Lions will look for outstanding wide receiver O. J. McDuffie, who had 46

receptions for 790 yards last season. Linebackers Mark D'Onofrio and Keith Goganious are gone, but Reggie Givens and Rich McKenzie will carry on the tradition of Linebacker U. The new bowl alliance froze Penn State out of the Sugar, Cotton, Orange and Fiesta bowls, so, in an unprecedented move, Penn State agreed last May to play in the Blockbuster Bowl, provided that the Nittany Lions win at least six games this season. Penn State fans, start ordering your tickets. 9–2

9. FLORIDA STATE

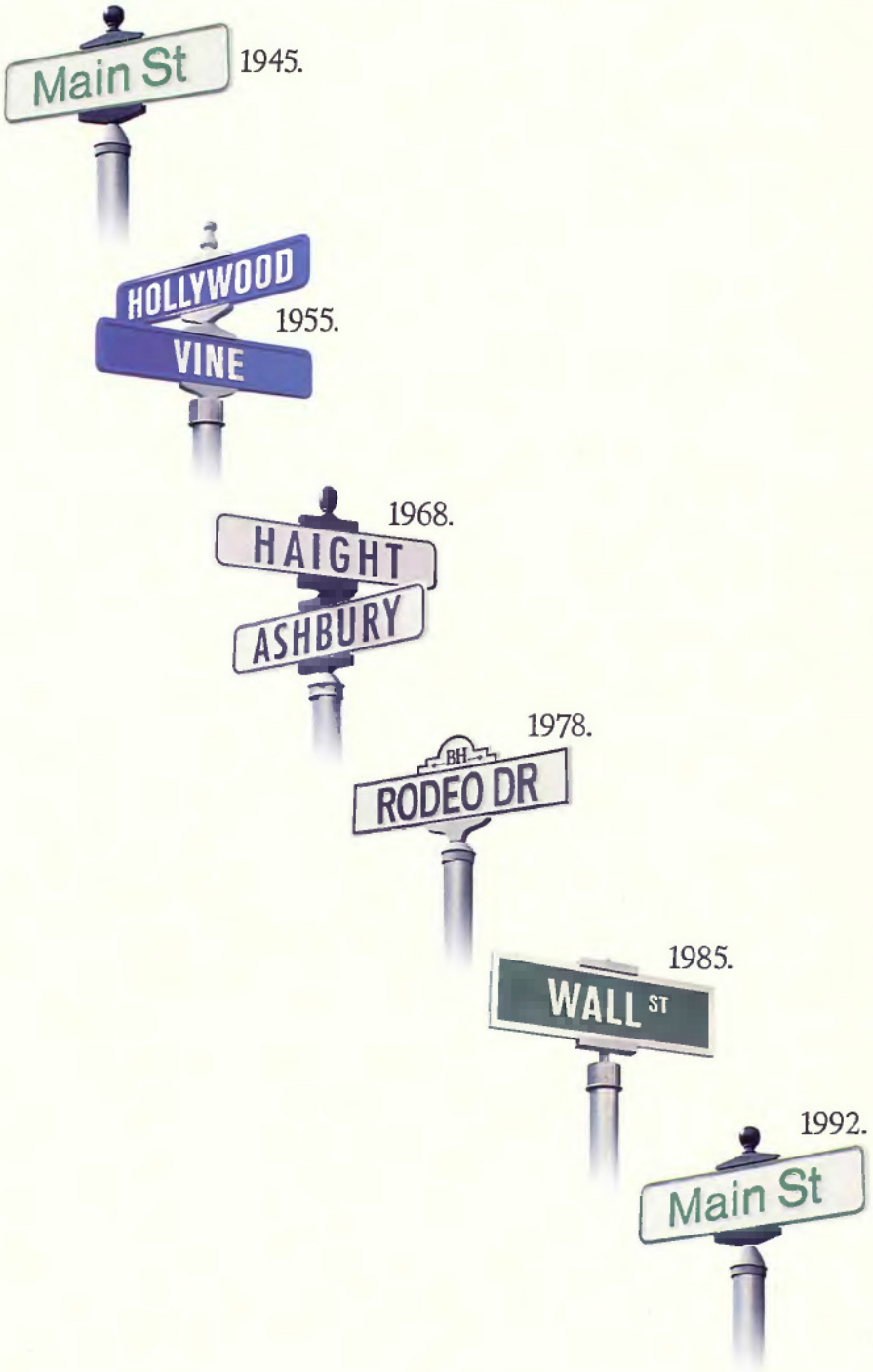
The Seminoles, who have finished in the top five for five consecutive seasons, won't fold their tents this year in their hunt for a national championship. But drop them down a few spots in the national rankings. Quarterback Casey Weldon has graduated, and running back Amp Lee and defensive back Terrell Buckley took early exits for the pros. Weldon's replacement will be Charlie Ward, who was described by an assistant coach as the best athlete ever recruited by FSU. But coach Bobby Bowden has concerns about the Seminoles' offensive line, which, he says, "is not proven at all." He'll have fewer concerns about the defense, where Playboy All-America linebacker Marvin Jones should play a dominating role. This will be Florida State's first season as a member of the Atlantic Coast Conference. Says Bowden, "We're no shoo-in. I get the feeling that all eight ACC schools are targeting us . . . the new kid on the block." We think the Seminoles will get through the conference schedule unscathed, but Bowden better watch out for nonconference opponents Miami and Florida. 9–2

10. TEXAS A&M

The Aggies would be in the national championship picture if they had a quarterback. Coach R. C. Slocum has just about everything else. Running back Greg Hill was SWC Offensive Newcomer of the Year last season and set a conference freshman rushing record with 1216 yards. Even with the loss of linebacker Quentin Coryatt and cornerback Kevin Smith, both first-round selections in the NFL draft, the Aggies should again be formidable on defense. Sophomore defensive end Sam Adams is a star of the future, and defensive backs Derrick Frazier and Patrick Bates are solid. Linebacker Marcus Buckley is expected to be A&M's next linebacking standout. But the quarterback problem remains. Slocum tried four players this past spring in the spot vacated by Bucky Richardson but has yet to settle on a starter. 10–2

11. GEORGIA

Following in the footsteps of a sports legend is tough, but Ray Goff appears to have succeeded. Goff took the Bulldogs'



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leash two years ago when Vince Dooley, by one poll the most popular man in Georgia, relinquished the head coaching job. Goff struggled (10–13) in his first two seasons but got Georgia on track with a 9–3 record last year that included an Independence Bowl win over Arkansas. As long as quarterback Eric Zeier sticks around, Georgia can only improve. The nation's most-sought-after quarterback coming out of high school, Zeier lived up to his press clippings by passing for more than 2000 yards in his freshman year. Andre Hastings is a burner at wide receiver and Garrison Hearst runs strong from the backfield. If junior-college transfers Charlie Clemons at inside linebacker and Greg Tremble at cornerback come through, the Dawgs could crack the top ten. 9–2

12. NEBRASKA

The Cornhuskers have a great stable of running backs and a dominating offensive line but no experienced quarterback to run the show. Coach Tom Osborne has three candidates to take the snaps: redshirt senior Mike Grant, redshirt freshman Tony Veland or freshman Tommy Frazier, generally regarded as the top option quarterback prospect coming out of high school. But if the QB knows how to hand off, the Huskers will fare reasonably well. Derek Brown and Calvin Jones are Osborne's best pair of running backs since Mike Rozier and Irving Fryar wore the pads in Lincoln. Outside linebacker Travis Hill is a standout on defense. Nebraska will kick butt against most opponents but continue to struggle against quality teams that have the athleticism to stop the Huskers' one-dimensional running game. 9–2

13. OKLAHOMA

Coach Gary Gibbs's numbers look pretty good since taking over a Sooner program in turmoil three years ago: 7–4, 8–3 and 9–3. But his teams have yet to win a Big Eight championship, and the losses to archrivals Nebraska, Colorado and Texas are piling up (eight). This season could be crunch time for Gibbs, who has been a part of the Oklahoma coaching staff for 17 years. The Sooners appear promising on offense. Junior quarterback Cale Gundy will probably hold most of Oklahoma's passing records by the end of the season. Guards Paul Moriarty and Jeff Resler are a force in the offensive line, and fullback Kenyon Rasheed has power and speed. Reggie Barnes and Aubrey Beavers are quality defensive ends, but the rest of the Sooner defense may be down a notch from last season's. 9–2

14. CALIFORNIA

Keith Gilbertson, former University of Washington offensive coordinator, has been hired to replace Bruce Snyder, who guided the Golden Bears to a successful 10–2 finish last season. Expectations are high for Gilbertson. The coach inherits 15 returning starters and has a reputation as an offensive coaching whiz. But he has some formidable obstacles to overcome. He must find a replacement for quarterback Mike Pawlawski, an excellent passer and team leader. There are three vacancies on the offensive line, and a replacement is needed for free safety David Wilson, who played a critical role in the Cal pressure defense that created 35 turnovers last season. While Gilbertson struggles to solve these problems, two-time Playboy All-America Russell White will continue to dazzle opponents with his brilliant running. 8–3

15. UCLA

Coach Terry Donahue thought he had all of his ducks lined up for a run at the national championship. He didn't count on quarterback Tommy Maddox, the centerpiece of his offense, declaring for the NFL draft with two years of collegiate eligibility remaining. However, the Bruins can still be a top-20 team, especially if Wayne Cook, who took only eight snaps last year, can handle the quarterback chores. Kevin Williams, the Pac Ten's leading rusher last season, and Playboy All-America wide receiver Sean LaChapelle give Donahue some other offensive weapons. On defense, the Bruins have experience along the front line but only one proven talent, Arnold Ale, at linebacker. UCLA gets a schedule break because it does not play Washington this year. 8–3

16. OHIO STATE

Somebody up there likes Ohio State coach John Cooper. In four years with the Buckeyes, Cooper hasn't coaxed his team to anything higher than a third-place Big Ten finish. The Buckeyes have lost all three of their bowl appearances. Worst of all, they haven't beaten Michigan in four years. Yet Cooper recently received a contract extension through 1995. All this at the same school that fired Earle Bruce, who had an OSU coaching record of 86-26-1. Cooper and the Buckeyes can have a strong season if either Kirk Herbstreit or Bob Hoying can do the job at quarterback. There's an abundance of talented running backs, particularly since Robert Smith, who sat out last season after a disagreement with the coaching staff, returns. He was the 1990 Big Ten Freshman of the Year. Butler By'not'e, the Buckeyes' leading returning rusher from last season, is another burner. There's plenty of muscle up front offensively with twin bulksters Alan Kline (6'7", 295 pounds) and Jason Winrow (6'6", 300 pounds). Ohio State's best defensive players are two-time Playboy All-America linebacker Steve Tovar and sophomore free safety Roger Harper. 8–3

17. COLORADO

The Buffaloes are switching to a one-back attack under new offensive coordinator Les Steckel, who spent more than a decade in the NFL before being hired by coach Bill McCartney in January 1991. The new offensive scheme will eventually open up Colorado's passing game—that is, as soon as the players learn the system and McCartney and Steckel find a quarterback to run it. Junior Vance Joseph and sophomore Kordell Stewart will battle for the starting nod, with Koy Detmer, Ty's younger brother, waiting in the wings. Even if the offense struggles early, Colorado's defense will keep the Buffaloes close. The front seven are among the strongest in the nation, particularly at linebacker, where Chad Brown and Greg Biekert are all-conference performers. 8–3

18. GEORGIA TECH

Bill Lewis, who led East Carolina to its best-ever record (11–1) last season, takes over at Georgia Tech for Bobby Ross, now head coach of the San Diego Chargers. Lewis has outstanding offensive players at the skill positions in fourth-year starting quarterback Shawn Jones and running backs William Bell, Jimy Lincoln (ACC Rookie of the Year last season) and Notre Dame transfer Dorsey Levens. Now all Lewis needs is an offensive line to put in front of them, since all five starters from last year's 8–5 squad are gone. Tech's defense will be good again (it ranked eighth nationally last year) despite the loss of Willie Clay and Ken Swilling and the early defection of linebacker Marco Coleman to the pros. Returning defensive tackle Coleman Rudolph was the ACC sack leader last season with 13. If the offensive line gels, the Rambling Wreck will make some noise. 8–3

19. NORTH CAROLINA

The Tar Heels have been quietly stockpiling football talent the past four years under coach Mack Brown. Last season North Carolina finished 7–4. This season, with three quarterbacks to choose from, a pair of great running backs and some real studs on defense, the results should be better. Playboy All-America running back Natrone Means has the talent to gain 1500 yards, and Randy Jordan is a strong backup. Randall Parsons, after switching from defense two years ago, is one of the best centers in the nation. Another Playboy All-America, linebacker Tommy Thigpen, runs like a defensive back and hits like some of the great Carolina linebackers of the past. 8–3

20. STANFORD

The biggest question for Stanford may not be how well its football team will fare but whether new head coach Bill Walsh

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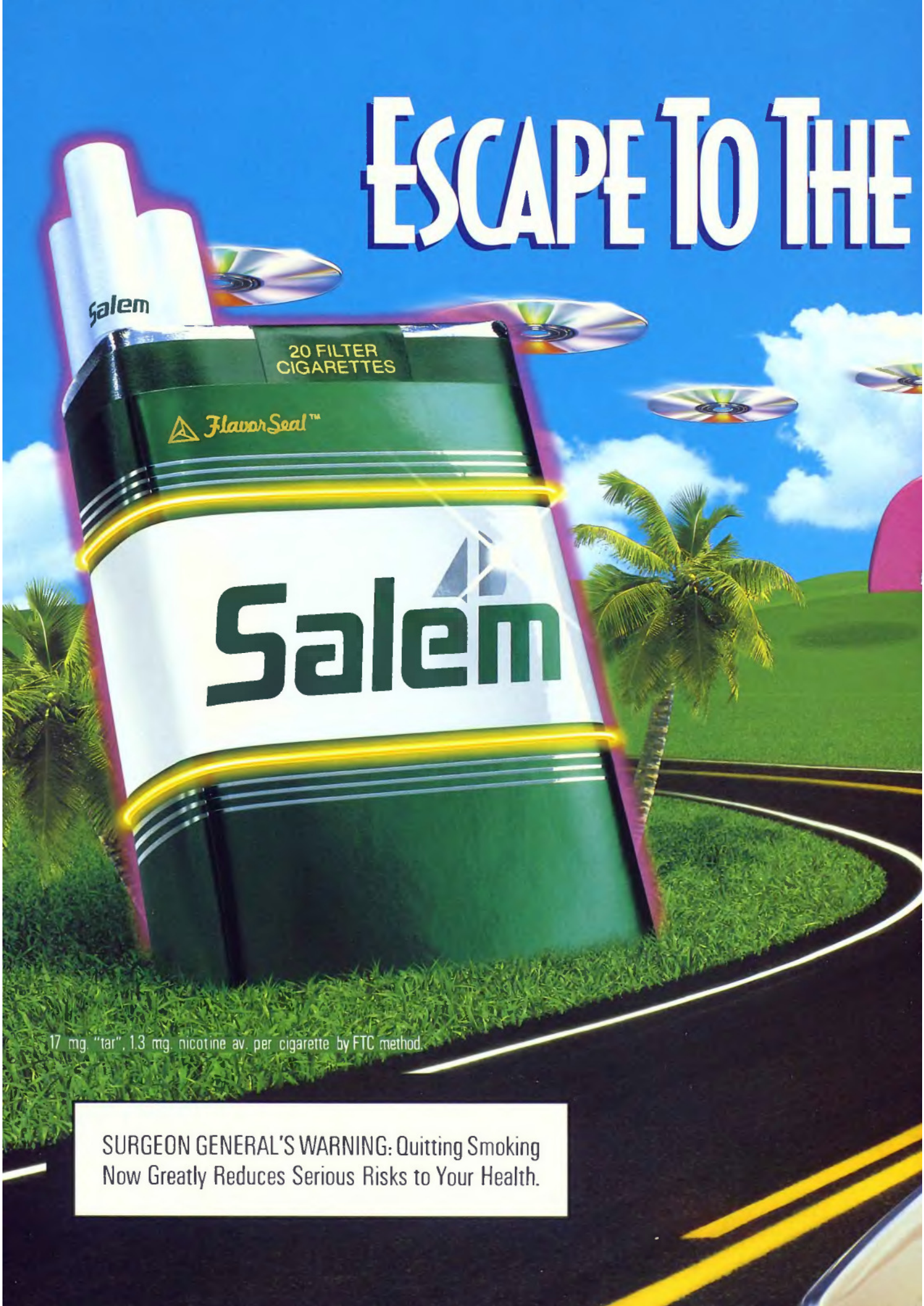
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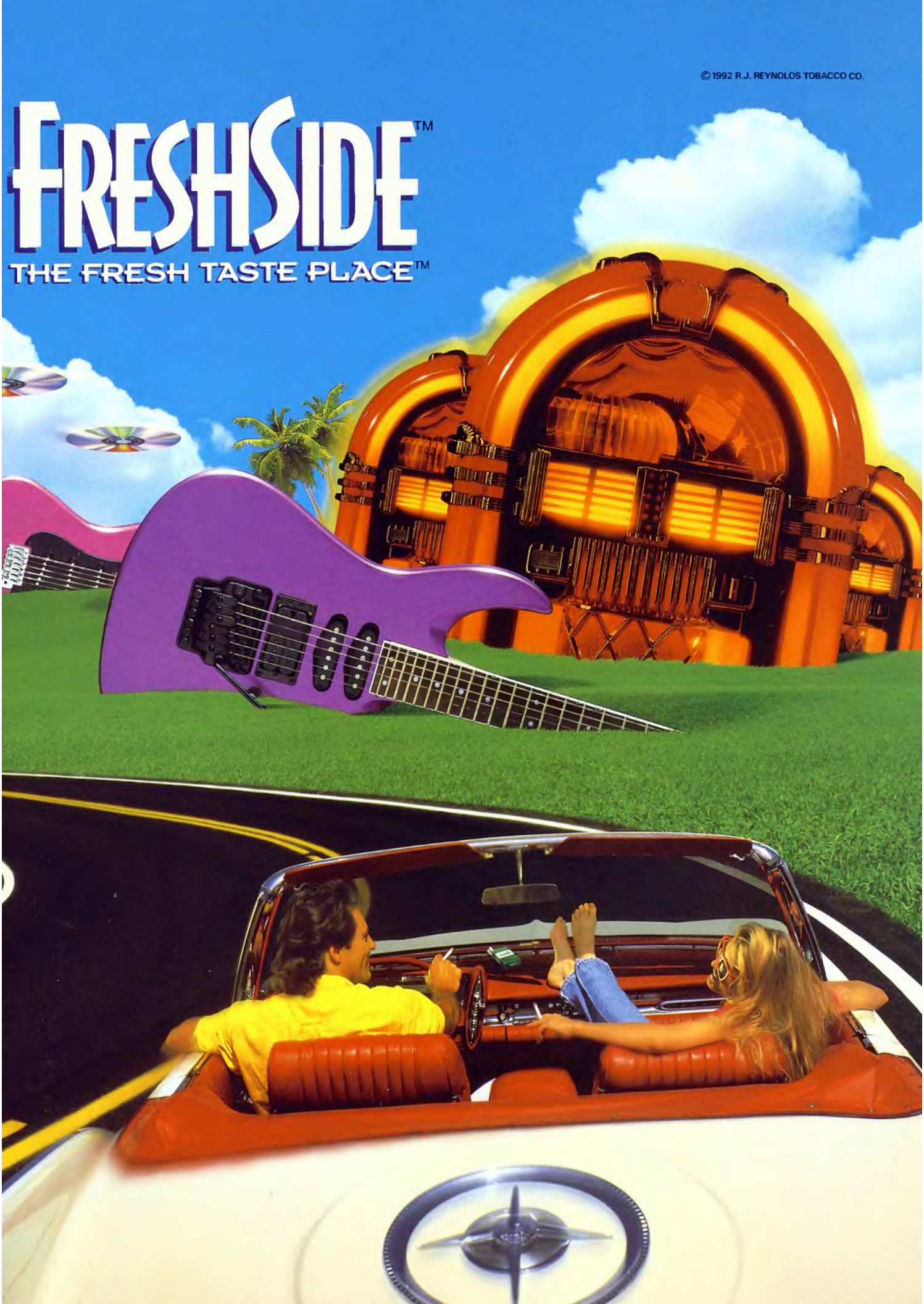

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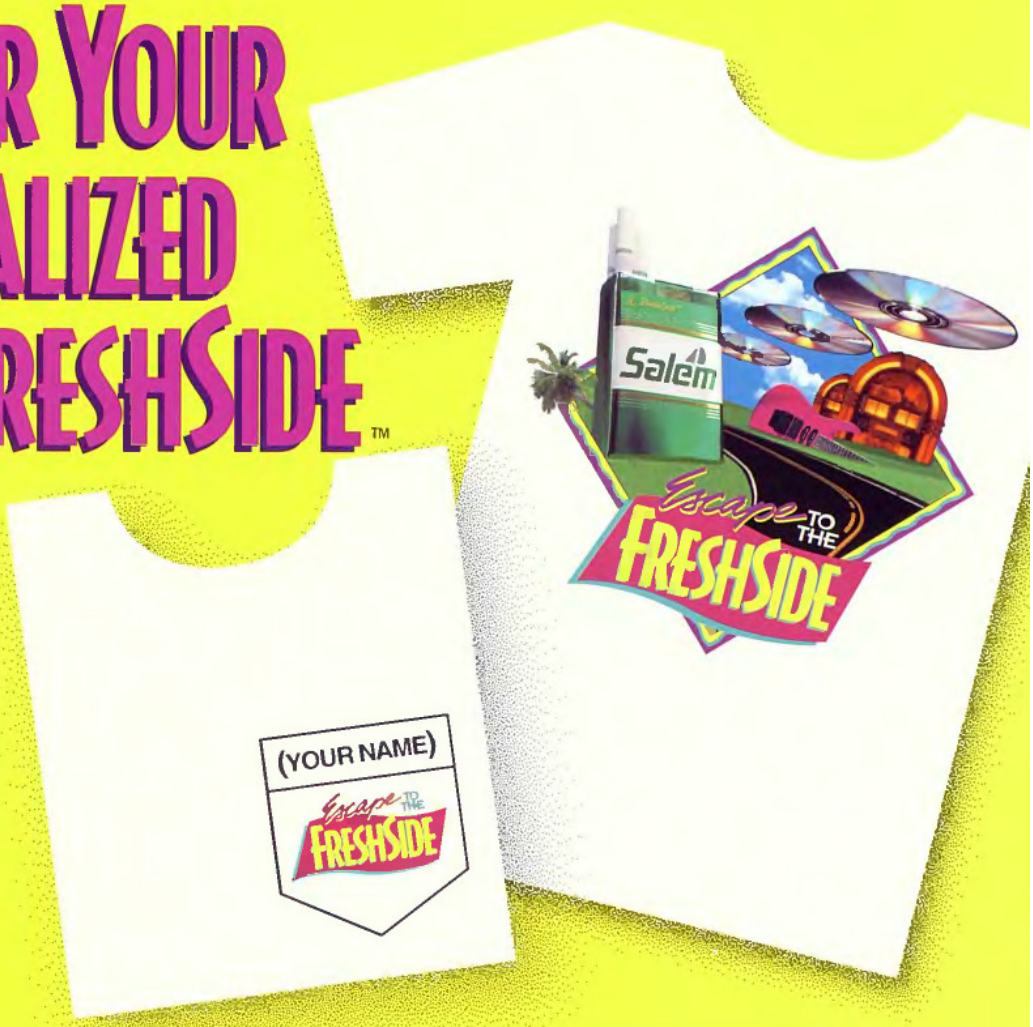

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will stroll the sidelines in flowing white robes hammering his game plans into stone tablets. Let's face it—this guy is a walking, talking sports legend. He coached the San Francisco 49ers to three world championships and six NFC division titles; he was named Coach of the Decade (the Eighties) by the NFL Professional Writers' Association; he was NBC's resident football color man and guru. The man reeks football knowledge. After it was rumored that Walsh was about to rejoin the 49ers, he surprised almost everyone by returning to Stanford, where he started his head-coaching career in 1977. Walsh has installed a pro-style offense and labels returning starter Steve Stenstrom "one of the best junior quarterbacks in college football." Walsh has 15 more returning starters from the Cardinal 8–4 squad of last season. Running back Glyn Milburn is great when healthy. Linebacker Ron George is the leader of Stanford's aggressive, gambling-style defense. Trips to Notre Dame, UCLA and Washington will test the Walsh mystique. 8–4

ATLANTIC COAST CONFERENCE

Florida State	9–2
Georgia Tech	8–3
North Carolina	8–3
Clemson	8–3
Virginia	7–4
North Carolina State	7–5
Duke	3–8
Wake Forest	3–8
Maryland	2–9

The addition of Florida State and the steady improvement of the football programs at North Carolina and Virginia make the ACC one of the most competitive conferences in the nation. Despite Bobby Bowden's modest assertions to the contrary, **Florida State** will take home the conference crown. **Georgia Tech** and **North Carolina** will be hotly pursued by perennial ACC powers Clemson, Virginia and North Carolina State.

The **Clemson** Tigers lost a ton of talent from last season: quarterback DeChane Cameron and four first team All-Americas, including linebacker Levon Kirkland and monster defensive tackle Chester McGlockton, who went to the NFL after his junior season. Coach Ken Hatfield, one of only six coaches to take three programs to top-20 finishes, will rebuild around wide receiver Terry Smith, free safety Robert O'Neal and Stacy Seegars, a 320-pound offensive guard. Richard Moncrief, who understudied for Cameron last season, will start behind center. Soft nonconference games will bolster Clemson's overall record, but the Tigers will have their difficulties in the conference. **Virginia**'s biggest problem is finding a replacement for quarterback Matt Blundin, last season's ACC Player of the Year. Bobby Goodman, who filled in for an injured Blundin for two games last season, is coach George Welsh's first choice. While Goodman is settling in, running back Terry Kirby (887 yards rushing and 37 receptions) will spearhead the Cavalier offensive attack. Playboy All-America end Chris Slade, a pass-rushing phenom, is the best of Virginia's seven returning defensive starters. **North Carolina State** will be formidable again with eight starters back from its top-20 defense of last season. The Wolfpack secondary, where Sebastian Savage leads the way, is particularly impressive. On offense, coach Dick Sheridan has three returning quarterbacks who have passed for 500 yards apiece in one season. Senior Terry Jordan, who missed most of last season with a broken arm, will get the nod as starter. Sheridan's biggest challenge is piecing together a new offensive line. **Duke**'s football fortunes suffered a serious setback when quarterback Dave Brown, who passed for 2794 yards and 20 touchdowns last season, decided to pass up his final season of eligibility to enter the NFL's supplemental draft. Steve Prince is the leading candidate to replace Brown. Randy Cuthbert, a 1000-yard rusher who missed much of last season with a pinched nerve, should give the Blue Devils' offensive game better balance. Only five starters return from a Duke defense that allowed opponents an average 25.5 points per game last season. **Wake Forest** and **Maryland** appear to be outmanned, in terms of talent, in the ACC this season. Tight end John Henry Mills and defensive back George Coghill are the Demon Deacons' best players. Maryland brings in new coach Mark Duffner, formerly with Holy Cross. Duffner and offensive coordinator Dan Dorazio are advocates of the run-and-shoot. The problem is that most of the Terrapin talent, particularly at quarterback, is not well-suited to Duffner's style. Call it a rebuilding year.

BIG EAST

Miami	11–0
Syracuse	10–1
West Virginia	8–3
Pittsburgh	8–4
Rutgers	7–4
Boston College	5–6
Virginia Tech	4–7
Temple	2–9

Miami and **Syracuse** are definite top-five material, and the Hurricanes can at least grab a share of another national championship (it would be the fifth since 1983) if they can overcome a tough schedule.

West Virginia, coming off a disappointing 6–5 record last season, could surprise. Coach Don Nehlen has yet to decide whether Darren Studstill or Jake Kelchner will take the snaps from

"Our specials today are breast of chicken, breast of roast beef and breast of lobster."

Playboy All-America center Mike Compton. Appropriately named wide receiver James Jett, a seven-time All-America sprinter, gives the Mountaineers a deep-pass threat. Tailback Adrian Murrell, who rushed for 904 yards last season, should be even better this year. Nehlen is looking for impact players on a defense that was riddled by injuries last season. Junior safety Mike Collins could be one. Pittsburgh should improve its 6–5 record of last season, but the Panthers are still unlikely top-20 material. Coach Paul Hackett has so far failed to find offensive tools to complement senior quarterback Alex Van Pelt, who needs only 494 yards to surpass Dan Marino as the school's all-time passing leader. Pitt's problems on defense were exacerbated when ends Sean Gilbert and Keith Hamilton entered this past NFL draft as juniors. The Panthers will feast on the likes of Kent and Louisville but don't match up with Notre Dame, Penn State and Syracuse. Miami transfer Brian Fortay is coach Doug Graber's likely choice to handle the quarterback spot for Rutgers. With 18 starters returning from last year's team (6–5) and some soft touches on the schedule, the Scarlet Knights should again post a winning record. It wasn't too many years ago that Boston College figured among the nation's football elite. The schedule, without enough blue-chip talent, simply did in the Eagles and former coach Jack Bicknell. New coach Tom Coughlin coaxed four wins out of his squad last season, and the schedule maker has tried to help by replacing Michigan with Northwestern. However, nonconference opponents Notre Dame and Penn State still loom. Inside linebacker Tom McManus is outstanding. With players such as quarterback Will Furrer and lineman Eugene Chung, Virginia Tech figured to be better than the 5–6 record it posted last season. But Furrer went out with a leg injury, and losses to East Carolina and Virginia in the final two games ruined the Hokies chances for a winning season. Coach Frank Beamer has to settle on a new quarterback and shore up a defensive front where three of four starters from last year are gone. Center Jim Pyne is Tech's best player. Temple returns only eight starters from last season's 2–9 team, which was plagued by turnovers (33) and poor passing (41.5 percent completion ratio).

BIG EIGHT

Nebraska	9–2
Oklahoma	9–2
Colorado	8–3
Kansas	7–4
Kansas State	6–5
Missouri	4–7
Iowa State	4–7
Oklahoma State	2–9

While Nebraska, Oklahoma and Colorado continue to sit comfortably atop the Big Eight, perennial doormats Kansas and Kansas State have served notice that they can no longer be disregarded.

Glen Mason has done an impressive rebuilding job at Kansas, where the Jayhawks recorded their first winning season (6–5) since 1981. Chip Hilleary, returning for his third season as starting quarterback, should provide Kansas with offensive stability and leadership. The Jayhawks have their best and deepest defensive unit in memory. Eight starters return from last year's squad, including Playboy All-America Dana Stubblefield and Gilbert Brown at the tackle spots. If Kansas wins the easy games and pulls off one upset, the Jayhawks could go bowling. Kansas State will also field a solid defensive unit with two all-conference performers returning (linebacker Brooks Barta and safety Jaime Mendez), along with several honorable mentions. State's defense yielded just 17.3 points per game in conference play last year. Coach Bill Snyder will decide between junior Jason Smargiasso and senior Matt Garber at the quarterback spot. Eric Gallon returns after gaining 1102 yards last season. Coach Bob Stull has so far been unable to turn things around at Missouri. Stull's three-year record is 9-23-1, and the Tigers finished an anemic 3-7-1 last season. Bright spots for Missouri this season will be 6'5" junior quarterback Phil Johnson, whom pro scouts are already eyeing, and wide receiver Victor Bailey, who had 29 catches for 508 yards last season. Stull's defense appears devoid of impact players. Oklahoma State suffered through a 0-10-1 season. Sophomore defensive end Jason Gildon, who set an OSU single-season sack record with 16, is the Cowboys' only standout player.

BIG TEN

Michigan	10–1
Ohio State	8–3
Iowa	8–4
Indiana	7–4
Illinois	7–4
Michigan State	6–5
Wisconsin	5–6
Purdue	4–7
Minnesota	2–9
Northwestern	1–10

Despite the loss of Heisman winner Desmond Howard, Michigan has more than enough talent to win another Big Ten title. Ohio State will offer the Wolverines their sternest challenge, provided the Buckeyes can find a capable quarterback to replace graduated Kent Graham.

Iowa is another team facing the challenge of replacing a veteran quarterback, since two-time All–Big Ten Matt Rodgers has departed. Coach Hayden Fry, who guided the Hawkeyes to a ten-win season last year, will look to Jim Hartlieb, who played well last season when Rodgers was injured. Fry also has to replace 1000-yard rusher Mike Saunders. Marvin Lampkin, who averaged 5.5 yards a carry as a backup last year, will get the call. Center Mike Devlin is the best of an excellent offensive line. Iowa's defense is a notch down from last year's with the loss of several key players, including end Leroy Smith. The first half of the Hawkeye schedule is brutal, with games against Miami, Colorado, Michigan and North Carolina State. Indiana will rely on the capable hands and feet of senior quarterback Trent Green,

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

The Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete Award recognizes achievement in the classroom as well as on the football field. Nominated by their colleges, candidates are judged by the editors of PLAYBOY on their collegiate scholastic and athletic accomplishments. The winner attends PLAYBOY's pre-season All-America Weekend (held this year at the Sheraton Bal Harbour Hotel in Bal Harbour, Florida), receives a bronzed commemorative medallion and is included in our All-America team photograph. In addition, PLAYBOY awards $5000 to the general scholarship fund of the winner's college.

This year's Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete is James Hansen from the University of Colorado. Jim was an honorable mention All–Big Eight performer at offensive tackle last year. An aerospace engineering major, he is a two-time GTE Academic All-America, a two-time student of the year in Colorado's School of Engineering and a Rhodes Scholar candidate. His grade-point average is 3.94.

Anson Mount Award nominees whose scholastic/athletic accomplishments deserve honorable mention are: Shane Hackney (New Mexico State), Steve Neeleman (Utah State), Troy Hoffer (Ball State), Tom Burns (Virginia), Steve Wasylk (Michigan State), Tim Ruddy (Notre Dame), Scott Hufford (Air Force), Robert King (Texas Tech), Greg Hoffman (Utah), J. J. Joe (Baylor), Michael Kozub (Navy), Mike Stigge (Nebraska), Joey Wheeler (Rice), Mike Compton (West Virginia), Brian Parvin (UNLV), James Singleton (Southern Mississippi), Pat O'Neill (Syracuse), Justin Hall (New Mexico), Scott Dennis (Temple), Chad Loup (Louisiana State), Mike McElrath (Army), Chris Hutchinson (Michigan), Carlton Gray (UCLA), Chris Park (Ohio University).

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who last year passed for 2627 yards and 12 touchdowns and rushed for another 202 yards and 13 TDs. Coach Bill Mallory's number-one task is replacing graduated running back Vaughn Dunbar. Brett Law, Emmett Pride and Jermaine Chaney will all get their chance out of the backfield. The Hoosiers return seven starters from a unit that led the Big Ten in total defense last season. Eight wins and a sneak into the top 20 is a possibility for this team. Lou Tepper, who picked up the coaching reins from John Mackovic just before Illinois lost to UCLA in the John Hancock Bowl, is counting on senior quarterback Jason Verduzco and a solid offensive line to carry the Illini while a young but talented defense learns the ropes. Verduzco will finish as Illinois' all-time leading passer if he matches his 1991 numbers. Tepper thinks his young defense will be among the best in the nation by year's end. He's particularly impressed with sophomore linebacker Dana Howard. Michigan State, picked by most prognosticators to finish in the top 20, suffered through an embarrassing 3–8 season last year. The Spartans looked slow, confused and uninspired under coach George Perles, who spent much of his time and energy in a battle with the school administration over his dual role as coach and athletic director. Perles finally relinquished his AD duties this past spring and is now focused on his football team. Perles' offensive line is big (sophomore tackle Shane Hannah is 6'6", 320 pounds) and by mid-season should be experienced enough to open big holes for running back Tico Duckett, the Big Ten Offensive Player of the Year in 1990. The defense will certainly be better than last year's unit, which allowed opponents an average of 380 yards per game. Barry Alvarez is slowly rebuilding Wisconsin's football program. Last year Alvarez coached the Badgers to their best season (5–6) in seven years and signed several outstanding recruits in the off-season. Pass defense and turnovers accounted for much of Wisconsin's success last year, and the defense will have to carry the burden again this season if the Badgers are to succeed. Seven starters return from last year's unit, but, unfortunately for Alvarez, All-America cornerback Troy Vincent is not one of them. It took a good part of last season for Purdue's players to grasp new coach Jim Colletto's I-formation attack. The new scheme, which emphasizes the run, did pay off, however, as the Boilermakers improved from 55.6 rushing yards per game in 1990 (last in Division I) to 177.7 yards last year. With opposing defenses now having to respect the run, quarterback Eric Hunter should have better opportunities to pass. Purdue's best player on the defensive side is nose guard Jeff Zgonina, who led Big Ten linemen in 1991 with 123 tackles. Former TCU coach Jim Wacker takes on a major rebuilding job at Minnesota. The Golden Gophers are coming off a disappointing 2–9 showing. Gary Barnett, former offensive coordinator at Colorado, assumes one of the most formidable coaching jobs in all of college football by taking over for Francis Peay at Northwestern. Just to give you a hint of Barnett's problems, the Wildcats, who open against Notre Dame, struggled against suited-up alumni in the spring game. With Peay gone and Stanford's Dennis Green being named head coach of the Minnesota Vikings, there is currently no African American head coach in Division I college football.

BIG WEST

Pacific	7–4
San Jose State	7–4
Nevada	7–4
Nevada–Las Vegas	4–7
Utah State	3–8
New Mexico State	3–8
Cal State–Fullerton	3–8

Let's see if we can get this straight. Fresno State has defected from the Big West to the Western Athletic Conference. Long Beach State dropped its football program. The University of Nevada has come on board and will play a full Big West slate of games this season. Northern Illinois, Southwestern Louisiana, Arkansas State and Louisiana Tech will join the Big West and will play conference schedules—next season. Confused? Try to remember this: There are some powerhouse offensive football teams in the pass-happy but defenseless Big West.

Example: The University of the Pacific averaged more than 36 points per game last season but allowed opponents more than 40. The Tigers return Troy Kopp, one of the best quarterbacks in the nation. Kopp, a senior, is already fifth among NCAA career leaders in passing touchdowns (79), ninth in pass efficiency (139.8) and 20th in total offense (8438 yards). Teammates Aaron Turner and Ryan Benjamin have some impressive credentials of their own. Turner needs just seven TD catches to break the NCAA career mark of 38, and 77 receptions to break the total for receptions. Benjamin is the nation's top returning all-purpose running back, with 1581 yards and 51 pass receptions. If the Tigers had just a hint of defense, they'd be dangerous. San Jose State is another offensive dynamo. Quarterback Jeff Garcia was third in passing efficiency in the nation last season (behind Elvis Grbac and Ty Detmer). The Spartans averaged more than 33 points a game but gave up nearly 27. Promising junior-college linebacker recruits Jimmy Singleton and Woon Park offer some hope for the future. Nevada, a Division I-AA power the past several years, has made the jump to the big time. Coach Chris Ault modestly states, "Really, we are a few years away from being a true Division I team, but we had to seize the opportunity when it came along." Nevada, which has won the Big Sky Conference championship the past two years, should have no problem with the adjustment, especially since it has two quality quarterbacks in Fred Gatlin and Chris Vargas and a pack of talented receivers. Nevada–Las Vegas could improve over its 4–7 record of last season if either of two young quarterbacks comes through. Bob Stockham is a highly regarded junior-college transfer, but John Ma'ae, who doubles as a receiver, is the only returning Rebel who has to date taken a Division I snap from center. Charlie Weatherbie, former Arkansas offensive coordinator, has taken over at Utah State. He's installed a wide-open offensive scheme that often calls for no running back, even though State has a good prospect in redshirt freshman Abu Wilson. New Mexico State coach Jim Hess thinks his 2–9 team of last season went from "hopeless and helpless to competitive and respectable." The Aggies will have to improve on defense and avoid injuries on both sides of the ball if they are to remain respectable. Cal State–Fullerton coach Gene Murphy has scrapped the Titans' single-back spread attack in favor of an option attack. "We're going to have some fun in 1992, no matter what happens," says Murphy. With opponents averaging more than 34 points a game last season, perhaps it doesn't matter what offensive scheme the Titans run.

EAST INDEPENDENTS

Penn State	9–2
Army	3–8
Navy	3–8

With Penn State assuming a full slate of Big Ten games next season, the only remaining major Eastern independents will be Army and Navy. Army coach Bob Sutton, who finished 4–7 in his first year of command, loses nine starters from last season's unit, including the entire backfield. All three quarterback candidates missed spring practice because of injuries. The situation with running backs and receivers isn't much better. The Army defense, headed by free safety Mike McElrath, will have to hold the line while the offense figures out how to play the game. Navy returns 14 starters, but that group managed to win only one game last season. Coach George Chaump has revised the defense and shifted personnel to "place our best twenty-two players on the field in 1992." Tackle Bob Kuberski is the best Midshipman on defense, and quarterback Jim Kubiak, running back Jason Van Matre and receiver Tom Pritchard are Navy's most dangerous offensive weapons.

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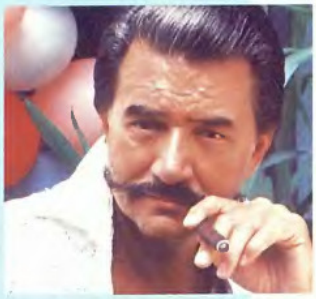
Bowling Green has a good shot at repeating as Mid-American champion this year. The Falcons finished off an 11–1



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overall season with a 28–21 California Raisin Bowl win over Fresno State. Coach Gary Blackney returns all of his skill-position players, including quarterback Erik White, the MAC Player of the Year last season, and receiver Mark Szlachcic, the California Bowl MVP. Blackney's problem will be rebuilding both offensive and defensive lines, where most of last year's starters were

MID-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Bowling Green	8–3
Miami University	7–4
Toledo	7–4
Western Michigan	7–4
Ball State	6–5
Central Michigan	5–6
Akron	5–6
Eastern Michigan	4–7
Ohio University	3–8
Kent	2–9

lost to graduation. Tough nonconference games will hurt the Falcons' overall record. Miami University has one of the MAC's best defensive performers in middle linebacker Curt McMillan. Coach Randy Walker describes him as "one of the best defensive players I have ever seen—at any level." Sixteen other starters return from last season's 6-4-1 squad. Toledo, which lost three games by a total of ten points, still managed a 5-5-1 record. Gary Pinkel, who is beginning his second year as the Rockets' head coach, expects to have another strong defensive unit. He has installed a spread offense in an attempt to throw the ball more often and more efficiently than in the past. Western Michigan, 6–5 last year under coach Al Molde, with a comparatively easy nonconference schedule, should do no worse this year. Ball State's defensive unit has ranked among the nation's top 20 in five of the past seven years, so it shouldn't have been surprising when Notre Dame hired away the Cardinals' defensive coordinator, Rick Minter, after last season. Coach Paul Schudel quickly promoted secondary coach Tim Burke, and with eight defensive starters back from last year, Ball State figures to again be one of the better defensive teams in the MAC. It was a season to remember for Central Michigan last year. CMU traveled to East Lansing to play Michigan State and, in the first game ever between the two, knocked off the Spartans 20–3. The Chippewas finished the season with four ties (6-1-4), which, of course, tied an NCAA record. Joe Youngblood succeeds Jeff Bender, who was a four-year starter at quarterback. Akron makes its MAC debut this year. Gerry Faust's team was 5–6 last season as an independent. The Zips figure to have an anemic offense, with seven starters gone from last season, but should have a stubborn D.

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Of course, Notre Dame is the class of all the independents. After only four years, coach Doug Rader has lifted Tulsa's football program out of the doldrums. Last season the Golden Hurricane finished 10–2, capping the season with a 28–17

MIDWEST INDEPENDENTS

Notre Dame	10–1
Tulsa	8–3
Cincinnati	4–7
Louisville	3–8
Northern Illinois	3–8

victory over San Diego State in the Freedom Bowl. Rader, still the youngest Division I-A coach at the age of 35, has Tulsa on the brink of cracking the top 20 (Tulsa finished 21st in the AP poll last season). Junior Gus Frerotte will replace quarterback T. J. Rubley, and Freedom Bowl MVP Ron Jackson will take over for tailback Chris Hughley. Cincinnati's football team would like to emulate its basketball team's success of last season, but despite returning 16 starters from a 4–7 squad, improvement is unlikely. The Bearcats do have two talented quarterback candidates in juniors Paul Anderson and Lance Harp. Tailback David Small returns after posting Cincinnati's first 1000-yard season since 1986. Coach Tim Murphy has taken the available talent as far as it can go. After losing 24 seniors from its 1990 team and quarterback Jeff Brohm to a broken leg in the second game of last season, the Louisville Cardinals predictably fell on their faces. Coach Howard Schnellenberger has Brohm back and is too good a coach to stay down long. But the climb back to national prominence will not happen this season. Northern Illinois (2–9) took it on the chin big time last season, yielding an average 33.1 points per game to opponents while averaging only 13 points on offense themselves. Coach Charlie Sadler had to start 11 first-year players and was forced to use ten players at tailback during the season. Sadler hit the junior-college circuit for immediate help and the schedule is a little easier. But the Huskies have miles to go before they can do anything but bark at opponents.

PACIFIC TEN

Washington	11–0
California	8–3
UCLA	8–3
Stanford	8–4
Arizona State	6–5
USC	5–6
Washington State	5–6
Arizona	4–7
Oregon	4–7
Oregon State	3–8

The Pac Ten has more teams in our top 20 (four) and more players on our pre-season All-America team (six) than any other conference. Washington has another dominating team, and California, UCLA and Stanford are extremely talented.

Arizona State, beaten 25–6 by California last season, got its revenge on the Golden Bears by hiring Bruce Snyder, the Bears' coach, to head up the Sun Devils' program. Snyder will install the aggressive, attack-style defense that so many teams are adopting. This spring Snyder wasn't able to decide who his starting quarterback would be—he likes all three candidates: junior Bret Powers and freshmen Garrick McGee and Grady Benton. The Sun Devil he's most impressed with is split end Eric Guliford (55 receptions for 801 yards last season), who he says "has the courage to catch the ball in the middle and the agility to catch it on the sidelines." These are tough times at USC. The Trojans finished a miserable 3–8 last season and, considering the tough schedule, may not be able to avoid another losing season this year. The heart of the problem is a weak defense that too often left the offense in bad field position or playing catch-up. Coach Larry Smith, who doesn't have as many impact players as he had in the past, will use a lot of people defensively, particularly linebackers, and will try to create havoc for opposing offenses by being aggressive. The Trojan offense, with quarterback Reggie Perry and tailback Deon Strother returning, should be better than last season. Playboy All-America tackle Tony Boselli, only a sophomore, is another in USC's long tradition of great linemen. Flanker Curtis Conway is a dangerous return man. If the Trojans don't show better results than last season, Smith could be in trouble despite a recent contract extension. Washington State returns all offensive starters from last year's squad that generated 4348 yards in total offense. Quarterback Drew Bledsoe is the trigger man in the Cougar attack. The 6'5" junior, who threw for 2741 yards and 17 TDs last season, already has pro scouts drooling. The Cougars, under coach Mike Price, were young defensively a year ago, with as many as four freshmen starting. Arizona, 4–7 last year, probably doesn't have enough talent to avoid another losing season. Billy Johnson, the team's leading rusher last year, isn't likely to be at full strength after February surgery on an Achilles tendon, and wide receiver Terry Vaughn will be slowed by recent knee surgery. Coach Dick Tomey will rely on versatile sophomore Chuck Levy, who started the final four games of last season at quarterback, can run from the tailback spot and can return kicks. If Levy is used as a rusher, ambidextrous senior George Malauulu will get the call at quarterback. Oregon got off to a 2–0 start last year before injuries, particularly at quarterback, soured the Ducks' fortunes. Coach Rich Brooks was forced to play five quarterbacks during the course of the season, rendering Oregon offensively ineffective. Two of the injured QBs, Danny O'Neil and Doug Musgrave, are fully recovered and head

Brooks's depth chart for this year. The best player for Oregon on defense is free safety Eric Castle. Jerry Pettibone really knows option-style football, which he proved when he was head coach at Northern Illinois. Pettibone's problem when he took over last year at **Oregon State** is that the Beavers didn't have the right talent to run a successful option offense. Result: 1–10. Pettibone has attempted to remedy the situation by recruiting Roman Foster, a junior-college option quarterback, and prep option standout Rahim Muhammad. In addition, sophomores Mark Olford and Sedrick Thomas may have learned something in their trial by fire last season. OSU has more athletic ability and speed on defense than it has had in recent years, but it's probably too soon to look for many Ws.

SOUTH INDEPENDENTS

Memphis State	7–4
East Carolina	6–5
Louisiana Tech	5–6
Southern Mississippi	4–7
Southwestern Louisiana	4–7
Tulane	3–8

With unaffiliated teams dwindling to a precious few, Memphis State, East Carolina, Southern Mississippi, Cincinnati and Tulsa formed the Independent Football Alliance during the off-season. The purpose of the alliance (not an official conference) is to ensure scheduling and, the schools hope, to find some TV markets.

Memphis State could be one of the surprise teams of the year. The Tigers return 19 starters from a team that won five games and was blown out only by Tennessee last year. Chuck Stobart, who was USC's offensive coordinator before taking over at MSU two seasons ago, will favor the pass over the run as soon as he decides on a starting quarterback. Joe Cole, the backup QB last season, will be pressed by redshirt freshman Darrell Williams and junior-college transfer Steve Matthews. The Tigers' starting defensive unit from last season returns intact and is led by All-America linebacker Danton Barto. **East Carolina** had its season of seasons last year. The Pirates lost a 38–31 opening-game nail-biter to Illinois and then recorded 11 consecutive victories, including a Peach Bowl win over North Carolina State. East Carolina finished ninth in the national rankings. Winning brought its own problems, as head coach Bill Lewis was then hired by Georgia Tech. Former offensive coordinator Steve Logan was hired to replace him. Replacing quarterback Jeff Blake and All-America linebacker Robert Jones, both of whom have joined the NFL, may not be so simple. **Louisiana Tech** faces its most difficult schedule since moving up to Division I-A three years ago. The Bulldogs, coached by Joe

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Raymond Peace, will be quarterbacked by 6'4", 230-pound Sam Hughes, who has already been compared by some with Tech alum Terry Bradshaw. Jason Davis, the fourth-leading rusher in the nation (135.1 yards per game), also returns. Tech, which posted strong records the past couple of years, will find this year's schedule to be rough, with seven road games against opponents such as Alabama, Baylor and West Virginia. Southern Mississippi will miss star running back Tony Smith and 17 other starters from last year's 4–7 squad. A new defensive coordinator was hired by coach Jeff Bower, and the Golden Eagles will shift to a 4-3 alignment. Southwestern Louisiana suffered through its worst season (2-8-1) since 1981. The culprit? No offense. SWL averaged only slightly more than 13 points per game. The fact that only seven starters return on the offensive unit may be a plus for coach Nelson Stokley. Until the Ragin' Cajuns learn to score some points, their defense, which returns nine starters, will have to hold the line.

SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE

EASTERN DIVISION

Florida	11–1*
Georgia	9–2
Tennessee	7–4
Vanderbilt	6–5
Kentucky	3–8
South Carolina	3–8

WESTERN DIVISION

Alabama	11–1*
Mississippi State	8–3
Arkansas	7–4
Mississippi	6–5
Auburn	5–6
Louisiana State	4–7

*includes SEC play-off game

The SEC has added new members Arkansas and South Carolina, split into two divisions (East and West) and will stage a conference championship game at the end of the regular season between the divisional winners. Florido and Georgio are the two best teams in the East, and Florida is probably the best team in the entire conference.

Johnny Majors, recovered from off-season heart surgery, is faced with a major rebuilding job at Tennessee, where 27 seniors—including impact players such as quarterback Andy Kelly and safety Dale Carter—have departed. In addition, All-America wide receiver Carl Pickens passed up his senior year to enter the NFL draft, leaving Tennessee without an All-America pass-catching candidate for the first time in recent memory. Heath Shuler and Jerry Colquitt are two promising sophomore quarterbacks, but they have completed only three forward passes between them on the collegiate level. The Volunteers will probably run often this year, using James "Little Man" Stewart and Aaron Hayden, two sophomore running backs who combined for more than 1600 yards as freshmen last season. All of last season's starting linebackers are gone, as are three of four players in the secondary. Gerry DiNardo did a terrific job in his first year as Vonderbilt coach. Before last season, he took his team to a pre-season camp at Bell Buckle (the players called it Hell Buckle), Tennessee, for two-a-day workouts. The team developed a toughness and chemistry not apparent previously, and the Commodores went on to finish the season with a 5–6 record (3–4 in the SEC), equaling the number of wins the team had accumulated over the prior three seasons. DiNardo has 17 starters back from last year and his eye on a winning season. Quarterback Marcus Wilson, who led the SEC last season in scoring with 68 points in just eight games, is one of the returnees. DiNardo's biggest concern is replacing tailback Corey Harris (1103 yards), who moved on to the NFL. Since he joined Kentucky two years ago, coach Bill Curry has managed to coax only seven wins out of the Wildcats, so now he's installing a new offense that features both the triple option and a wide-open passing game in an effort to bolster their point production. Sophomore quarterback Pookie Jones, an excellent scrambler, appears ideally suited to run the show. New conference member South Corolino (3-6-2 last season) faces a rugged eight-game SEC schedule with an unproven receiving corps and a quarterback, Wright Mitchell, who has never started a college game. Sophomore running back Brandon Bennett (702 yards) will get a lot of work. The defense, which gave up an average of more than 24 points per game last season, will be sorely tested by this season's schedule.

In the West, Alabamo should reign supreme, though the Crimson Tide had better be alert when it makes a

REST OF THE BEST

QUARTERBACKS: Rick Mirer (Notre Dame), Gino Torretta (Miami), Eric Zeier (Georgia), Elvis Grbac (Michigan), Jason Verduzco (Illinois), Alex Van Pelt (Pittsburgh), Marvin Graves (Syracuse), Troy Kopp (Pacific), Drew Bledsoe (Washington State), Trent Green (Indiana), Shawn Jones (Georgia Tech), Erik White (Bowling Green)

RUNNING BACKS: Jerome Bettis (Notre Dame), Trevor Cobb (Rice), Derek Brown, Calvin Jones (Nebraska), Glyn Milburn (Stanford), Ricky Powers (Michigan), Robert Smith (Ohio State), Terry Kirby (Virginia), Errict Rhett (Florida), Garrison Hearst (Georgia), Greg Hill (Texas A&M), Kevin Williams (UCLA), Tico Duckett (Michigan State), Adrian Murrell (West Virginia)

RECEIVERS: Andre Hastings (Georgia), David Palmer (Alabama), Eric Guliford (Arizona State), Clarence Williams (Washington State), O. J. McDuffie (Penn State), Willie Jackson (Florida), Lamar Thomas (Miami), Aaron Turner (Pacific), Freddie Gilbert (Houston), Stephen Shipley (TCU), John Henry Mills (Wake Forest)

OFFENSIVE LINEMEN: Mike Devlin (Iowa), Randall Parsons (North Carolina), Jim Pyne (Virginia Tech), Steve Everitt (Michigan), Robert Stevenson (Florida State), Todd Steussie (California), Alan Kline (Ohio State), Tre Johnson (Temple), Tom Scott (East Carolina), Mike Bedosky (Missouri), Kevin Mawae (LSU), Mark Govi (Tulsa), Bob Garman (Washington State), Willie Roaf (La. Tech), Jesse Hardwick (Fresno State), John James (Mississippi State)

DEFENSIVE LINEMEN: Jeff Zgonina (Purdue), Jason Gildon (Oklahoma State), Sam Adams (Texas A&M), Reggie Barnes (Oklahoma), Coleman Rudolph (Georgia Tech), Chris Hutchinson (Michigan), Zack Rix (Fresno State), Leonard Renfro (Colorado), Dan Williams (Toledo), Darren Mickell (Florida), Bob Kuberski (Navy)

LINEBACKERS: Darrin Smith (Miami), Demetrius DuBose (Notre Dame), Travis Hill (Nebraska), Greg Biekert, Chad Brown (Colorado), Carlton Miles (Florida), Ron George (Stanford), Arnold Ale (UCLA), Curt McMillan (Miami University), Brooks Barta (Kansas State), Dana Howard (Illinois), Raymond Bowles (San Jose State), Barry Minter (Tulsa), Mark Parris (Ball State), Danton Barto (Memphis State)

DEFENSIVE BACKS: Roger Harper (Ohio State), Tom Carter (Notre Dame), Eric Castle (Oregon), Lance Gunn (Texas), Sebastian Savage (North Carolina State), Jimmy Young (Purdue), Carlton McDonald (Air Force), Derwin Gray (BYU), Larry Kennedy (Florida), Mike McElrath (Army)

KICK RETURNERS: Curtis Conway (USC), Tony James (Mississippi State), Fred Montgomery (New Mexico State)

PLACE KICKERS: Craig Hentrich (Notre Dame), Scott Bonnell (Indiana), Doug Brien (California), Eric Lange (Tulsa)

PUNTERS: Pat O'Neill (Syracuse), Shayne Edge (Florida), David Lawrence (Vanderbilt), Tommy Thompson (Oregon), Mike Stigge (Nebraska), Mitch Berger (Colorado), Brian Parvin (UNLV)

mid-November trek to Starksville, Mississippi, to play Jackie Sherrill's quickly improving Mississippi State team. Sherrill lived up to his reputation as a winner last season by guiding MSU to its first winning record since 1986 (7–5) and first bowl game (Liberty) since 1981. And he has more talent to work with this year. Quarterback William "Sleepy" Robinson, who ranked second in the SEC in passing efficiency last season, returns. Plus, the Bulldogs have added wide receiver Olanda Truitt, a Pittsburgh transfer who could be a big-timer. Sherrill will mix in a couple of junior-college All-America transfers, running back Kevin Bouie and linebacker Lateef Travis. Arkansas coach Jack Crowe's four years of experience as an assistant to Pat Dye at Auburn should come in handy now that the Razorbacks are playing in the SEC. Crowe has Greg Davis as new offensive coordinator and the Hogs plan to use a one-back set. Much about the new offense remains untested, however, since Jason Allen and Doyle Preston, Crowe's leading candidates at the quarterback spot, were held out of contact at spring practice because both were recovering from knee surgery. Mississippi coach Billy Brewer shook things up after the Rebels finished 5–6 last season. He hired new offensive and defensive coordinators and tossed UM's split-back formation in favor of the increasingly popular I-back alignment. Quarterback Russ Shows and running back Marvin Courtney return from last season, as does Everett Lindsay, a Playboy All-America guard. An entirely new defensive scheme ensures that Rebels on both sides of the ball will have the chance to be confused early in the season. The name Eric Ramsey has seared its way into Auburn football tradition, but not because of any gridiron heroics. Ramsey is the former Auburn player who charged that he received illegal benefits including cash from members of Auburn's coaching staff and an alumnus. Tape recordings he made of conversations with Dye and his assistants appear to back up at least some of the charges. The story generated widespread negative publicity for Dye and the Auburn football program, and a preliminary investigation by the NCAA is underway. But Dye, who resigned as athletic director, continues to survive as head football coach. However, if the Auburn Tigers have another losing season (they finished 5–6 last year), Dye's job may not be secure. In order to win, he thinks his Tigers have to toughen up. "Somewhere we've lost that edge we might have had at one time around here," says the coach. And he concedes, "We don't have as much ability as we've had in the past." Stan White will begin his third year as starting quarterback. But much of the offensive line is new and there is no big-time running back in the backfield. Unless Louisiana State can pull off an upset against early season opponents Texas A&M or Mississippi State, the Fighting Tigers may tumble to their fourth losing season in a row. Coach Curley Hallman's charges played well last season in close losses to Florida State and Alabama, but three Tiger wins were by a scant eight-point total. Quarterbacking duties will likely go to Chad Loup, who has had considerable experience as a starter. In fact, LSU returns eight offensive starters from last year. Unfortunately, one loss was LSU's best offensive player, All-SEC wide receiver Todd Kinchen.

•

Rumors abound that the Southwest Conference is about to come apart. Texas is said to fancy a spot in the Big Ten and Texas A&M would love to play in the SEC. Chances are the conference will fold from the bottom up, with hints that Southern Methodist may be ready to drop Division I play for financial reasons.

In the meantime, Texas A&M has more than enough talent to win the conference title this year even without an experienced starting quarterback. John Mackovic, former athletic director and head coach at Illinois, has taken over as coach at Texas. The Longhorns, who finished a disappointing 5–6 last season, lost two standout defensive line players, Shane Dronett and James Patton, to the NFL. Lance Gunn in the secondary is an all-conference-caliber player or better. Mackovic will switch Texas into a pro-style passing game offense that should benefit senior quarterback Peter Gardere, who has had an up-and-down career with the Longhorns. Running

SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

Texas A&M	10–2
Texas	7–4
Texas Christian	7–4
Houston	6–5
Texas Tech	6–5
Baylor	6–5
Rice	5–6
Southern Methodist	2–9

"And you must be Wendy's beau."

back Butch Hadnot is outstanding when healthy. Texas Christian returns 16 starters from last season's 7–4 team, which should augur well for first-year coach Pat Sullivan. TCU has an excellent pass-catch combo in quarterback Leon Clay and wide receiver Stephen Shipley. The Horned Frogs will enjoy an early soft schedule that could see them 5–0 going into their October 17th reality-check meeting with Miami. Injuries are a concern for Sullivan, since his team is thin at several positions. Last season was tremendously disappointing for Houston and then-Heisman-candidate quarterback David Klingler. Opposing defenses rambled through Houston's offensive line almost at will, forcing Klingler to either take the sack or run for his life. The Cougars lost four of their first five games as their highly touted offense sputtered. By the end of the season, it was the defense that fell apart, allowing TCU and Texas Tech a combined 101 points. Coach John Jenkins hired a new defensive coaching staff in the off-season and expects immediate improvement. Donald Douglas, not as good a passer but a better runner than predecessors Andre Ware and Klingler, will start at quarterback. Douglas can only hope the Cougars' offensive line will be improved over last season. Texas Tech played with a split personality last year: 1–4 to start the season, then 5–1, including wins over bowl-bound Arkansas and Baylor. Coach Spike Dykes has 14 starters back and hopes his Red Raiders can pick up where they left off. Quarterback Robert Hall, who led last year's turnaround when he took over as starter for the final six games, is only a junior. Baylor, which built a reputation for tough defense the past several seasons, must rebuild defensively, since only three starters return. Coach Grant Teaff, who took on the added responsibility of athletic director this past spring, thinks defensive end Albert Fontenot and linebacker Le'Shai Maston are solid players to build on. The Bears have good position players on offense in quarterback J. J. Joe and running backs David Mims and Robert Strait. However, they'll be playing behind an entirely new offensive line. Rice followers have dreams of a winning season for the first time since 1963 and a Heisman Trophy for running back Trevor Cobb. Coach Fred Goldsmith calls this team "the best that we've had in my four years here," and Cobb will get Heisman votes if he comes close to duplicating last season's 1692 yards rushing. With opposing defenses ganging up on Cobb, quarterback Josh LaRocca and some of the other Owls will have to step up their level of play. Southern Methodist suffered through an injury-riddled 1–10 season last year under first-year coach Tom Rossley. All but two starters from the offense return this season, but then the offense managed only 12.8 points per game last year. The Mustangs lost two quarterbacks to knee injuries in 1991. Mike Romo, SMU's third highest all-time passing leader, will probably not return this season, and the other, Dan Freiburger, was unable to participate in spring drills. Wide receiver Jason Wolf needs only 46 catches to become the SWC all-time reception leader—if someone can be found to pass him the ball.

WESTERN ATHLETIC CONFERENCE

Brigham Young	8–4
Fresno State	8–4
Air Force	8–3
San Diego State	6–5
Utah	6–5
Wyoming	6–6
Colorado State	5–7
Texas–El Paso	4–7
Hawaii	4–8
New Mexico	2–10

Brigham Young coach LaVell Edwards has yet to settle on which of five sophomores will replace Ty Detmer at quarterback for the Cougars. Whoever takes the snaps in Edwards' offensive system is likely to pile up big numbers. BYU's defense is quick and deep, particularly at linebacker, where Todd Herget was impressive in the spring. If the Cougars get off to a good start against Texas–El Paso in their opening game, they'll be the favorites to win the conference. Fresno State, 10–2 last year, moves from the Big West to the WAC. The Bulldogs led the nation in scoring (44.2 points per game) and total offense (541.9 yards per game) last year. Coach Jim Sweeney is looking forward to playing the tougher WAC schedule. "I think the schedule is going to challenge us so that there can be no letdown." Trent Dilfer should be a capable replacement for four-year starting quarterback Mark Barsotti. Sweeney's biggest headache is replacing nine starters from last season's defense. It's more than a little ironic that Air Force football philosophy is run, run, run. But that's what coach Fisher DeBerry has done with the Falcons and the results (10–3) have been spectacular. Air Force, which finished last season with a 38–15 drubbing of Mississippi State in the Liberty Bowl, ran up 4057 yards rushing out of its wishbone attack. With the graduation of quarterback Rob Perez, Jarvis Baker will step in to key the Falcons' attack. Defensive back Carlton McDonald, the WAC Defensive Player of the Year, returns for his senior season. San Diego State has one of the most exciting players in the country in Playboy All-America running back Marshall Faulk. After Miami's game against the Aztecs last season, Hurricane coach Dennis Erickson said, "We think of ourselves as a pretty good tackling team. We simply couldn't tackle Faulk." The freshman running back totaled 154 yards rushing against Miami, proving that his amazing numbers (1429 yards rushing in only 9½ games) weren't simply the result of weak-tackling opposition. Coach Al Luginbill has some other offensive weapons as well: quarterback David Lowery (2575 yards passing last season) and Darnay Scott, a wide receiver with blazing speed. An improved defense will be required in order for San Diego State to challenge for the conference crown. Utah has steadily improved under third-year coach Ron McBride. The 7–5 Utes, who led the conference in total defense last season, will add Houdini Nua to their defensive line in an effort to keep the magic alive. Senior quarterback Frank Dolce, who threw for 2444 yards and 16 touchdowns last season, will be joined by newcomer Jamal Anderson, a junior fullback McBride is high on. Wyoming will attempt to recover from a disastrous 4-6-1 season that saw the Cowboys decimated by injuries. Eight defensive starters were knocked out of action by the end of the year and 25 Cowboys underwent surgery during the season. Coach Joe Tiller will have some experienced young players returning, since many were pressed into action prematurely last season. Defensive tackle Thomas Williams (6'5", 290 pounds), who was suspended last year, has put in a lot of time in the weight room and should make an impact this season. Earle Bruce's rebuilding program at Colorado State got sidetracked last season. The Rams, who won five games in Bruce's first year as coach, then nine games two years ago, finished a disappointing 3–8 last season. Bruce isn't deterred. "I want to see this program take off, really grow." The Rams' best player is wide receiver Greg Primus, who already has 133 career receptions. Now coach Bruce has to decide who'll be throwing to him. Texas–El Paso is in good shape at quarterback, where two-year starter Mike Perez is backed up by highly recruited freshman Carlton Washington. Coach David Lee's biggest challenge is putting together an offensive line to play in front of them. Three consecutive mid-season road games will tell the story for the Gold Miners. Hawaii's hopes for a winning season were dimmed when slot back Jeff Sydner headed for the mainland and the NFL a year early. The Rainbows, whose defense was the best in the conference four of the past five years, suffered another blow when defensive coordinator Rich Ellerson departed. Coach Bob Wagner remains cautiously upbeat. "If our guys stay healthy, we could be all right." Dennis Franchione takes on the challenging job of coaching New Mexico's football team. Building a defense will be Franchione's first priority. The Lobos allowed opponents an average of more than 39 points per game last season.

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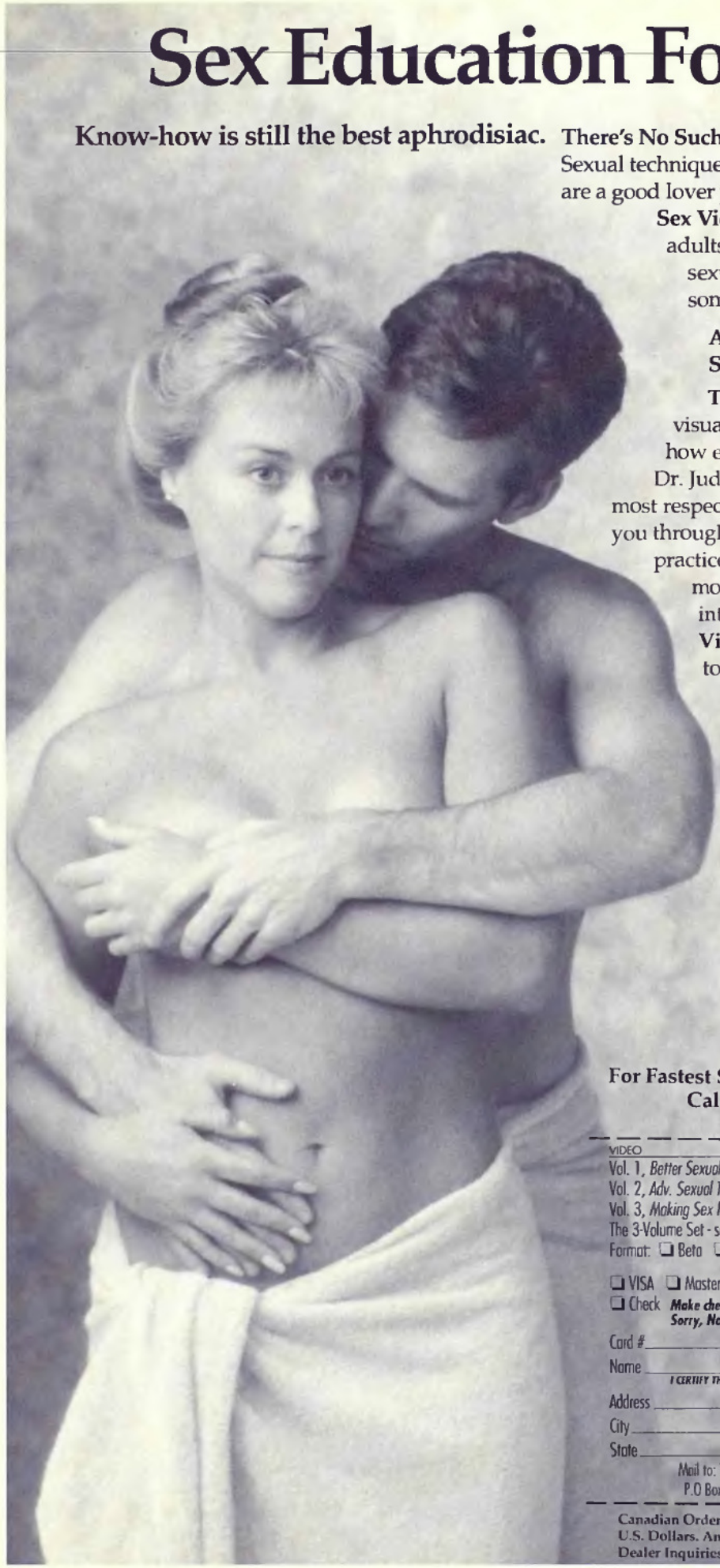

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BILLY CRYSTAL (continued from page 100)

"'Buddy is the angriest character I play. He's a big wrinkled child who doesn't know how to handle life.'"

what's just been said. Along with the sweet, sometimes sentimental comedy that's become his hallmark—such as the scene in *City Slickers* where he attempts to rescue the drowning calf—he has been writing and developing innovative, often tougher pieces of work. Beneath that comfortable surface, he's always on red alert.

As the creator and co-writer of *Sessions*, an HBO venture that came and went in six all-too-brief episodes, he used psychoanalysis as the framework for a raunchy, shrewdly funny exploration of a modern male's life. On *Comic Relief*, the annual televised fund-raiser for this country's homeless, he has been strongly political. "What the fuck planet do *you* live on?" he asked George Bush on this year's show through the mouth of an old black man whose store had been burned in the Los Angeles riots.

Earlier this year Crystal directed his first feature, *Mr. Saturday Night*, and played the starring role, much of it beneath elaborate old-age make-up. The movie spans 50 years in the life of Buddy Young, Jr., the acidulous stand-up comic he created and played on cable in 1982, then on *Saturday Night Live* and more fully and furiously on the 1986 HBO comedy special *Don't Get Me Started*.

"Buddy is the angriest character I play," Crystal says. "He's a child, a big wrinkled child. He doesn't know how to roll with the punches, how to handle life. And he doesn't quite know what he's angry at. He's angry at *it*, at whatever *it* is that's not working, and his anger knows no boundaries. The movie goes back and forth in time a great deal, and it's an intimate character study of this man who spoils everything he touches: wife, family, career. It's every nightmare that I would have for myself."

•

A hunched, slow-blinking, vinegar-voiced old man in a tuxedo stands on stage clutching a microphone. He looks eerily familiar, the same way the old man did in *2001*, when Keir Dullea opened the door of a Louis XVI room and saw his own future. We are not, to be sure, in some space-time continuum beyond the planet Jupiter. Rather, we're on location in a sunny recreation hall at Lake Malibu in California, where *Mr. Saturday Night* is shooting a scene that's supposed to take place in a Florida condo. Here Buddy Young, Jr., finds himself stuck at one o'clock in the afternoon with an audience of white-haired old men and blue-haired old ladies.

Yet there's a time-warp quality to this scene, too, for it predicts Crystal's facial future. According to the contours of the latex prosthesis that takes five or six hours to apply every morning, Crystal's nose at the age of 72 will have broadened, his lips will have thinned and his flesh will have strayed more than slightly from its skeletal moorings. Does it scare him to look at his older self on a TV monitor between shots, or in dailies on a larger, less forgiving screen? "Oh, that's a nut I chew on a lot," Crystal says with an uncertain grin. "Because it's not all that different from now."

Age doesn't make Buddy grin. It turns him sour and rageful, which drives his brother-manager to despair; Crystal describes *Mr. Saturday Night* as a comic's version of *Raging Bull*. In the scene being shot today, Buddy, ignoring his brother's plea to make nice with the audience, descends from the stage and heads for a little old lady on the aisle.

"Moses called," he tells her. "He said you're a great fuck."

The little old lady, part of a group of extras bused in from a Jewish community center in Encino, wants to be amused because she loves Billy Crystal as a man—as a mensch—but his character's cruelty leaves her genuinely shocked. That's perfect for the logic of the scene. Crystal shoots several takes, changing the words a little, varying the rhythms and intonations: "Moses called. He said to tell you you're a great fuck." Or, "Moses called; he wanted me to tell you you're a great fuck."

Gradually the old lady's shock lessens into surprise, and then into indifference. She has become, God help us, a trouper. I'm still startled, though, every time the hostile old man with the mike turns to the director of photography, Don Peterman, and asks in Crystal's own buoyant, vibrant voice how the shot looked. And I'm baffled when another old lady walks up to the director and star between takes, surveys the sorrowful ravages of his face and says brightly, "You look *great* this way. You look like Paul Newman!" It's either cataracts or eternal hope.

•

Mr. Saturday Night resonates with Crystal's feelings about the great comedians he grew up with, such men as Sid Caesar, Jonathan Winters, Carl Reiner and Ernie Kovacs, and with the sometimes ghastly, sometimes glorious folklore of the comic's trade. "I love comics so much," Crystal says. He then eagerly counts the ways his love was first expressed, and requited: staying up late as a preschooler to watch Caesar, staying

"Do you want to know what's wrong with this neighborhood? Nobody knows how to make a decent egg cream anymore!"

up even later as a prepubescent to watch Winters on *The Jack Paar Show* and cutting out a picture of Mel Brooks and Reiner from *The 2000-Year-Old Man* album cover and carrying it like a talisman in his pocket.

Later, as Crystal made his own way through the minefields of stand-up, comedians came to see him. Some of them were people whose work he'd memorized and performed as a kid. "Bill Cosby started to come down and watch me at the Bitter End in Greenwich Village, take me out afterward, talk to me about what I was doing. That meant a lot to me because he was such a big hero. Then I got to know Belushi pretty well, and Dylan came in a couple of times, and it felt like this is where I was supposed to be. '*You're supposed to be in front of a brick wall at the Bitter End, and talk.*'"

On the journey from clubs to TV, Crystal hit some turbulence—he got bumped from the first *Saturday Night Live* and wasn't sure where he was supposed to be for several years thereafter. But with his gifts as a writer, performer and mimic, he became a mainstay on later editions of *Saturday Night Live* and populated his comedy specials with such characters as fatuous Fernando, catatonic Joe Franklin and the two aging Juniors, Sammy Davis and Buddy Young.

His inevitable next step was into features—as an actor in such films as *Rabbit Test*, *Throw Momma from the Train*, *The Princess Bride*, *Memories of Me*, *When Harry Met Sally* and *Running Scared*, as a producer-performer-cum-minimagnate in *City Slickers* and now, in *Mr. Saturday Night*, as an artist in full control of his medium.

Here again, Crystal seems to have landed exactly where he was supposed to be—in the company of other comics turned film makers, people such as Woody Allen, Steve Martin and Albert Brooks, who have managed to create a little Golden Age of handmade movies in the midst of Hollywood's dross.

The picture took a huge physical toll—nine months from start to finish, five months in actual production, 83 shooting days, with 52 of them in the old-age make-up that left only enough time for three hours' sleep. By the end of production, Crystal's exhaustion had become a way of life. But so, too, had his role as a high-tech painter possessed with putting his vision on the screen. "I love every inch of it," he said. "I love touching every nook and cranny." As the shooting days dwindled to a few, Crystal began to think about the transition he would have to make, in a period of exactly three weeks, from wrapping his first feature as director and star to hosting the 64th Academy Awards show.

"It's so strange," he said during the last week of production, "thinking I've got to tell jokes. I've got to come up with jokes. It's like being a comedian."

•

What's deeply strange is how the Oscars have taken over Crystal's career. Here's a man who has spent most of his adult life developing himself as an artist, yet a single show of surpassing goofiness has made him one of the best-known celebrities on the planet.

This year especially, Crystal drew reactions and reviews that few performers would dare dream of. *ABC News* anointed him Person of the Week. "His comedy and class have made more than one marathon Oscar broadcast eminently watchable," said Peter Jennings. "Here is a man who will take chances in front of hundreds of millions of people."

Most viewers can still recall what he did in front of the cameras: his rat-a-tat of one-liners in his opening song—Did Barbra Streisand's movie direct itself?—that lent the show honesty as well as laughs. But the more you know of what went on backstage, of Crystal's state of mind and weakened body before the show, the more you're inclined to look back on his performance as a kind of public ecstasy, a comic's high that must have ranked with the highs of Olympic athletes going for the gold, gamblers breaking the bank or astronauts running rings around the moon.

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less than 24 hours before the show, he was miserably sick and getting sicker. Dressed in blue jeans, white sneakers, a black crewneck sweater and a navy blazer, he grabbed every chance he could to get off his feet. When I arrived at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion around eight o'clock, I found him sitting in the dark on a piece of scenery, off to the side of the stage, sipping tea. A few minutes later, when a disembodied voice summoned him to rehearse the start of the show, he stood up, traded his blazer for a tuxedo jacket, hit his mark and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I have a horrible cold."

That was the understatement of the evening, and of the following day. What he had, in the wake of his numbing fatigue from *Mr. Saturday Night*, was a 103-degree fever and pneumonia. He'd been so sick over the weekend that the producer, Gil Cates, lined up Tom Hanks as a last-minute replacement; as late as Monday afternoon Hanks looked like a good bet to host the show.

"I can't stand up anymore," Crystal told Cates at two o'clock. "If I'm going to do the show in four hours, I can't finish the rehearsal."

He never did finish. Having already run through his musical number, which was what concerned him the most, he fell asleep and recharged his batteries enough to propel himself into the spotlight when the show went on the air. Once out there, he had plenty of jokes to fall back on. Crystal and a trio of writer friends—Bruce Vilanch, Robert Wuhl and Crystal's manager, David Steinberg (no relation to the comic of the same name)—had been generating new material for weeks, winnowing out the stuff that didn't work, stockpiling the stuff that did and compiling an enormous script that, like a football coach's playbook, allowed the host and his offstage cohorts to plug in clever plays and witty options in response to what was happening on stage.

Yet no amount of preparation could have anticipated Jack Palance's preposterously—and only semi-intentionally—funny acceptance speech for Best Supporting Actor in *City Slickers*. The moment Palance started doing one-arm push-ups and puffing up his sexual prowess, Crystal felt a new kind of fever grip his body and clear his mind.

"When I came back out—we'd gone to commercial right after Jack won—I went to the podium, said Jack was a man of few words and went into this thing about how he's on the StairMaster at this point. Then I stumbled into the Ironman competition, I'm getting more laughs, and I say, 'We'll keep you posted,' and I'm getting screams, and I know I have it, oh, here we *go*!"

Offstage again, Crystal rushed to his writers and said, "We're gonna run with this." Immediately, they started searching for the next joke. "I go, All right, I did Ironman, there's this and this and this, what about bungee jumping, next one could be bungee jumping, what about that? Next time I go out, I say, 'Jack Palance is bungee jumping off the Hollywood sign.' Oh, *big* one, boom! I come off again, go to the guys. Bob Wuhl wants to run 'He's the sexiest man alive.' It's funny, we can use it later, but it isn't strong enough for now. Meanwhile, ten or fifteen little kids flying around the stage in the number from *Hook*, I'm going toward the podium, I turn to Bruce Vilanch and I go, 'He's the father of all these kids,' and Bruce cracks up. So when I got out there I just went, 'Jack Palance is the father of all these kids.' Oh, this *gigantic* laugh! It was fun! It was alive! I felt the line and it was exciting."

Three hours into the show, Crystal felt less alive. He thought he was going to pass out. "They had a nurse and a doctor standing by, and they took me to an office, and there's Paul Newman. He looks at me and says, 'You OK?'

"They lay me down, and Paul Newman is putting a pillow under my head, and they're giving me these sucrose drinks, taking my pulse and my blood pressure, and he's telling me how much he loved *City Slickers*. I mean, it's *Paul Newman*, and he looks great, he's telling me how good it is and I'm going to be OK, and he's feeling my head.

"They get me back into pretty good shape, and my heart rate is OK, so I go out again and I see this intro I'm supposed to read for Shirley MacLaine and Liza Minnelli, a last-minute change I hadn't seen that makes absolutely no sense. I'm so tired, it's something about past lives, and I'm going, What *is* this? It's *crazy*!

"But that morning, when they picked me up at home, I'm reading the *L.A. Times* in the car as we're driving in and I see Bill Clinton's 'I didn't inhale,' and I think, I gotta say this tonight, this has to be my opening joke—didn't inhale. But I stay away from it, stay away from it, stay away from it. And, finally, at that point when I'm feeling high myself, it just came out. *Didn't inhale*. It was bold and it was funny and unexpected, because I was lost with this crazy intro, and it just flew out. That's how the whole show went for me this year."

•

For all you jazz fans out there, imagine sitting back in the good old days and listening to a band composed of Buck Clayton and Henry "Red" Allen on trumpets, Zutty Singleton on drums, Willie "the Lion" Smith on piano, Tony Parenti on clarinet, Tyree Glenn on trombone and Eddie Condon on guitar. What is it, you may ask, an all-star group assembled for a concert by *Downbeat* magazine? No, it is the band that played at Billy Crystal's bar mitzvah.

Jazz musicians were regular members of Crystal's extended family. His father

ran the Commodore record shop, a jazz mecca on 52nd Street and Lexington Avenue, and his uncle co-founded Commodore Records, so Billy and his two brothers knew Billie Holiday as a babysitter as well as a singer, and their house, as he likes to recall, always smelled of brisket and bourbon: "There'd be Zutty Singleton at Passover going, 'Bitter herbs—do I eat this or smoke this?'"

No wonder, then, that Crystal's collection of comic characters includes the black clarinetist Face, which was Billie's nickname for him as a child, or that Crystal plays black characters without apology or hesitation—and often without make-up—but with great accuracy of ear and heart.

Yet music was only part of the loamy soil in which Crystal's comedy grew. He still beams when he recalls the living room of his grandmother's house, five blocks from his own, in Long Beach, Long Island. "It was the greatest room you'll ever . . . everyone has that room, I hope. As soon as you walked in, everyone's arms were around you, people loved you, you loved seeing them. It was a fantastic family that, like all families, had a lot of ups and downs, but they just loved one another. My mother didn't have many friends, she didn't need any, she had all of her family. So I think I couldn't have ended up any other way than the way I am."

Everyone doesn't have that room, of course, and Crystal's own happiness was shattered at the age of 16 by his father's sudden death from a heart attack. But the formative years before that seem to have been singularly sweet, and his memories of them clearly inform such work as his *Midnight Train to Moscow* comedy special, which began with him hearing funny voices à la *Field of Dreams*—"If you go there, take a jacket"—included a touchingly awkward encounter with a group of cousins and other long-lost relatives living in the Soviet Union and ended with a meeting on a Russian train between him and a radiant young woman, played by his daughter Jennifer, who turns out magically to be his grandmother Sophie at the age of 15, emigrating to the United States.

That's vintage Crystal—the sentimentality is unabashed, the sentiments are heartfelt. In a profession that bristles with angry, bitter performers, he sometimes seems like the last happy man. His work has been criticized for being too sweet, and he knows it. But he also knows who he is and how much he really cares about friends and family. "I've also been painted as being scared and obsessed about dying or getting older, but it isn't that at all. I just feel the pressure of liking what I'm doing and liking my life so much that I want as much of it as I can have in the time allotted to me.

"I've become more in touch with that as I turn around and see that Jenny's out the door, and my younger daughter Lindsay's gonna go in three years. I miss Jenny so much now that she's away, I miss them both when they're here. I miss times that blurred by because I was working so hard."

A couple of years ago, as the speaker at Jenny's high school graduation, he said a lot of smart, hip, funny things about youth, and his audience ate it up. But he wanted them to know why adults get gushy as they watch their kids move on, so he spoke with characteristic emotion: "When you have held a tush in your hand, or fallen asleep with a beating heart of an infant on your chest, you'll understand us."

That's Crystal, too. If Buddy Young, Jr., in *Mr. Saturday Night* is every nightmare he might have had for himself, Billy Crystal is the man that Buddy might have dreamed of becoming—a performer who parlayed a great start in his grandmother's living room into a rich, rewarding life.

"The living room is in the movie strongly," Crystal says, "and the memories of my brothers and me making people laugh. There was that, there was only that, getting laughs, it was the greatest thing, *I loved to make my folks laugh*. I can't analyze it. If you write that I need to be hugged and loved, fine, I have a good time doing it. I give a lot, I get a lot back."

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cry incest *(continued from page 88)*

"'I don't know if what I'm remembering is really true!' she sobbed. 'I don't want the memories to be true!'"

emanating from the rubber-hose sessions. My ego was starting to feel mugged by mass emotion. And we still had three days to go!

Next on the itinerary was "sharing."

That meant we would take turns sitting in front of everyone else and talking about our abuse. Many women looked fearstruck. But Beth said we had to do this. For one thing, she said, hearing the other stories might trigger memories.

First up was Andrea. She was short, overweight, in her early 30s and from a family she said belonged to a satanic sex-and-torture cult. Andrea talked disjointedly about the rituals practiced when she was a child. Black robes, candles stuck up a child's vagina and anus. Knives and swords fatally impaling a child. A sacrifice. Body parts consumed to glorify the Devil.

She shook and cried while speaking, and seven other women moaned in sympathy like some strange Greek chorus. They, too, were ritual-abuse survivors. Most suffered from multiple-personality disorder.

Andrea had a terrible problem: In her memories she saw her mother in the cult. Yet her mother was a good person, Andrea loved her. So what did this mean? "I don't know if what I'm remembering is really true!" she sobbed. "I don't want the memories to be true! I don't want them to!" Distraught, she burrowed into Beth's bosom.

Beth clucked philosophically. "Andrea, all the wants in the world can't change what you know. You really know inside what happened, but you spend all your energy saying, 'No, it didn't.' You need to face those memories, that rage. I want you to get onto a mattress. Now."

After Andrea, a competition began over satanic abuse. Cathy said she'd been in a cult where she killed three children. Babies! And not only did she wield the fatal knife but she also excised the livers. Of her own kids! After Cathy hobbled hysterically to the mattresses, Teresa told us that her father was the king of a cult with headquarters just a few miles down the road. Just three weeks earlier, he had summoned her to the headquarters and raped her. The idea, Teresa said, was to impregnate her, let her go, then capture her in nine months and sacrifice her newborn.

Everybody gasped at this horrible conspiracy involving a rapist active in the local area, as well as a plan to murder someone. But not one person suggested calling the police. I didn't either—I didn't want to be seen as a perpetrator interfering with Teresa's work.

"God," Donna said later. "People who were sexually abused in satanic cults. After that, who wants to listen to how Dad used to criticize my schoolwork?"

•

Indeed, a good ritual-abuse story at this retreat was about as hard an act to follow as a confession in Salem village—and, according to many experts, just as bogus.

Myths about evil adults torturing children are universal. Such tales express people's anxieties about their own infantile aggressive and sexual impulses, fear of other groups and forebodings about social change. The Romans accused Christians of sacrificing Roman babies. The Christians leveled similar charges against Gnostics, and later against Jews for slaughtering gentile children to make Passover matzo.

But what if a thoroughly modern adult talks about growing up in a cell of a transgenerational, international satanic megacult, being raped on an altar, suffering ritual abortions and eating fetuses? Since the early Eighties, hundreds of women—and some men—have claimed they remembered such scenarios. Once, they would have been labeled hysterical, schizophrenic or borderline-personality fantasizers. Today, many are diagnosed as suffering from multiple-personality disorder.

Because this disorder is thought to result from severe childhood abuse, many therapists now take the ritual-abuse survivors' stories literally.

The problem is, no one can find evidence to back up these stories. With hundreds of people talking about thousands having killed tens of thousands, one would expect to run into *something*—a body, skull, finger bone, missing-children reports or the cults' financial ledgers. Yet despite extensive police investigations, nothing has turned up. Lack of evidence has made skeptics of officials such as Kenneth V. Lanning, the FBI's expert on ritual-abuse claims. In a recent issue of the journal *Child Abuse & Neglect*, he concluded that because "victims'" stories are so unsubstantiated, it is now "up to mental health professionals, not law enforcement, to explain why victims are alleging things that don't seem to be true."

•

Sunday:

Day three, and I was half deaf from the banshee mattress noise, sick of hearing every emotion and statement fractured into humanoid slivers. ("That's your inner two-year-old crying," the therapists would tell anyone who started weeping. To anyone who joked, argued or cursed, they would say, "What a cute, rebellious inner teenager you have!") It was also tiresome to be handed a piece of hose and ordered to pretend a phone book was my mother or father. ("I can't," I would say, "I'm not that mad." They urged me to just fake it.)

But it was never tiresome to hear the complicated reality that poked through the most bizarre stories, and that could be found on top of even the ordinary ones.

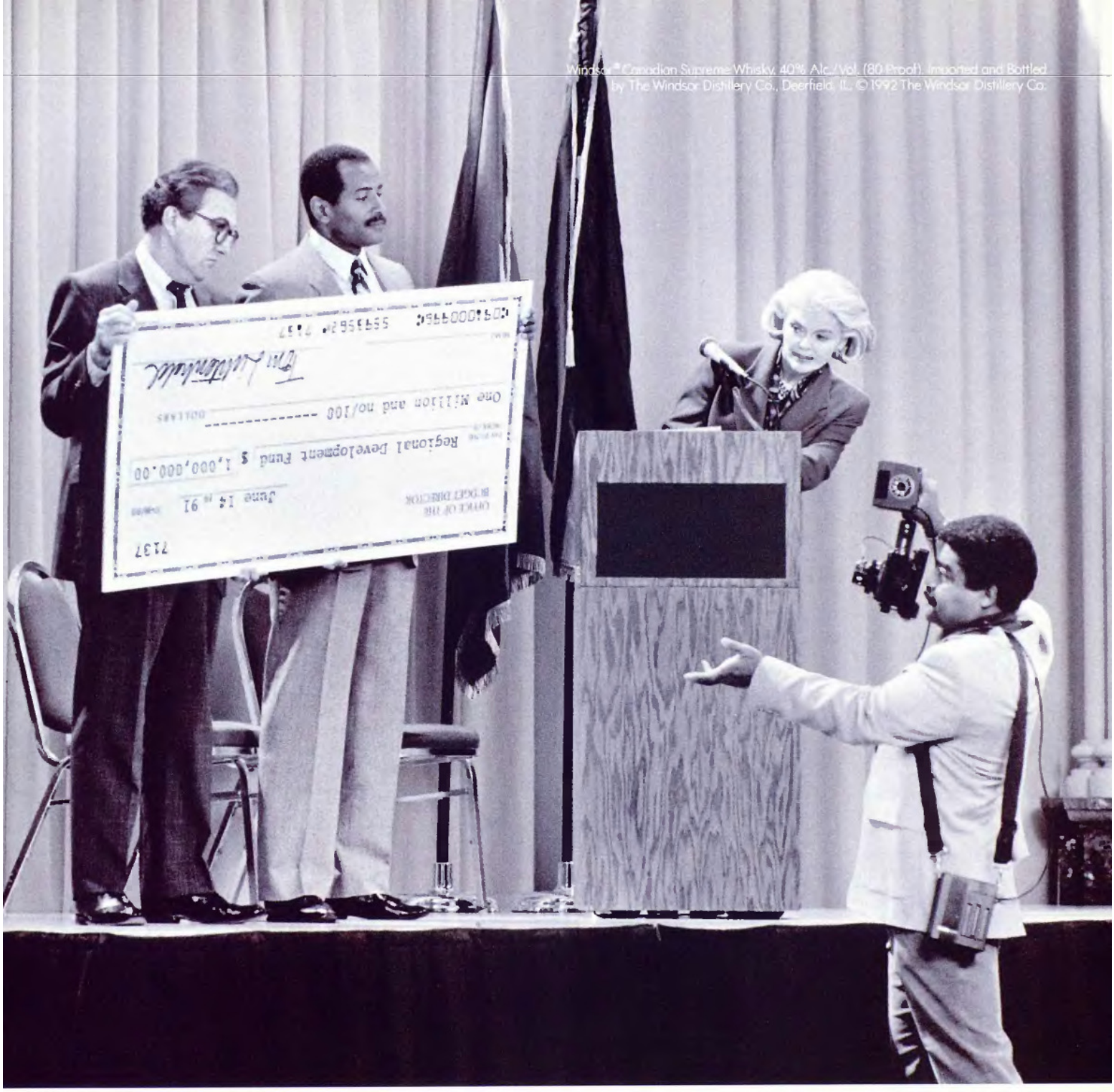
The improbable accounts, for instance, seemed fraught with guilt about normal sexuality. Ritual-abuse survivor Cathy fingered a crucifix as she recited, in rote tone, details of eating the livers of newborn babies. Real emotion didn't come until she told of having "fallen in love with a married man when I was in school," in the early Sixties. "I was a virgin then—at least I thought I was until I remembered the cult stuff recently—and the first time we had sex, I got pregnant. He wouldn't get a divorce. So I had an abortion. I killed my own baby! My own baby. The worst thing I've ever done!"

Louise seemed bored when describing how her mother administered electroshocks to her vagina when she was four months old. Yet, she moaned, mortified, as she remembered getting pregnant in high school and having her mother send her away to give up the baby.

There were also stories that were so prosaic in their detail that they could be nothing but real. Carol covered her eyes as she told about the time her mother was hospitalized, and Carol was starving for attention. At night her father started getting into her bed and fondling her genitals. At first she was grateful for the affection, but then she knew it was wrong. Later, when she told her mother, the family had a powwow. Her father said, "What's the problem? I didn't penetrate her! Besides, she wanted it." Then her brothers beat her black and blue for embarrassing their father.

A housepainter who worked mostly alongside men, Kim had an exceptionally generous take on the world (she tried to deal nicely with co-workers who called her things like honey or bitch). But she was terrified of male violence. During the Vietnam war, she said, if she and her sisters suggested that Nixon shouldn't bomb Cambodia, her Army colonel father would beat them until the girls said, "Yes, Daddy, yes, we support the war."

Stories like these seemed too unadorned and too concrete to be concocted, intentionally or not. They moved me to tears, and to anger—anger at the big and little indignities girls and women commonly suffer at the hands of men and patriarchy. But anger, too, at the



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swimsuit competition atmosphere of this retreat. At least at Atlantic City, I thought, you'd be allowed to take the stage if you presented the requisite tits, ass and coiffure. Here, you couldn't go on unless you qualified as a victim—and not just any victim. The only kind that cut it here was one who'd suffered the stigmata of rape, torture and black robes. Then there was the talent show. You had to demonstrate how perfectly you could mother your sweet, innocent inner child. The therapists kept talking about how we were uniting here to heal from incest, how this was so liberating for womankind. I couldn't quite see it. From Miss America to some postmodern Virgin Mary? Is this how far we'd come? The prospect seemed discouraging.

The reward—to mount those mattresses and go noisy and muscular with anger—was tempting. Clearly, the women here lusted to do this. And why not? As we sat bunched together, I remembered the old Sixties' consciousness-raising groups, those dialogs about our daily lives, histories and miseries, where we hammered out how they all formed patterns, and how we should change things politically. Now we were in the Nineties: monologs, higher powers, stuffed animals. Still, it was seductive to pound on things, to scream, to say dirty words as loud as we could, to cry.

But what happened to people who couldn't remember their victimization? Marilyn, who had been only battered, ran around raging in piteous frustration: "No one's paying attention to me!" she wailed. Lee, a stockbroker whose mother was merely alcoholic, shrugged in disgust and vowed never again to attend a retreat. Others felt abashed but resigned. "I have to live with the fact that I may never remember anything," one person sighed.

•

In another city not far from this room full of mattresses, a woman who calls herself Jane Doe sat working. She is one of a growing number of people whose children are accusing them—wrongly, the parents say—of sexual abuse.

Many alleged abusers are grandparents, if not retired. Their offspring are long grown. These adult children are claiming their parents did terrible sexual things to them when they were small, and even when they were not so small. Jane's 33-year-old daughter, for instance, has accused her father of molesting her from when she was three and raping her between the ages of 14 and 16. Yet she did not remember any of this until two years ago, when she went into therapy. She revealed her memories to her parents during the Christmas holidays in 1990, when she invited them to fly cross-country for a visit to her home, and then kicked them out hours after they got off the plane. She told them they couldn't see their grandchildren again.

Jane and her husband have known each other since they were young children, and she swears he is psychologically incapable either of committing incest or lying if he had. Robert Brisentine, Jr., a nationally known polygraph expert, has given Jane's husband a lie detector test and concludes he is truthful when he denies abusing his daughter.

Jane believes her husband unstintingly. After she published an anonymous article about her family in the journal *Issues in Child Abuse Accusations*, and after *The Philadelphia Inquirer* mentioned the episode, both publications were deluged with calls from people reporting similar experiences.

Concerned parents in Philadelphia formed the False Memory Syndrome Foundation. The foundation has heard from more than 550 parents throughout North America. Their children are scattered around the country, too, but all seem to share one experience: Only after they were exposed to therapy did they recall incestuous abuse that their relatives swear didn't happen.

A spokesman for the False Memory Syndrome Foundation says they reveal common patterns. Most accusers are well educated, from upper-middle-class families with the usual tensions. Some have serious problems: Roseanne Arnold's father, for instance, who with his wife belongs to the organization, admits to having beaten Roseanne once. Often, the group says, children's letters of accusation arrive on Mother's or Father's day. Some accusers sue their putative molesters for damages. Even if things are resolved before they reach court, families can be estranged.

Janice Haaken, a professor of psychology at Portland State University, has written about the relationship of fantasy, memory and reality. She is disturbed that some therapists fail to distinguish the difference. In *The Courage to Heal*, readers are assured that "no one fantasizes abuse." "Only 'real' memories are deemed worthy of attention," Haaken says. "If you say, 'This actually happened to me,' the therapist's concern is elicited. If you describe a fantasy, it isn't." Haaken thinks she knows why the incest-recovery movement—even one based on false memories—is so seductive. "Women are experiencing tremendous splits. On one level they have achieved tremendous gains, fundamentally challenging traditional gender roles and discrediting discriminatory practices. Yet much is still the same, and though women may feel more competent in their public roles, their personal lives feel harder. The contradiction can make them feel troubled, preoccupied with primitive rage."

According to Haaken, women and their therapists are often at a loss to justify this rage. "Many of my patients are feminists," she says. "They've drawn on concepts of goodness in women, and they don't know what to do with psychic material that expresses aggression." Therapists may seek easy ways to assure women that their aggressive impulses lie outside them. A simple way to do this is to conclude that violence really happened, to seek out literal culprits and traumas. "This kind of therapy assumes women have no aggressive fantasies, none of their own sexual agency," says Haaken.

But the therapeutic rush to fracture women cripples their ability to understand themselves and reality. If this is unfortunate for family members who may be illogically and falsely accused, it evokes another tragedy. "I worry about the cry wolf phenomenon," says Richard Green, who teaches law and psychiatry at UCLA and who edits the *Archives of Sexual Behavior*. "We may one day look back at this period as just another fad in psychiatry, part of an antisexual backlash we're experiencing in many areas now. But meanwhile, there really is abuse out there, and if enough people make false accusations, eventually no one's going to believe anything."

•

Monday morning:

On the retreat's final day, we sang *Little Rabbit Foo Foo* and *Michael Row the Boat Ashore*, and Kim the painter stood up to say how wonderful it was that we'd made a community of women here in these woods. The therapists nodded, and people cried and hugged. Then Donna addressed the group.

"I had a dream last night," she said. "An incest dream." She looked calm, relieved. "Besides my father, other people were there. It felt good. But that makes me feel ashamed."

Beth the therapist answered on cue. "Donna," she said, "you've made your start. When your kids inside are ready, more memories will come." Everyone smiled.

The retreat was ending. People were already signing up for the next one. Beth gave us titles of books to read to help us with our healing. One was by the daughter of a dead Hollywood screenwriter. This screenwriter, his daughter says in the book, used to stick a fire poker and parts of a doll up her vagina, but she didn't remember it until she was in her 40s and was hypnotized. Learn how to hypnotize yourself, she says. And don't give up hope, because victims are sometimes visited by "beings of white light."

Donna put down her teddy bear and began taking notes. I did, too. I will keep her last name in my notes. I wonder when her parents will show up in the False Memory Syndrome Foundation files.

 (continued from page 128)

"I saw in Maria the promise of a sane life. I saw Sunday dinners and afternoon screwing."

who worked in the laundry on the first floor of our building.

I wanted to tell her that in any other city, in any other place, this would not have happened. Nowhere else in America, I wanted to say, would a greasy, shit-filled *crespelli* like Rocco Giaccalone be allowed to tyrannize a neighborhood. But it was a hot day, I was still woozy from the fog cutters and there was no use making speeches.

"It was late," I told her. "I was tired."

"And drunk, too, probably." She smiled and pulled her curly brown hair away from her face. "You Irish, you shouldn't drink."

Maria was wearing a pair of cutoffs. The puffy white crescents of her ass were peeking out beneath the fringe. I thought again about asking her out. She worked for the guy who owned our building, and every once in a while she'd sneak up to our place for a cup of tea. One time, I'd made plans to have dinner with her, but then I found out she had a daughter, so I canceled. Told her I had the flu. But now, with my car up on jacks and my luck running off in a dozen crazy directions, I saw in Maria the promise of a sane life. I saw Sunday dinners and afternoon screwing, a little bedroom with floral wallpaper and a crucifix hanging over the door. I pulled Evan over beside the tow truck and asked him if he thought she'd give me another chance. "Give me some advice," I said.

Evan adjusted his glasses and eyed the crowd. "Move your car," he said.

•

For days I paced back and forth between the kitchen and living room, cooking up schemes for revenge. The good plans, like smashing the windows in Giaccalone's Fleetwood, were too dangerous. The safe ones, like waking him with phone calls in the middle of the night, were so silly that to carry them out would only humiliate me further.

And then, on Friday night, while we were out on the fire escape with a bottle of White Label, we saw a dog wandering down Hanover Street, poking her nose into the trash bags on the sidewalk.

"Is that Coco?" I said.

"No," Evan said, "it's the world's tallest rat."

"Fucking Giaccalone. The guy should be shot. A dog like that, out eating garbage."

"Someone should give her a good home," Evan said. I smiled at him and he smiled at me, and before we knew it, we'd staggered downstairs and opened the door. Then Coco was in our apartment, wolfing a piece of New York strip that we diced up and placed in a bowl for her. She darted around the apartment, sniffing at the furniture. Then, without so much as a whimper, she curled up in an armchair and fell asleep.

I balanced myself on the arm of the chair and stroked her neck. "The great Coco," I said.

Evan lay on the couch. "The great Coco," he muttered.

"Did I tell you I once won ninety dollars on this dog?"

He began to snore.

I lay on my bed in my shorts. "Ninety dollars."

•

Next morning, as ever, the white cups gleamed in their racks behind the counter at Caffè Tripoli, the pastries lay in rows in the cases and the air had that wonderful, bitter taste of espresso.

But anyone could see that something terrible had happened to Giaccalone. There were dark circles around his eyes. His hair had not been combed. He was chain-smoking. He ignored his sweet roll and coffee. He picked up the paper and put it down, then sat wringing his hands and looking out the window like a zombie.

Tony ran in and whispered into his

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uncle's ear. The old man said something. Tony shook his head. The old man cuffed him and said, "Then try again," and Tony ran out.

I held the *Globe* up in front of my face. "This is better than sex," I said.

"I can't remember what sex feels like," Evan said.

"Like your hand, only warmer. You think he suspects us?"

"This guy?" Evan stirred sugar into his cappuccino. "This guy couldn't suspect his way out of a broom closet."

We took a cannoli home for Coco. She met us at the door, wagging her stumpy tail. "Look, she actually likes this fucking dump," Evan said.

She had finished the bacon and eggs that I'd put out for her, and there was a fresh loaf of dog crap on the newspaper under the kitchen table. I rolled up the paper, tossed it into the trash and set out a new sheet.

Evan bent over. "Wait a minute—my mother's soup bowl? A dog is eating out of my mother's china?"

"Relax. A dog's mouth is way cleaner than a human's. Everybody knows that."

"I don't know that." He picked up the bowl and put it into the sink.

There was a knock at the door. I looked out the peephole. Mrs. Ronsavelli was in the hallway, craning her neck up at me. "Christ," I said, "it's the Bride of Frankenstein again."

"Has she got Gus with her?"

"No," I said.

Gus, the neighborhood plumber, visited the Bride two or three times a week. He carried his toolbox as if he had come to fix something, and in a way, I guess he had, because he always came out after an hour or so with his hair messed up and a spring in his step.

"What the fuck does she want?" Evan said.

"What, I'm a mind reader? Get the dog out of here."

She knocked again.

I said, "Just a minute."

"It's Mrs. Ronsavelli. I need to talk to you."

"OK," I said. "Just a minute."

Evan took Coco into his room. "Ask her if she's wearing any underwear," he said.

The Bride spidered into the room. "You boys were playing that music again last night. I asked you not to play that music."

"That's a nice dress, Mrs. Ronsavelli."

She clicked her tongue against her teeth, then spied the newspaper on the floor. "You have a pet?"

"Our pipes leak. Maybe you could send Gus over next time he's here."

She scowled. "There are no pets here. They bring fleas."

"We don't have a pet."

"You've heard about Mr. Giaccalone's dog?"

I shook my head. "You mean Coco?"

"Gone." The old lady nodded.

"The people from the race track took her?"

She peered up at me through her thick glasses, which magnified her eyes and made her look like a creature from outer space. "Where is your roommate?"

"Doing errands. I was just running out myself."

I opened the door. She began to step out, then stopped and wagged her finger. "Pets bring fleas," she said.

•

The original plan was to hold Coco hostage for the weekend, just long enough to put old Giaccalone into the cardiac unit at Mass General. But on Sunday morning I opened the *Globe* and found he'd placed an ad offering a $5000 reward for the return of his dog.

"Well, folks," I said, "it's a whole new ball game."

Evan, of course, had to pretend that he had morals. It's a Jewish thing, King Solomon and all that crap. Catholics, we just swing away, like Wade Boggs with a three-and-two count, and when the sinning's done, we go to confession and have our souls wiped clean.

"I don't know," he said. "I mean, it's one thing to pull a hack, but this—this would be stealing."

I reminded him that I had gone along with his idea to put the Jerusalem B virus in the sales department's computers and that I'd shared the blame with him when he couldn't clear it from the server. "You owe me," I said. "Besides, the fucker ruined my car. He owes me for those tires."

"What if they catch us? They'll cut off our fucking thumbs. How do you type without thumbs?"

"You tap the space bar with your stump."

In the end he came around, as I knew he would. He wanted to do it as much as I did. Who wouldn't? The clincher was when I reminded him that his $3200 Visa balance was going to cost him $576 in interest alone this year. "You pay it off, you can start all over again," I said.

"OK, OK, I'm in," he said. Now that we were partners he was all excited. "The neighborhood's talking about it," he said. "They've got posters up everywhere and they've got all the little kids out hunting around. It's fucking crazy. By the way, I saw Maria."

"Did she say anything about me?"

"She said you're a fag and you wear your pants too high."

"Blow me."

"I'm off baby food."

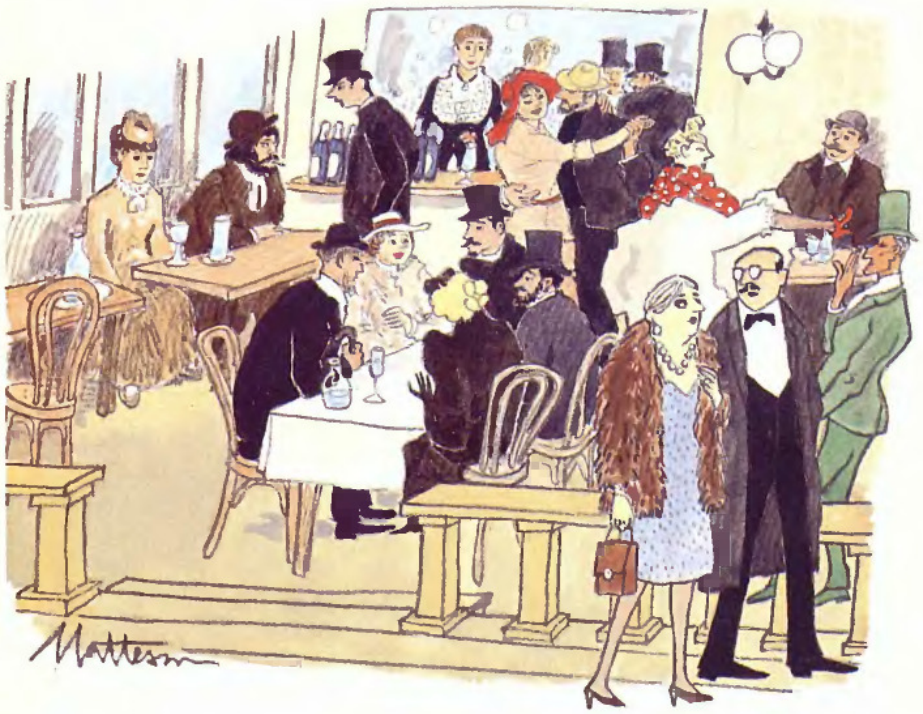
•

We rented post-office boxes in Andover, Newburyport and Boston, all under false names, and arranged to have the mail to the Boston box forwarded to Andover, and the mail to Andover forwarded to Newburyport. This was my plan. "Clean, simple, elegant," I said.

Evan smirked. "Childish, low-tech, thoroughly unworkable."

"Hey," I said, "we're not dealing with rocket scientists here."

But when we called Giaccalone's reward hotline and Evan said, in his Squeaky the Clown falsetto, that we wanted the money mailed to us, the guy laughed. "It's those fucking kids again," he said. "Hey, mail *this*, motherfucker."



"You absolutely certain we haven't been here before?"

Then he hung up.

"Look," Evan said, "why don't we just take the dog down there, tell them we found her and collect the money?"

"Golly, Evan, why don't we jump in front of trucks on I-93? Why don't we wander around Roxbury at night? They won't pay us—they'll fucking kill us."

He lay down on the couch and adjusted his glasses, which he'd repaired with black electrical tape so that they made him look like someone who'd escaped from an asylum. This was appropriate, since outside our little hostage den the city was going crazy.

On Salem, on Prince Street, on the door of St. Anthony's Social Club—the whole North End was papered with Coco posters, and up on Bunker Hill, little packs of children spent their evenings running through the backyards calling for Coco. Reward posters filled the grocery store windows; the ushers at St. Stephen's handed them out at Mass, stapled to the parish bulletin. At night, Gus snuck down the alley behind our building, calling to the dog, then ran up the back stairs and gave the Bride the high hard one.

•

On Wednesday Giaccalone raised the reward to $10,000, and the *Herald* ran a story on the front page with a picture of the old crook looking distraught and holding a framed photograph of Coco. The headline read, LOST DOG BRINGS $10,000 REWARD; "SHE'S LIKE MY CHILD," CAFÉ OWNER SAYS.

"*Café owner*? That's like calling Charles Manson a youth-club director," I said.

"I didn't know he owned the café," Evan said.

"Christ only knows what he owns." I tossed the paper onto the coffee table. "Anyway, ten thousand bucks. I feel like goddamn Julius Rosenberg."

"What?"

"You know, with the Lindbergh baby. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg."

"The Rosenbergs didn't steal the Lindbergh baby."

"Well, that's what you say. But from what I've read, there was proof."

"The Rosenbergs were convicted of spying."

"What?"

"It was a different case. The Lindbergh baby was taken by someone else."

"Well, whatever." I picked up the paper. "That's what I feel like."

"You're going to feel like Jimmy Hoffa if we wait much longer."

•

Coco was not just a dog, she was the *über*-pet, and I hated the fact that we had to keep her cooped up, because she had way too much dignity for that. Take the TV remote. She knew that when I watched TV, I didn't play with her, so she used to hide the remote. Only after I'd played with her for a while would she lead me to it. I had nine credits toward a master's degree and this dog was teaching me tricks. And then, as if to insult me, right in the middle of playing she'd drop into an armchair and fall asleep, and I'd be standing there with a chew toy in my hand, feeling like a fool.

She'd been spoiled. When we brought her bones from the butcher or toys from the pet store at the mall, or when we covered her armchair with a comforter or gave her one of my sneakers to chew—never, not once, did she show any appreciation. She used our gifts and played our fetch game and let us pet her, but she kept us at a distance. I was never sure whether she loved us or despised us.

"She reminds me of a girl I went out with in college," Evan said. "Beth Heidelman from Shaker Heights. Total JAP."

"Be serious," I said. "You went out with a girl in college?"

Like fools, we competed for Coco's affection. We fed her steak at night, bacon and eggs in the morning, and at lunch we took turns driving home to feed her hamburger and give her fresh water. I mean, it was sick. A lot of times I'd stop on the way and pick up a cannoli, just so I could stand there, enraptured, and watch as she snapped up the chunks of ricotta cheese with her long, muscled tongue.

At night, when we got home, she met us at the door. We started calling her the Wife. She watched movies on the VCR with us, she hid behind the armchair and peeked out, and if she slept in Evan's room, I felt—well, I felt jealous.

•

We worked at a place called Ionic Software, developing (I use the term loosely) a groupware program called Nectar. The project was two years past deadline, the fake-tan assholes in marketing were screaming for code and we were nowhere near done. The thing was crawling with bugs; every time we fixed one, we created two. It was insane. We'd long ago decided that Nectar would never actually work and that we were simply biding time until marketing caught on and fired us. "Who gives a shit about groupware, anyway?" Evan used to say. "I mean, why do these people want to work in groups in the first place?"

Now, with a dog held hostage in our apartment and the Mob ready to drill us new assholes, neither of us could concentrate long enough to even look for bugs in Nectar, let alone fix them. Evan spent his days going for coffee and hovering around the girls in the sales department. I played video games, and in the evening I found excuses to visit Maria at the laundry.

"We've got a pool going," she said. "Pick the day that Coco comes back and you win the money."

"What if she doesn't come back?"

"We give the money to the church. We're selling Coco T-shirts, too." She held up a shirt with a picture of Coco and the words HAVE YOU SEEN ME? silkscreened on the front. "Blue or white. Ten dollars. You want one?"

I bought two—white, extra large—and took them upstairs and showed them to Evan. "This whole fucking neighborhood is out of its mind," I said.

He was in his bedroom at his computer, trading e-mail on one of the X-rated bulletin boards. Coco was asleep on his bed, muzzled and leashed to the bedpost.

"Look at this shit," he said.

I leaned over and read the semicoherent ravings of some fool talking about his hard-on to a woman named Gloria and following her orders to put an ice cube up his ass.

"Who are these sick fucks?" I asked.

"The guy is an account executive in New York."

"What about Gloria?"

"*C'est moi.*"

"What?"

A line appeared on the screen: WHAT SHOULD I DO NEXT?, it read.

Evan typed: TAKE A PAPER CLIP AND CLIP IT TO YOUR RIGHT NIPPLE. THEN DO THE LEFT.

A line appeared: YOU'RE VICIOUS, GLORIA.

Evan typed: THAT'S MISTRESS GLORIA TO YOU, SCUM.

"This is disgusting," I said. "Even for you."

"Last week I made him singe the hair off his balls with a lighter."

A line appeared: I'M BLEEDING.

I flipped off the computer, grabbed Evan by the shoulder and reminded him that we might be bleeding ourselves, and bleeding profusely at that, if we did not come up with a way to ransom back the dog.

"Fuck off," he said. "You're the mastermind here."

•

We went to Caffè Tripoli. "We can't stop going," I had said. "If we do, we'll look like suspects."

"Good thinking, Raskolnikov," Evan had said.

No sooner had we ordered coffee than Tony appeared at our table. "Hello, ladies," he said. "How're those new tires?"

"Great," I said. "How's the missing dog?"

He snickered. "Why, you got her? You fucking her in the ass? You're sick of doing it to each other, is that it?"

"You sound jealous," I said.

"Fuck you. You know what I think?"

"I didn't know you did think."

"I think you wouldn't know what to do with that dog because it's a girl."

"Tony," Evan said, "what *is* that perfume you're wearing?"

•

We were in the lab at work, reading other people's e-mail messages off the

server, when the solution came to me.

"Evan," I said, as we closed another of the pathetic love letters that our boss, McTwigan, had been sending to one of the sales assistants, "can you hack into a bank?"

"Depends. If it's a 3090, like at Mass First, sure."

"You can get in and get out?"

"Reilly," he said, "on a 3090 I'm Jesus Christ. I can walk on fucking water, OK?"

I switched on his modem. "Then start dialing," I said. "I'll make coffee."

After three hours of fucking up, we tapped into the Mass First host system. We created a new account, using the name Gloria Domina; we gave her a balance of $250.

•

The next day I went to the branch office on Hanover Street. "I'd like to make a deposit into my wife's account," I said. "I don't have her passbook."

"No problem," the teller said.

She called up the Gloria Domina account, took my $100 and handed me a receipt that showed a $350 balance. "Have a nice day," I said, and after I walked out, Evan walked in and opened an account in his name.

•

That night we called Giaccalone's hotline. I listened on the extension; Evan did the talking. "Don't hang up," he squeaked. "We're serious."

"All right, Tinkerbell," the guy said. "Give me the numbers on the dog's ID tag."

"Two-seven-five-five."

"Shit." He rustled a piece of paper. "OK, what's different about the dog's left front paw pad?"

Evan looked at me. I lifted the paw; it was white. I mouthed the words It's white.

"It's white," Evan said.

"OK, pal. You bring us the dog, we pay you the money. It's as simple as that."

"It's not that simple. Get out a pencil and paper and I'm going to give you a name and a bank account number where I want you to deposit the money."

"Oh, fuck. You're not going to pull this shit again, are you?"

Evan gave me his little-kid-lost-in-the-mall look; I couldn't take it anymore.

"Look, jerky," I said, "the dog hasn't eaten in three fucking days. You make us wait another day and we're going to turn her into hamburger."

"Who the fuck was that?"

"Nobody," Evan squeaked. He waved at me to shut up. "But . . . but we'll do what he said. We'll do it, believe me."

"Hold a minute." The man went off the line; when the line opened again, Giaccalone was speaking.

"I want to hear her bark," he said.

"You what?"

"Bark, dick breath. How do I know she's still alive? Make her bark."

I took off Coco's muzzle, wrapped my arm around her and pinched her, hard, on the neck. She yelped.

"All right, you sick fucks. Give me the account number. And if we don't see that dog by tomorrow night, we go to the bank and freeze the account. And then we come looking for you."

"It's Mass First," Evan said. "The name is Gloria Domina. D-O-M-I-N-A. The account number is one-one-two-one-three-seven-five."

"Domina?" he said. "Isn't that the broad who goes out with Angiulo? Hey, who is this? Is this fucking Angiulo?"

"Just make the deposit."

"Hamburger?" Evan said. "We're going to turn her into hamburger?"

"I had to get his attention."

"You're a deviant, Reilly. A complete and utter deviant."

•

At 10:30 the next morning we tapped into the Mass First system. Gloria's balance was $10,350.

"I could cry," I said.

Evan transferred the money to his account and we drove to the Mass First branch at the mall and withdrew the money. We went back to work looking as if nothing had happened, which is not an easy thing to do when you're carrying $10,350 in cash in your backpack. We tapped into the Mass First system again. We vaporized Gloria Domina and closed Evan's account.

"No fingerprints," I said. "No paper trail."

"So how do we get rid of the dog?"

"Piece of cake."

"Really? How?"

"Don't worry."

"Don't worry? Don't fucking worry? What, you don't have a plan?"

"I have a plan," I said. "It's in the gestation phase."

The problem, of course, was the Bride. She ran to her peephole whenever anyone so much as moved in the hallway. There was no way to get the dog past her.

"We could wait until the middle of the night," Evan said.

"Too risky. She might be up soaking her hemorrhoids."

We went home and sat in the apartment and tried to come up with something. Meanwhile, down on Hanover Street, a couple of Giaccalone's thugs were standing on the sidewalk in leather jackets and driving gloves, scanning the street like Secret Service men.

"By now they've been to the bank," I said. "They know the money's gone."

Evan let the curtain fall back across the window. "I can't believe I let you talk me into this." Coco pressed her face against his cheek and tried to lick him through her muzzle, but he pushed her away. "Fuck off," he said, then went to his room.

•

I sat down; I stood up. I lay on the couch. But for the life of me, I couldn't think of a way to get that dog out of the building. But then Gus came poking along after dark, calling to Coco in the alley behind our building.

"Out looking for Coco again?" I asked as he skipped up onto our landing with a flashlight in his hand.

"For ten thousand bucks? You bet. And, well, Mrs. Ronsavelli's been having some trouble with her kitchen sink, so since I was going by. . . ."

The Bride opened her door and glared at him. "Mr. Reilly has been having trouble with leaks in his apartment," she said. "Maybe you should have a look over there, too."

"Ours seems to have taken care of itself," I said.

"Good, then." She yanked the poor sap into her kitchen.

I ran to Evan's room. "T minus ten minutes and counting," I said. "Get your big raincoat, put it over the dog and wait here."

I ran downstairs to the laundry. Maria was getting ready to close up for the night.

"Maria, this is an emergency," I said. "Do you still have the passkey for the apartments?"

"No—it grew legs and ran away." She reached up and took the key from a nail on the wall behind her. "What's the matter? You lock yourself out again?"

"It's Mrs. Ronsavelli. We heard a crash, and then she was making, like, this moaning sound, and then there wasn't any sound at all."

"Jesus Christ," she said, then blessed herself and ran up the stairs behind me.

We stood outside the Bride's door. "Hear anything?" I whispered.

"I hear a noise." She leaned closer. "There it is again."

"You go in," I said. "I'm going to call an ambulance."

Evan and I were down the stairs and opening the back door for Coco when the shouting began. The Bride was screaming in Italian, Maria was screaming back in Spanish—God knows what they were saying—and by the time Gus came flying down the back stairs with only his T-shirt on and his pants unbuttoned, Coco had raced down the alley and out of sight.

"How're those pipes, Gus?" I said.

"Go fuck yourself," he said, then ran off down the alley.

For a moment Evan and I stood looking at each other and not talking; it was one of those fine, clear times when your heart seems to open up and everything good about life rushes in.

"OK, then," Evan said. "Let's get wasted."

We drank champagne, we ate lobster and we put caviar on crackers, which, after I tasted one, I threw into the

sink. Evan did his impersonation of Tony. We threw the money around like confetti. We drank a bottle of Madeira and a bottle of Armagnac, and I got so loaded that at one point I was going to light a Macanudo with a $100 bill, but Evan stopped me.

"A toast," I said, lifting a glass of port. "Good guys one, guineas nothing."

Then I passed out. When I woke, it was morning and I was lying beneath a blanket of bills, like a kid in a leaf pile. The room was strewn with ashtrays and bottles and empty boxes, and there was a smell of smoke and food gone bad. My mouth tasted like I'd spent the night going down on a menstruating monkey. Outside, a truck groaned in the alley. The sun laid a pale line along the tops of the buildings across the street; the light was still too thin to warm the air. The room seemed dead, like a beach the day after a storm.

"Evan," I said.

He turned but didn't answer. He lay on the couch with a newspaper over his face, which was just as well, I thought, because what I wanted to say might be embarrassing. I lay on the floor, unable to sit up. To move was to feel my brain slosh across my head and collide with the side of my skull.

"You know, I was thinking I might take my money and open a little restaurant. You know? Like a breakfast place."

"Reilly," he said, "fuck off."

I tried to sit up, but the room tilted and spun like a carnival ride and I had to lie back down. "Also," I said, "I'm going to ask Maria out. I'm going to make a life for myself."

"I'm going to puke," Evan said, then dragged himself off to the bathroom.

I listened to him retch, then drifted back toward sleep. Outside, a man was singing while he unloaded a truck and a boy was calling his friends out to play. Birds sang on the phone wires.

I woke to the sound of a dog barking outside. The barking was close. I opened my eyes. Evan was standing at the window, looking down at the street. He seemed as if he might get sick again.

There was pounding on the door. "Open up," Mrs. Ronsavelli said. "Somebody wants to see you."

My head felt as if it might split open. "Say it ain't so," I said.

But Coco kept howling and throwing herself at our door, Mrs. Ronsavelli continued to knock and I, flat on my back, felt weightless and empty. Evan fell onto the couch, face down. From the street came the sound of slapping footsteps and men swearing in Italian.

I reached for the phone and managed to knock the earpiece out of its cradle. I dialed zero; there was nothing. I clicked, then clicked again. The line was dead.

STAR SETS

(continued from page 118)

many experts believe the television set will become a box-of-all-trades.

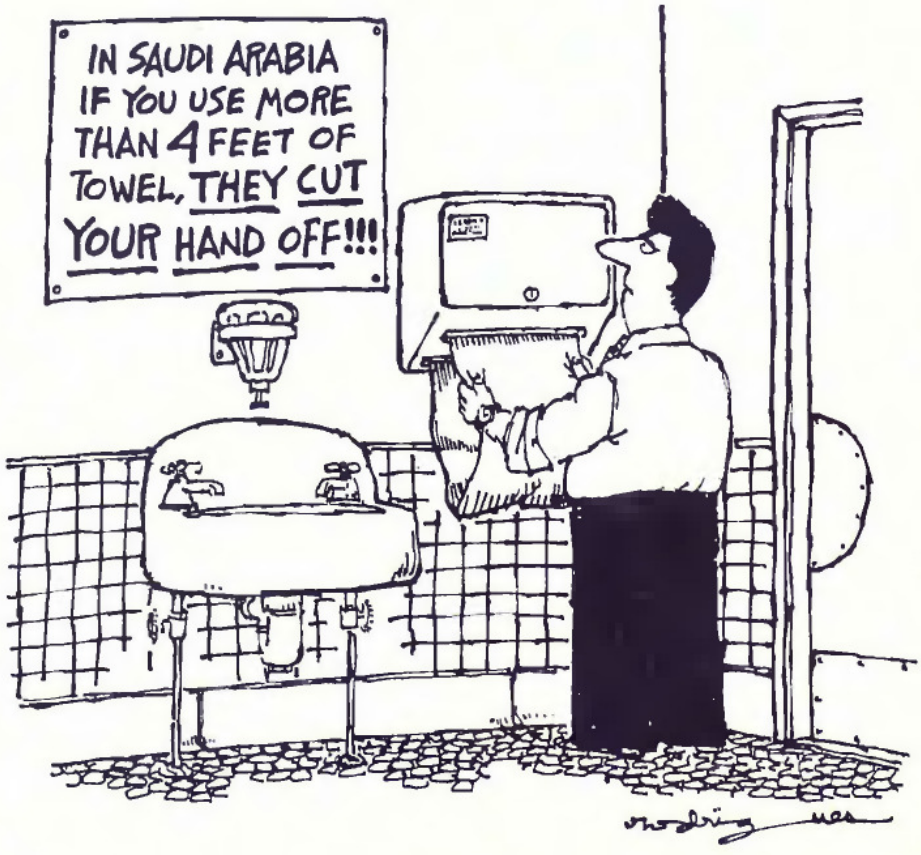
Frox, for example, is a telecomputer that performs a number of advanced functions, including enhancing TV broadcasts by converting analog video signals to digital ones. The entry-level, 31-inch Frox set is priced at $12,000, and a projection version is more than double that. What you're paying for is computing power. In addition to offering enhanced digital video, Frox comes with a special remote control called the FroxWand, which operates similarly to a computer mouse. There's an on-screen user interface that lets you control your entire home-entertainment system and access special Frox data bases—including a new TV schedule every week as well as regularly updated compact disc and movie data bases. Want to know who's starring in HBO's latest episode of *Tales from the Crypt*, or what songs are on Midnight Oil's new live album? Frox has the answers.

A less expensive version of this "electronic *TV Guide*" is Insight, a technology that will be available in certain 1993 Zenith television sets and VCRs. Insight is a constantly updated list of TV programming (delivered over the air) that appears on screen at the prompt from the TV's remote control. As with *TV Guide*, it also provides brief descriptions of programming, so you'll know what Jerry Seinfeld is up to this week and who David Letterman is interrogating on *Late Night*. You can even use Insight to program your VCR. Highlight a show, press RECORD and you're set. All this for a monthly service fee of $9.95.

For those who don't want to be confined by a monitor, there's holographic television. MIT Media Lab researchers announced in June the ability to broadcast a three-dimensional high-definition hologram. Although the image is three inches tall, the prospect of someday beaming Kim Basinger into our own living room is hard to resist.

Researchers are also experimenting with virtual reality television. You can interact with Vanna on *Wheel of Fortune* or explore Cicely, Alaska, with Maggie from *Northern Exposure*. Currently, viewers in Japan can walk through a zoo thanks to CD-ROM disks, interactive animation technology and DVI (a powerful video-compression method designed by Intel). Put on a pair of special goggles, move a joystick around and check out and listen to all of the zoo's virtual animals.

Ultimately, researchers at the MIT Media Lab look at HDTV as only the first step toward full-blown virtual reality television. They see a future with wall-sized TVs, access to thousands of channels from around the world and broadcast stations that offer a visual smorgasbord of programming to interact with and redesign.



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THE UNMAKING

(continued from page 124)

garnered nearly 29 percent of the Democratic total, which made it look as if the voters were trying to say that the only good candidate was a former candidate. Then there was Ross Perot: the only-if-I'm-gonna-win candidate. The day I arrived in Colorado, the Lone Star gazillionaire—who hadn't even declared himself in or out of the race—finished ahead of both Bush and Clinton in a Texas poll.

Hunter and I and his new editorial assistant, Nicole, had dinner that first night at the Snowmass Lodge. The subject of politics didn't come up until we made our first trip to the lobby bathroom. We'd finished our business, I was washing my hands, Nicole was laughing and Hunter was in front of the big mirror putting on lipstick. I don't know why he's taken to wearing lipstick these days, and I don't ask such things. He has always accessorized himself—with strange hats, shades, cigarette holders, war clubs, rubber rats—as if he were some sort of clown from hell, and actually, lipstick sort of rounds out the look. I'm never sure how others are going to take it, however. So when Bob Maynard, president of the Aspen Ski Co. and owner of the lodge, walked through the bathroom door looking tan and rich and powerful, I braced myself for something awkward. I needn't have worried.

"Hi, Bob," said Hunter. "What's happening?" He introduced Nicole and me, but Maynard seemed not to notice.

"Hunter," he said, "I'm just back from Georgia. I bring you greetings from Jimmy Carter!"

"Hot damn," said Hunter. "Good old Jimmy—that bastard." He finished with the lipstick, then offered it to Maynard, who instead preferred to talk about the ex-President.

"He's a great guy," said Maynard from the urinal. "He said you were the first one to tell him that he ought to run for President."

"Jimmy's too kind," said Hunter. "He's also dumb. The bastard embarrassed me. He cost us the control that we had bled for in Watergate. The Republicans were doomed before he fucked up. We'd beaten them like dogs. We had been tried in battle and by God it was our time . . . and Jimmy blew it. The first job of any President is to be reelected. If he'd been reelected, we wouldn't have had twelve years of Reagan and Bush and the triumph of the rich. He made it possible for these right-wing yo-yos and their gangs to come out of nowhere and seize the country. On election day in 1980, that motherfucker conceded one or two hours before the polls closed on the West Coast. So the voters gave up, just didn't go out, which cost all kinds of Congressmen and local officials their jobs. The Democratic Party's been demoralized ever since."

Just before we said good night, Hunter gave me his notes from a phone conversation he'd had the night before with actor John Cusack. The two of them had become friends when 25-year-old Cusack directed a stage version of *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* at a Chicago theater. It was three A.M. when he called, and the young actor wanted to talk about the campaign with the man he thinks of as the ultimate political swami.

"Hunter," he said, "I need to know what's ahead in this campaign, because three months ago you told me that Pat Buchanan was running point for Bush and you were dead on."

"It was very shrewd," said Hunter. "These guys are good. They all have their jobs. Pat Buchanan came in as a stalking horse for Bush. His job was to knock David Duke out of the race, and he did it."

"So you think Bush is going to win?" asked Cusack.

"It looks that way right now," said Hunter. "But I don't know. Clinton may have a chance. He's a tough bugger. He's been severely flogged in public and it may be that he's come through the worst of it. But things are never what they seem in politics. It's a long way from April to November. There's hope."

"I don't know," said Cusack. "I think maybe the difference between my generation and your generation is that Reagan was elected when we were in high school, which means we went from Watergate to the sabotage of Carter to Iran-contra, and the whole thing has left us with a deep-seated cynicism. It just seems we're doomed."

"You're always doomed when people don't participate, Johnny," said Hunter. "People have to get pissed off enough to vote. That's what happened at the end of the Fifties. I thought John Kennedy was kind of a wimp when he started running. When it dawned on me that here was a guy who could beat Nixon, it became a holy crusade and I signed on. And we beat the bastard, but only by a hundred thousand votes. Clinton might make it."

"Clinton's smart," said Cusack. "I guess that should give me some hope. He seems to have a plan and he might have a good heart. Trouble is, he's also a slick fucking hustler."

"So was Kennedy," said Hunter.

•

We met the next morning at Owl Farm. Hunter had stayed up all night and was perched on his fighting chair at the working center of his cabin-style house—the kitchen—a room that hasn't changed much in 20 years and has always felt to me like the bridge of a pirate scow. Telephones, tape decks, satellite TV, fax and video cams are banked

around the countertop desk. Curtains and shades are drawn against the light. Cattle prods and Tasers hang near the stove. The refrigerator door is hung with a large black-and-white photo of one of the massive front-yard explosions that have rattled his neighbor's glassware—and their nerves—over the years.

This is legal, of course. Colorado ranchers are allowed to possess and use dynamite, and the rest of Hunter's arsenal—shotguns, rifles, assault rifles, pistols, even a .22 caliber Gatling gun—is protected under his NRA Charter as the Woody Creek Rod and Gun Club, a loose group of friends and visitors who show up for the pure recreational gaiety of putting the local hillsides around here to withering fire.

And lately, Hunter has found a way to turn his passion for things that go boom into something of a cottage industry.

"Have you seen these?" he asked. "My art." He handed me Polaroids of his portfolio, which included poster portraits of Nixon, Reagan, Goldwater, Marx and J. Edgar Hoover, each of which had been glued to a large plywood board, blasted with gunfire and bombs, carefully painted, then signed and sold. "As you know, I've been doing this for twenty years. It's about time I got paid for it. You'll notice . . . the marksmanship is important," he told me as I flipped through the photos.

"The theme here seems to be the deconstruction of political faces," I said. "Shoot 'em, mutilate 'em and paint 'em. What you do with words, you're also doing with bullets and pigment."

"I've been experimenting with different kinds of paint," he said. "I started with spray paint, which didn't have enough body. But I've sold everything I've ever done. The last one went for twenty-five thousand. I am the most successful beginning artist in the history of man."

"Nothing like notoriety," I said.

"Jesus, man," he said, "it's *art*. We ought to make some while you're here. Shoot somebody, use it as an illustration for the story. Maybe a picture of Reagan. Yes, marksmanship is the key. All kinds of blasts around him, but no fatal wounds . . . the ultimate professional."

"That's a little disturbing," I said. "A professional marksman inflicting fatal wounds on the President."

"Nonsense," he said. "He's not the President." Then he laughed and made a screwing motion with his finger, whirling it in circles against his skull.

"You're crazy, Hunter," I said. "Crazy as a loon."

"At least I get paid for it," he said. "You, on the other hand, are a sniveling, half-bright, underpaid rat in the jungle of capitalism. But you're right about one thing. This *is* the end. This is the final ten years of the century and the end of the world as we know it."

He chuckled again and made the same loopy motion with his finger against his head and pointed across the room at Nicole, who was strapped to a leather couch. Nicole still, somehow, transcribed our conversation on a Hogan 4000 Voicewriter.

"Don't worry about Reagan," said Hunter. "He's utterly bulletproof. They called him the Teflon President, but they didn't know the half of it. He's at least eighty-eight percent bionic. He will live for a thousand years."

•

That afternoon we took Hunter's car out for a drive. It's a red 1972 Chevrolet Caprice Classic V8 convertible with a rebuilt 454-cubic-inch short-block high-performance engine that will run about 130 mph with no noise at all except for the tinny rumble of honky-tonk music on its original AM radio. There is a lot of machinery on the far-flung grounds of Owl Farm, but the big red car is the centerpiece. It was a gift from his friend Jim Mitchell, who personally tightened the coil springs to almost preterhuman tension so that the car will go from 0 to 80 in 9.2 seconds and from 45 to 90 in four seconds flat.

Hunter got his giant dead wolverine—a truly fierce piece of taxidermy—and stood it on the back seat of the car in a way that would show tooth and claw to those we passed. He then clipped a radar detector to his sun visor and we fishtailed off toward Aspen.

On the way, we talked about Bill Clinton again. When I asked him about his response to the governor's claim that he hadn't inhaled the marijuana he'd smoked, Hunter went into a long narrative about the night Cadell had ambushed him over the telephone. Something in his explanation sounded as if he regretted the *Times* quote.

"I'm not sorry for what I said," he told me. "Clinton was dumb. I understand the gantlet he's been running and I think he's done a tremendous job. I wasn't trying to destroy him. When he said he didn't inhale, it was the first verbal mistake I've heard him make. I thought he handled the Vietnam thing very well. He didn't deny his opposition to the war. But on the marijuana thing he left me no choice. He *did* disgrace a whole generation. And my integrity was on the line. I was on the national board of NORML. We fought to legalize marijuana. We've all smoked it. When they asked him about it, he should have told them to crawl back where they came from. . . . 'What do you mean did I *inhale*? . . . I inhale *everything* . . . it is my business to inhale. . . . I'd *die* if I didn't inhale.' Every intelligent person in this country who ever smoked marijuana would have laughed *with* him—instead of *at* him.

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"Actually, I've been pushing Clinton all along, even though I've denounced him. He's the first candidate I've seen in a while who has a really wicked sense of humor. And he could beat Bush, he might just win, which is the point of politics. I have to admire the way Clinton sort of shot through the slings and arrows. It may be good that he got that stuff out of the way. He's pretty clean now, unlike George Bush. George has not yet answered for his role in Iran-contra, but Caspar Weinberger will be his John Dean. Lawrence Walsh was right."

•

Over the days we spent together, Hunter often spoke fondly of Patrick Buchanan. Their friendship goes back more than 20 years and has been for me the most vivid proof of the old saw that politics makes strange bedfellows.

"Patrick's a friend," is the way Hunter explains it. "He invited me on his campaign plane, gave me total access. And I knew what he was doing. He has his agenda and I have mine and sometimes they coincide . . . like that night he put me in the car with Nixon."

That was 1968, in New Hampshire, on the night before Richard Nixon's pivotal victory in the primary there. Hunter was covering the campaign for *Pageant* magazine and had spent two weeks trying to get access to the candidate, with no luck. He had, however, used his eccentric charm to begin a friendship with Ray Price and Pat Buchanan, a couple of young Nixon speechwriters. That night, their boss wanted the company of somebody from the press corps who could talk football on the two-hour drive back to Manchester, where a Lear waited for him. But just football, Price and Buchanan warned Hunter. No political talk at all—and especially no liberal bullshit about Vietnam, tear gas and riots, or they would throw him out of the car in the middle of cold, dark, nowhere New Hampshire. Once these ground rules were agreed to, Price and Buchanan climbed into the front seat of the yellow Mercury, and Hunter sat in the back with the clever, seedy little man who was later to assume and disgrace the Presidency.

Hunter has always described that ride as relaxed and friendly, and he was impressed by Nixon's football savvy. And whatever Buchanan overheard from the front seat, it must have convinced him that Hunter was trustworthy and likable, a sparring partner worthy of the ring.

"Patrick is a deranged imperialistic fascist," Hunter told me. "His positions are monstrous. But I have to admire the way he's dealt with me over the years. He could have really hurt me. As it is, the Democrats have done me more harm than he has. But I like Patrick, he's a warrior."

•

Preparations for making a piece of target art took several days. We began in the garage among the antlers and mounted animal heads by finding two posters that had already been glued to sheets of plywood. The first was a smiling campaign portrait of George McGovern that had been shot, but only once, right between the eyes.

"A quick, clean, merciful shot for George, it looks like," I said.

"Yeah," said Hunter. "He's a good one."

Next to McGovern stood a poster photo of Bobby Kennedy in a leather jacket on a beach somewhere. It always makes me angry and sad and cynical to look at pictures of Bobby and his brother. It reminds me of a time when it seemed that a strong, compassionate Democratic Party was on a roll that was going to last for decades. If not for a few bullets. Hunter and I didn't say anything about it that afternoon in his garage, but we've talked about those heady days many times before. So it didn't surprise me that, although the poster of Bobby had been mounted and was ready for shooting, Hunter hadn't shot it.

On first search, nothing in the Owl Farm poster archives turned up a face that seemed quite right, so I headed into Aspen to see if I could find a Clinton campaign office that might have a likeness of the Arkansas governor that would provide canvas for a 12-gauge brush. But there was no Clinton campaign headquarters in town, and none for Bush, though we had already ruled him and Dan Quayle out of the exercise on the theory that shooting a picture of the sitting President would probably attract art critics who carry Secret Service badges.

Ironically, only noncandidate Ross Perot had a campaign office in Aspen. It was staffed by four smiling people who greeted me warmly and offered me coffee. They told me they were sorry, but there were no Perot posters yet. I didn't sign their petition, but I gave them a buck for a button and wore it back to Woody Creek.

"I don't know," said Hunter when he saw it. "He's the wild card. What do you think of him?"

"He has a certain Harry Truman give-'em-hell kind of charm," I told him. "And he's something of an outsider."

"Balls," said Hunter. "He's no outsider. He's one of Reagan's cronies and Nixon's. In fact, it may be that Nixon's behind this whole thing. He can't be President himself, so he sent Perot to haunt us. Any friend of Nixon's is an enemy of mine." He smiled. "No, old Ross is a credentialed insider . . . part of the

"That's one medium pizza—sausage, peppers, mushrooms—and, oh, could you pick up a pack of ribbed condoms on your way over?"

corporate branch of the government, the successful free-enterprisers who have been running this country, like Charles Keating and Michael Milken."

"He just beat Bush and Clinton in a Texas poll," I said.

"He's considered an honest man in Texas," said Hunter. "And he's right on some issues. He's pro-choice and he was against the slaughter in Iraq."

"He scares me," I said. "His remark about 'that danged Constitution'——"

"He's probably a Nazi," said Hunter. "If he's elected we could all wake up to find that the front doors have been taken off our houses. He seems to think that the Fourth Amendment is a loophole for dope fiends and sodomites. Then again, you have to ask yourself, How much worse could he be than Ronald Reagan and George Bush? When they got in, it was like: *If you thought the Republicanism of Richard Nixon was the dark underbelly of the American dream, wait until you see this.* What they've done makes Watergate look like a tap dance. Bush is such a truthless pigfucker, such a guilty bastard. He was guilty in Iran-contra, guilty in the looting of the Treasury. And the price has been high. There are no jobs. No houses. We've become slaves in the world's service market. And the only reason these rotten bastards got away with any of it is that they had no opposition. The Democrats just rolled over while this greedy bunch of lying swine wrecked the country."

Whenever Hunter got going on the Democrats, there was as much vitriol in his voice as when he talked about the Republicans. "There are two things on my agenda in this election," he told me as we gathered the shotguns, pistols, high-powered rifles and ammunition we were going to use to make art. "I want to defeat George Bush and I want to destroy the Democratic Party as we know it. The party pros—the city, state and regional coordinators, the horrible slugs who ran Mondale and Dukakis—have spent the past twelve years trading the White House for the statehouse and Congress. They think that's a fair and equal trade. It's not. They've forgotten about the Supreme Court, for one thing. But they still have their wretched little jobs and that's all they care about. They're powerful people, utterly corrupt, and they don't want to give up their perks, their footholds in the network of power. They know if they had a real candidate, they'd all be out of work. If Gary Hart had been nominated in 1984, there would have been a housecleaning from top to bottom in the party. Instead, what we have is a network of virtually unbeatable incumbents who run the Democratic Party as if it were some kind of permanent minority. They've destroyed the party from the inside. They sold it out."

When we talked about the way voters, especially young voters, were staying away from the polls in record numbers, Hunter said it didn't surprise him.

"We've lost a whole generation of activists," he said, "because they've never known the fun of winning. Johnny Cusack's generation, the 20-to-40-year-olds, have never had any sense that they could have an effect the way we did. You have to win sometimes or it begins to seem like somebody else's game. Politics is the art of controlling your environment, which is why I've been involved, why I'm still involved. It's my personal freedom that's on the line. It's too important and it's too much fun. It was fun to run Richard Nixon out of the White House. Do you remember the joy I took standing at the end of that red carpet, being the last person to see that bastard get on the helicopter?"

I do remember, I told him, and it was fun, probably more political fun than we'll ever have again. But things are never what they seem in politics. We thought we were watching the end of the war that Watergate summer. Ronald Reagan, William Casey and Oliver North knew better. And the death of all our fun followed shortly.

But the spirit they killed seemed to be stirring that week after Easter. "Among the Perot forces," I suggested to him. "They're out on the street corners with their petitions. They're renting storefronts all over the country, they're charged up with that fuck-you sort of energy that just might make a successful end run around the party system, the conventions, the media. They're the ones having fun right now."

"You bet," he said. "They're whooping it up. They're party people. Perot headquarters will be a fun place to be on election night. But I wouldn't want to be there on April Fool's Day. He is like a ferret in heat. He is a monster. It's one thing to bypass the two-party system, and another to bypass the Constitution. I don't think he knows the difference."

•

By the time Deborah, Hunter's longtime secretary, leaned a mounted poster of Ronald Reagan against an aluminum beer keg, late afternoon shadows were creeping over the beautiful greensward that is the front yard and shooting range at Owl Farm. The poster was an enlarged black-and-white photo of the movie star and he was standing tough about 15 yards downrange from the picnic table that was carefully arranged with shotguns, pistols, a .223-caliber assault rifle, a .22 rifle, shells and bullets for all of them, a bottle of Scotch and a single red geranium in a terra-cotta pot.

It had taken all afternoon to prepare the shoot. Two video cameras were set up and music was chosen (the Cowboy Junkies). Hunter parked a Jeep Wagoneer, a John Deere tractor and his

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big red car on the lawn so that their headlights illuminated the target. Then he disappeared to choose his costume.

"There is no art until it's sold," he said as he made his entrance. Then he blew a duck call that hung around his neck, and the peacocks, huddled in the trees, screeched as if they'd been called into concert by Satan. He was wearing khakis and a plaid shirt, lipstick and eyeliner, a tightly curled blond wig and an earflap hat made of unborn wolf. Darkness had fallen and there was no moon yet. Then again, it always feels as if there's a full moon when you're with Hunter.

"Who you gonna vote for, Doc?" I asked him as he loaded the 12-gauge and sat on the grass a few yards from the smiling cowboy.

"I knew you'd get to that one," he said. "I've wrestled deeply with this thing. There is a lust for revenge on Reagan and Bush that courses through my blood. But I'm not sure just what political move will accomplish that right now. The Democrats look strong for 1996 with Quayle the likely Republican candidate by then, and it may be that none of them really wants to be elected this year. Not with the terrible economic shit-rain that's coming. The smart thing might be to just stand back and let the fuckers have it, let the roof collapse on them. Then Clinton or Cuomo or whatever Democrat can go into 1996 without the hideous baggage that's going to attach to whoever is elected this year."

Hunter rolled onto his back, raised his legs like a capsized turtle, then put the gunstock to shoulder and paused a few seconds. The plywood jumped when the shotgun blast hit it. Paint spattered.

A minute later, as we used a big flashlight to examine the holes in the image of the old cowboy, I asked him again.

"Who you gonna vote for, Hunter?"

"I'm going to have to ponder that," he said.

•

I received his answer two months later, in the middle of June. It came as a fax addressed to me. By the tone of the message, he had not only pondered the question, he had prayed over it, consulted his Bible and then composed his response as a kind of epistle. He headed it with one of his favorite quotes:

> "Just how weird can you stand it, brother, before your love will crack?"

This is a hard one to call, Bubba—especially from two thousand miles away and eight thousand feet high and nineteen weeks before the election. . . . But what the hell, we are, after all, professionals, and we do our finest work, our highest and keenest thinking, under conditions of extreme pressure.

Ho, ho. So try this: Only a fool would vote this year. The smart people will hunker down like dazed rabbits—quivering and staring and shitting on one another while they hop back and forth in their cages. The smart will ignore politics this year. They will pretend to be dumb, like the bunny rabbit, and they will really be acting smart.

There are too many whores in politics these days, but the night of the whorehopper is coming. Many will be called, and nine out of ten will be chosen—to be herded down the long, slippery ramp and into the bottomless sheep-dip, where they will wallow and struggle helplessly, some of them drowning, until their bodies are disinfected by powerful acids, vapors and the fumes of terrible lice medicines that will fry their brains like bacon left too long in the microwave. Ronald Reagan was right, back in 1983, when he told a reporter that this generation may be the one that will have to face the end of the world.

Well, maybe so, Bubba, maybe so. But I'll believe it when I see it. Those bastards have been promising the apocalypse for as far back as I can remember, but they always weasel out of it—and, frankly, I've just about given up hope. Fuck them. They lie. It's worse than a roofing-and-siding racket.

No. We will not be that lucky. The end will not come quickly. First will come the shit-rain, then the sheep-dip and after that, the terrible night of the whorehopper, which might last a thousand years.

"And when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison."

That's Revelations 20:7, which is only the tip of the iceberg. The bad news comes in the last two verses of Chapter 20—14 and 15—where it says: "And death and hell were cast into the Lake of Fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the Lake of Fire."

Yeah. How's that for a sneak preview of yr. golden years, Bubba? Cast into the Lake of Fire, with Satan trying to drag you under. . . .

Horrible. It is a grim prospect for Jesus freaks, because they know the Bible says that Satan is a cross between a crocodile & a huge hyena. He has seven heads, six hundred teeth & he weighs a thousand pounds—a nasty thing to feel getting hold of yr. leg when you're trying to stay afloat in a Lake of Fire.

That is what a vote for Ross Perot will get you. And a vote for George Bush will get you cast into the great winepress of the wrath of God . . . which is more or less where we are now, if you believe the newspapers.

So that leaves Clinton, I guess. Yeah, good old Bill. At least he has a sense of humor, and he doesn't mind ducking behind a hedge now and then for a bit of suckee-suckee in the course of his afternoon jog.

The Bible says, "The tortoise shall overtake the hare, kill him and eat him."

So who are we to argue, Bubba? This ain't no normal election year. A man would have to be crazy not to hit the streets with his vote in his hand on November 3, if only to cast it where it can do the most damage—preferably to George Bush. Why not? It may be the last fun we'll have for a while. Death to the weird.

OK,
Doc

A few weeks later, another fax was dropped at my door.

Well, shucks . . . What can I say?

Perot just quit the goddamn race! That swine! That cheap little treacherous bastard.

Never mind that election-night party we were talking about . . . no. We will have no fun on election night this year; or at least not the kind we were looking for.

Shit. I was cranking up for some kind of king-hell atavistic endeavor like we knew in the good old days, when we howled and jabbered and bounced around the room all night long like human golf balls every time the numbers came in from weird places like Pensacola and Butte and Sacramento, and the balance would swing back and forth.

That might happen this time—but it won't come near the kind of craziness that was guaranteed to happen with a three-way race.

Forget the House of Representatives. That was pie in the sky. They were only fucking with us, Bubba, and now they are going to fuck with citizen Ross Perot, you bet. Remember Lyndon La Rouche? He took the bastards on and was never seen again. They arrested his followers and put him away for 15 years for fraud, stupidity and hubris.

Sorry. We almost had our hands on it—but they double-crossed us once again. Both Buchanan and Perot were working for George Bush, who will probably win by five or six points and then have us all locked up. Good luck, Bubba. It's every man for himself now. Welcome to the passing lane. *Res Ipsa Loquitor.*

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Page 26: "Animal Magnetism": **Jacket** by *Gianni Versace*, at Gianni Versace Boutique, 816 Madison Ave., N.Y.C., 212-744-5572. **Blazer** and **vest** by *Istante*, for store locations, 212-582-0042. **Shirts, ties** and **caps** by *Shady Character*, for information, 212-629-9500. **Jacket** by *Michael Kors*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, 745 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C., 212-753-7300. **Vests:** By *Burma Bibas*, exclusively at Saks Fifth Avenue nationwide. By *Gaspar Saldanha*, for store locations, 212-243-9424. **Pajamas** by *Charles Goodnight*, for store locations, 212-302-3770. **Hat** by *Hoax Couture*, to order or for store locations, 416-864-9855. "We're All Ears": **Earrings** by *Swank*, to order, 212-867-2600. "Hot Shopping: Las Vegas": The Forum Shops, for store information, 702-731-7110.

BACK TO CAMPUS

Page 90: **Jacket** by *New Republic*, at Barneys New York, Seventh Ave. at 17th St., N.Y.C., 212-929-9000. **T-shirt** by *Jantzen*, for information, 518-238-5164. **Jeans** by *Lee*, at JCPenney stores nationwide, for store locations, 800-552-4533. **Shoes** by *Dexter*, at Singer Florsheim, 100 W. Randolph St., Chicago, 312-332-0248. **Belt** by *Billy Belts*, at Macy's, Bullocks; Cignal nationwide. Page 91: **Shirt** by *Cotler*, at Levinsky's, Inc., U.S. Route One, Freeport, ME, 207-774-0972. **Jeans** by *Guess*, at Macy's and Bloomingdale's nationwide. **Backpack** by *Jansport*, for information, 800-552-6776. **T-shirt** by *Jockey*, at fine department stores. **Jeans** by *Request*, at Gadzooks nationwide, for store locations, 214-437-4300. **Jacket** by *GIII*, at the men's division of Merry Go Round nationwide. **Jeans** by *Gitano*, for customer service, 800-GITANO-2, ext. 4102. **Shirt** by *Guess*, at A&S, Foley's and Macy's nationwide. **Boots** by *Justin Boot*, at Thieves Market, for store locations, 714-380-7700. **Coat** by *Cotler*, at Canal Jean Co., 504 Broadway, N.Y.C., 212-226-3663. **Turtleneck** by *Columbia Sportswear*, to order, 800-MABOYLE. **Jeans** by *H.I.S.*, at Roses Stores, Inc., for information, 919-430-

2600. **Boots** by *Timberland*, at Timberland, 666 Bridgeway, Sausalito, CA, 415-332-1096. Page 92: **Pullover** by *Hang Ten*, at most surf shops. **Shorts** by *Gotcha*, at select stores, for information, 714-222-4444. **Aeroblades** by *Rollerblade*, to order, 800-232-ROLL. **Socks** by *E.G. Smith*, at Macy's nationwide; Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-3030. **Backpack** by *Champion*, at Macy's and Bloomingdale's nationwide. **Watch** by *Timex*, to order, 800-FOR-TIMEX. **Walkman** by *Sony*, for store locations, 800-222-SONY. **Jeans** by *Edwin Jeans*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-3030. Page 93: **Jacket** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, at fine department stores. **Shirt** by *Tango by Max Raab*, for information, 212-868-5510. **Trousers** by *Bugle Boy for Men*, at all A&S/Jordan Marsh stores. **Sneakers** by *Converse*, for information, 800-428-2667. **Cap** by *Schuman & Sullivan*, at Saks Fifth Avenue and Bloomingdale's nationwide. **Peacoat** by *Fox Knapp*, for store locations, 800-645-7788, inside NY, 800-832-2236. **Turtleneck** by *Fenn Wright & Manson*, at Bloomingdale's and Cignal nationwide. **Jeans** by *Wrangler*, for store locations, 919-373-3564. **Boots** by *Dr. Martens*, at Na Na Shoes & Clothing, 138 Prince St., N.Y.C., 212-274-0749. **Cap** from *Weiss Mahoney*, for information, 212-675-1915. Page 94: **Jacket** by *Harley-Davidson*, at Harley-Davidson dealerships nationwide. **Shirt** by *Bugle Boy for Men*, at all A&S/Jordan Marsh stores. **T-shirt** by *Guess*, at Bloomingdale's, Dayton-Hudson and Macy's nationwide. **Trousers** by *Duck Head*, at Belk stores; Macy's nationwide. **Shoes** by *Johnston & Murphy*, at Dayton-Hudson and Dillard's nationwide. **Socks** by *E.G. Smith*, at Bloomingdale's, 1000 Third Ave., N.Y.C., 212-705-3030; Macy's nationwide. Page 95: **Sneakers** by *Nike*, for information, 800-344-NIKE. **Jacket, shirt** and **jeans** by *Cross Colours*, at Cignal, DJ's, Macy's and Merry Go Round nationwide. **Cap** by *Gotcha*, at Laguna Surf & Sport, 1088 S. Coast Highway, Laguna Beach, CA, 714-497-7000. **Sneakers** by *Nike*, for information, 800-344-NIKE. Page 96: **Hooded sweat shirt** and **pullover** by *Champion*, at select Footlocker stores; Macy's select stores. **Jacket** by *Russell Athletic*, at fine department stores and sporting-goods stores. **Pants** by *Disorder*, at Bloomingdale's select stores; Cignal nationwide. **Sneakers** by *Reebok*, at local athletic stores. **Cap** by *Schuman & Sullivan*, at Bloomingdale's, Saks Fifth Avenue and Dayton-Hudson nationwide. **Suit** by *Bert Pulitzer* from the *500 Group*, at Horne's, Pittsburgh and Erie, PA. **Shirt** by *Geoffrey Beene*, at Kaufmann's, 400 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, PA, 412-232-2695. **Tie** by *Boston Traders*, at McCurdys nationwide. Page 97: **Blazer** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, at fine department stores. **Shirt** by *Ruff Hewn*, at Dillard's nationwide. **T-shirt** by *Tom Tailor*, at Macy's, 151 W. 34th St., N.Y.C., 800-44-MACYS. **Jeans** by *B.D. Baggies*, at retail stores nationwide. **Shoes** by *Johnston & Murphy*, at Johnston & Murphy nationwide. **Socks** by *Gold Toe*, at Bloomingdale's and Macy's nationwide. **Watch** by *Timex*, to order, 800-FOR-TIMEX.

PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE

Page 177: **DCC decks:** By *Marantz*, for information, 800-654-6633. By *Philips*, for store locations, 800-221-5649. **Tapes:** By *PolyGram*, at record stores nationwide. By *Memorex*, for store locations, 800-223-9829. By *TDK*, for information, 800-TDK-TAPE.

For free information on advertised fashions only, call Playboy's Fashion Line at 1-800-354-4502.

BODY THIEF

(continued from page 98)

"How hot she is, how tiny her shoulders, how gorgeous in this final withering, the flower tinged with yellow."

iridescent eyes, this skin like polished ivory, hair like an explosion of light? Or am I merely an obstacle between him and his goal?

He bolts. He is down the stairs as the old woman screams. And I am after him, not bothering to touch the ground, letting him see me poised for an instant under the streetlight as he turns the corner. We go for half a block before I drift toward him, a blur to unnoticing mortals. Then I freeze beside him and hear him groan as he runs.

For blocks we play the game. He runs, he stops, he sees me behind him. Sweat pours down his body; it soaks his dirty undergarments; the synthetic fabric of his sleeveless shirt is soon translucent with it, clinging to the hairless flesh of his chest.

At last he comes to his seedy flophouse and pounds up the stairs. I am in the top-floor room when he reaches it.

Before he can cry out, I have him in my arms. The stench of his dirty hair rises in my nostrils, mingled with the chemical fibers of the shirt. But now it doesn't matter. He is powerful and warm in my arms, a juicy capon, chest heaving against me, the smell of his blood flooding my brain. I hear it pulsing through ventricles and valves and painfully constricted vessels. I lick at it in the tender red flesh under his eyes.

The fountain opens—ah, his life was a sewer. All those old women, old men. They were like dried cadavers floating in the current; they tumbled against one another without meaning as he went limp in my arms. No cunning. No malice. Crude as a lizard he had been, swallowing fly after fly. Lord God, to know this is to know the time when giant reptiles ruled the earth, when, for many millions of years, only they beheld the falling rain or heard the thunder beyond the mountains.

I let him go, tumbling soundlessly out of my grip. Good enough. I close my eyes, letting the hot coil of his blood penetrate my hard, powerful, white body. In a daze, I see him scrabbling on his knees across the floor. So clumsy, shirt soaked transparent across the broad span of his sloping back. So easy to pick him up from the twisted and tearing newspapers, the overturned cup pouring cold coffee onto the dust-colored rug.

I jerk him back by his collar. His big empty eyes roll up into his head. Then he kicks at me, blindly, this bully, this killer of the old and weak. His shoe scuffs my shin. I lift him to my hungry mouth again, my fingers sliding through his hair, and feel him stiffen, as if my fangs were dipped in poison.

Again the blood floods my brain. It electrifies the tiny veins of my face. It pulses through my fingers, and a hot prickling warmth slides down my spine. Draught after draught fills me. Succulent, heavy creature. I let him go once more, and when he stumbles away, I go after him, drag him across the floor, turn his face to me, toss him forward to struggle again.

He is speaking to me now in something that ought to be language but is not. He pushes at me, but he can no longer see clearly. For the first time a tragic dignity infuses him, a look of outrage. In his mind, I am enfolded in old tales, in memories of plaster statues and nameless saints. His fingers claw at the instep of my boot. I lift him, and when I tear his throat this time, the wound is big. It is done.

The death comes like a fist in my gut. For a moment I feel nausea, and then simply the heat, the fullness, the sheer radiance of the living blood with the last vibration of his consciousness pulsing through my limbs.

I sink down onto his soiled bed and lie there for a time. I stare at his low ceiling. And when the sour smells of the room and the stench of the body surround me, I rise and stumble out, as ungainly as he was, letting myself go soft in mortal gestures. At this moment I don't want to be the weightless one, the winged one, the night traveler. I want to be human and to feel human, and though his blood is threaded through me, it isn't enough, not nearly enough.

•

What has become of my promises? The stiff, bruised palmettos rattle against the stucco walls.

"Oh, you're back," she says to me.

Such a low, strong voice she has, no tremor in it. She stands in front of the ugly plaid rocker with its worn maple arms, peering at me through her silver-rimmed glasses, the paperback novel clasped in her hand. Her mouth is small and shapeless, showing yellow teeth, a contrast to the dark personality of the voice, which knows no infirmity.

What in God's name is she thinking as she smiles at me? Why doesn't she pray?

"I knew you'd come," she says. When she takes off her glasses, I see that her eyes are glazed. What is she seeing? What am I making her see? I who can control all these elements flawlessly am so baffled that I could weep. "Yes, I knew."

"Oh? And how did you know?" I whisper as I approach her in the embracing closeness of her little room.

"Yes," she says airily but definitively, "I always knew."

"Kiss me, then. Love me."

How hot she is, how tiny her shoulders, how gorgeous in this final withering, the flower tinged with yellow, yet full of fragrance still. Pale blue veins dance beneath her flaccid skin in eyelids perfectly molded to her eyes when she closes them, in skin flowing over the bones of her skull.

"Take me to heaven," she says. Out of the heart comes her voice.

"I can't. I wish I could," I purr into her ear.

I close my arms around her. I nuzzle her soft nest of hair. I feel her fingers on my face like dry leaves, and they send a soft chill through me. She, too, is shivering. Ah, tender and worn little thing, creature reduced to thought and will, body as insubstantial as a fragile flame. Just a little drink, no more.

But it is too late. I know it when I taste the first spurt of blood. I am draining her. Surely the sound of my moans must alarm her, but then she is past hearing. They never hear the real sound once it begins.

Forgive me.

Oh, darling!

We sink down together onto the carpet, lovers in a patch of nubby faded flowers. I see the book fallen there, and the drawing on the cover, but this seems unreal. I hug her so carefully, lest she break. But I am the hollow shell. Her death comes swiftly, as if she herself were walking toward me in a broad corridor, in some extremely particular and very important place. Ah, yes, the yellow marble. Even up here you can hear the traffic, and that low boom when a door slams on a stairway, down the hall.

"Good night, my darling," she whispers.

Am I hearing things? How can she still make words?

I love you.

"Yes, darling. I love you, too."

What the hell are you doing?

She is dead. I lie on the floor and stare blankly at the ceiling, smelling cordite in a corridor.

Her clock is ticking on the table. From the overheated heart of the television comes the pinched and tiny voice of Cary Grant telling Joan Fontaine that he loves her. And Joan Fontaine is so happy. She thought that Cary Grant meant to kill her.

And so did I.

PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

TUNE IN TO DCC

STEVE CONWAY

When the compact disc hit the hi-fi market a decade ago, many audiophiles hailed the format as sonic perfection. Now the company that brought us the CD, Philips Consumer Electronics, is hoping to enjoy similar success with a new digital-tape format called DCC. Short for digital compact cassette, DCC promises sound quality comparable to the CD, with the added benefit of digital recording. Also, DCC decks from companies such as Philips, Marantz and Technics are compatible with analog technology, which means they'll play your old cassettes as well as new DCC tapes. And because DCC cassettes are more durable (and more portable) than analog ones, personal and car stereos are coming, too.

Above, top to bottom: The Marantz DD-92 DCC deck features 18-bit analog-to-digital converters, a fully shielded copper chassis, Dolby B and C noise reduction and easy-to-read text display for information contained on prerecorded DCC tapes, about $1200. Philips DCC 900 deck offers a motorized front tray loader, Dolby B and C noise reduction for analog tapes, auto reverse and a dot-matrix text information display, about $800. Prerecorded tapes from PolyGram are about $15, and blanks from TDK and Memorex are $7 to $10, depending on capacity.

Where & How to Buy on page 175.

Nothing Alien Here

Actress SIGOURNEY WEAVER is no longer fighting aliens. Now she's Queen Isabella, co-starring with Gérard Depardieu and Armand Assante in *1492*. For a royal peek at the real Sigourney, check out the outfit.

STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA LTD

JEFF HYMAN

As Christina's World Turns

Attention trekkers: Remember seeing CHRISTINA PERALTA in *Star Trek: The Next Generation*? Or did you catch her on cable in *Princess Warrior*? Here, Christina's checking *us* out.

PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Rappers Delight

Not all rap is message driven, you know. Some of it is funny. Want more? Get the BEASTIE BOYS' latest LP, *Check Your Head*, then look in concert listings for a fall U.S. tour. You'll be laughing with them.

© MARK LEIVOAL

Come See the Paradise

Starlet LYNETTE PARADISE has been featured in movies, commercials and on TV, performing with the Mighty Carson Art Players on *The Tonight Show*. Now it's time to kick back.

Do You Believe in Magic?

If you missed out on the return of JOHN PRINE in concert with Cowboy Junkies' MARGO TIMMONS, get his LP *The Missing Years*. Margo's back in the studio with her bandmates, and John is ready for Prine time again.

Bellying Up to the Bar at Bruce's

Every so often, actor BRUCE WILLIS heads for the bar to make a drink or two. Now he does it occasionally at Planet Hollywood, the New York watering hole he co-owns. See him with Meryl Streep and Goldie Hawn in *Death Becomes Her*, then head over for a drink with the real Sam Malone.

Wet, Wild and Wonderful

ADRIANNE SACHS was the leading lady in Queensryche's video. She visited *Fantasy Island*, tangled with RoboCop and stopped over in the soap *Another World*. She can shoot a pistol, ride a motorcycle and break a strong man's heart. We know what we like and we like Adrianne.

HOLD THE BUTT STEAK

You'd think the conservatism sweeping the country would be bad for adult nightclubs, but business is booming at Stringfellow Presents Pure Platinum. According to owner Peter Stringfellow, "It's New York's only spot where you can enjoy great food and see stunning showgirls and seminude entertainers in a relaxed, sophisticated atmosphere akin to a superb Parisian revue." Dinner is served from four P.M. to three A.M. Monday through Friday and eight P.M. to three A.M. on Saturday. Filet mignon, lobster, champagne and caviar and pasta dishes are the most popular items, along with cheesecake—and we're not just talking about dessert. Entree prices range from $18 to $29 and wines begin at $25 for a bottle of white zinfandel to $125 for Chateau Margaux. Stringfellows is at 35 East 21st Street. For reservations call 212-254-2444.

BACK TO THE OLD BALLPARK

Want to relive Roger Maris' 61st home run back in 1961 or Al Gionfriddo's famous catch of Joe DiMaggio's drive in the 1947 Yankees-Dodgers World Series? Contact Rare Sportsfilms, 1126 Tennyson Lane, Naperville, Illinois 60540 (or call 708-527-8890). Rare Sportsfilms specializes in high-quality VHS tapes of baseball's yesteryear circa 1938–1969. One dollar will get you a complete list of the videos available—which sell for $29.95 each, postpaid. Play ball!

HALLOWEEN NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

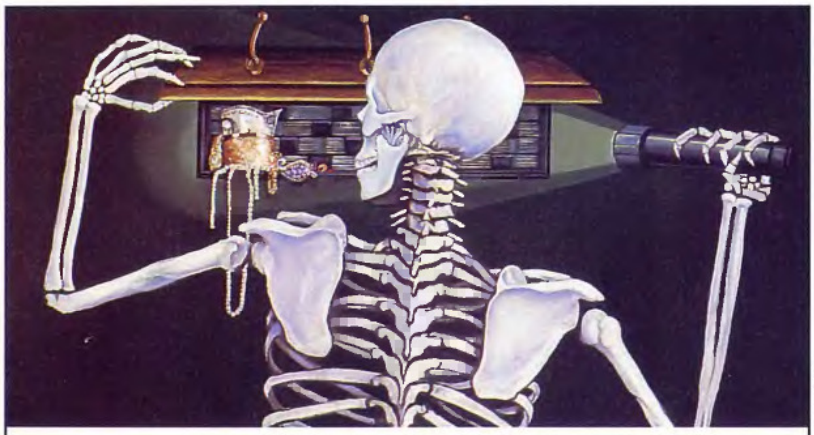
Once again, the talented ghouls at Death Studios in La Porte, Indiana, have come up with a whole new witches' caldron of full-head masks that are guaranteed winners at any Halloween bash. The cigar-chomping creature at top left is Danny the Bastard ($69), a character from *Suburban Warfare*, an unpublished underground comic. Next to him is Razorback ($74), the ever-popular warthog from hell. His slimy sidekick is named simply Frog ($99). Kiss him, girls, and see if he turns into a prince. And the fearsome fellow on the far end is none other than every child's nightmare come to life—the Bogeyman ($69). Overlooking this motley crew is a 22-inch-tall Grim Reaper wall mount that's not a mask ($69). All prices are postpaid. To order, call Death Studios at 219-362-4321.

BAD ATTITUDE

If writing an alimony check makes you feel as if you're getting screwed, then give it an Attitude Stamp. Created by American Expressions for your personal checks, Attitude Stamps are a set of four rubber stamps that send moneygrubbers a message. In addition to the one shown here, there's a stamp of a character upchucking, one featuring two naked people in a barrel and another of a robber holding up a victim. The price for the set, including an ink pad, is $11.50 sent to American Expressions, P.O. Box 514, Redondo Beach, California 90277.

THE CULINARY RITZ

The Ritz-Carlton Laguna Niguel, in Dana Point, California, will be the site of the seventh annual World of Wines Festival, to be held November 19–22. If you'd like to sit in on seminars covering everything from vinegars to white truffles or enjoy the wares of 100 American wineries, make your reservations now. All events are individually priced, from $35 for seminars to $100 for the tasting. For more information, call 714-240-2000, extension 5263.



SKELETONS IN YOUR CLOSET

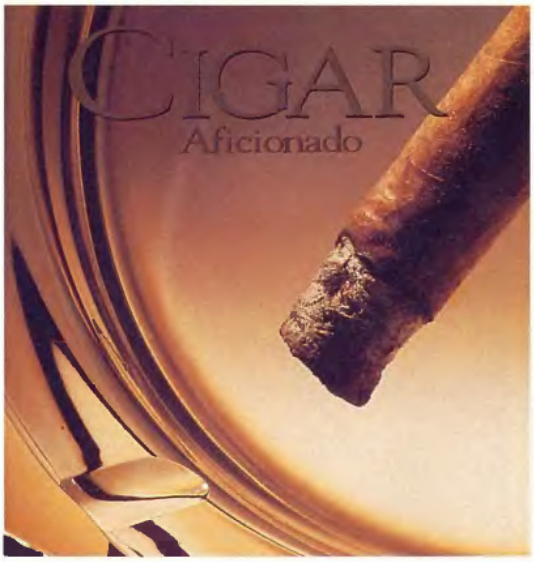
Skeletons is a company that's dedicated to the art and science of hiding things. Jewelry, money, baseball cards, collections of PLAYBOY—you name it and Skeletons probably has a way to stash it cleverly in can safes, cache tubes, hidey-hole coatracks or even furniture containing secret compartments. Three dollars sent to Skeletons, P.O. Box 15878, Sarasota, Florida 34277, will get you the latest catalog of secret goodies. Don't tell a soul.

THE COCKTAIL HOUR

Nick and Nora Charles would have loved *The Art of the Cocktail*. In its pages are recipes for 100 cocktails, from slings to smashes, beautifully photographed in cocktail glasses. Yes, the manhattan is represented, along with other classic quaffs including the martini, the grasshopper and the zombie. Philip Collins is the author. Chronicle Books in San Francisco has published two editions: a hardcover version for the library ($24.95) and a softcover version for the bar ($12.95). Cheers.

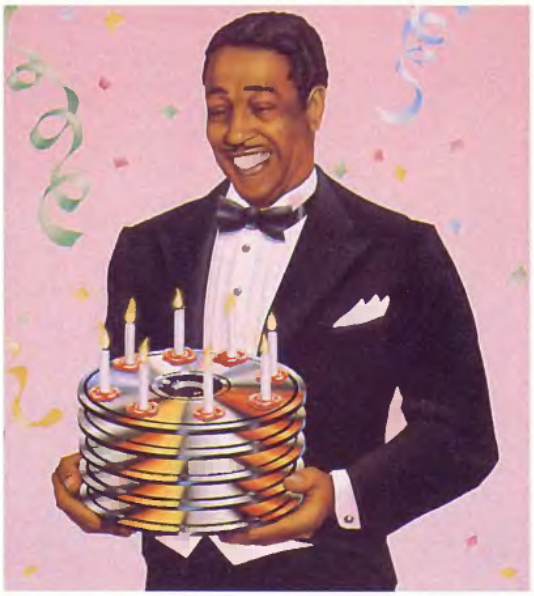
UP IN SMOKE

Marvin R. Shanken has just launched *Cigar Aficionado*, a slick oversized quarterly magazine that promises to do for tobacco what his other publication, *The Wine Spectator*, did for the grape. While articles in the first issue range from "The Magic of Cuban Cigars" to a tasting of coronas, Shanken emphasizes that "collectibles, unique trips and emerging hobbies" can be found in its 100-plus pages. The price: $12.95 per year sent to Cigar Aficionado, 387 Park Avenue South, New York 10016, or call 800-622-2062. Light up!



BIRTHDAY OF THE DUKE

Back in 1953 and 1954, Duke Ellington found himself in Portland, Oregon, playing at McElroy's Ballroom on his birthday. Fortunately, a recording engineer and Ellington fan was on hand to preserve the concerts, and now both are available as a boxed five-CD set for $40. (Five cassettes cost $20.) Delta Music is behind the release, and you can find the CDs or cassettes in better music stores nationwide. Take the A train and check them out.

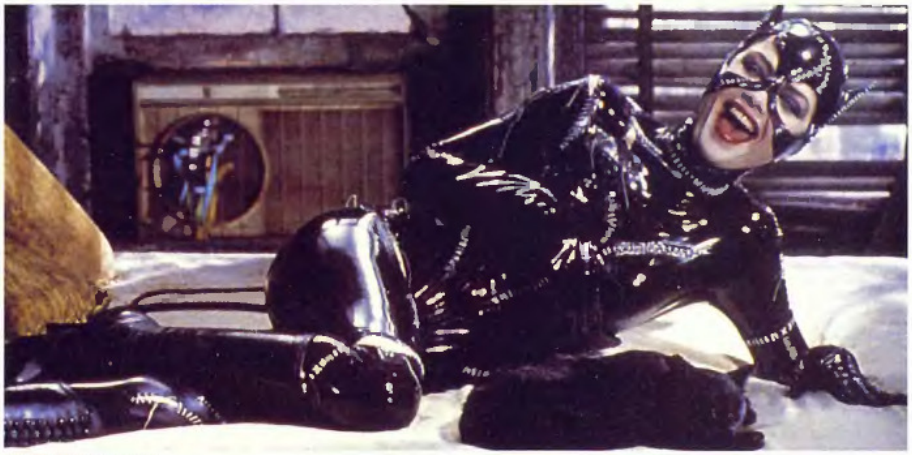


NEXT MONTH

GOOD INTENTIONS

BAILING OUT

JOAN'S BACK



SIZZLING CELLULOID

"BOBBY SQUARED"—A MIDDLE-AGED SUBURBAN SCHOOLTEACHER HOOKS UP WITH A STRIPPER TURNED DRUG DEALER AND GETS MUCH MORE THAN SHE BARGAINED FOR WHEN SHE JOINS HIM FOR A FACE-OFF IN A FLORIDA SWAMP—FICTION BY PAT JORDAN

PATRICK STEWART REVEALS THE MYSTERY AT THE HEART OF *STAR TREK*, TELLS WHY HE REGRETS NEVER HAVING PLAYED HAMLET AND—FOR THE LAST TIME—DISCUSSES HIS HAIR IN AN ENTERPRISING "20 QUESTIONS"

"GOOD INTENTIONS"—FORGING A CAMPAIGN ALLIANCE WITH THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS COULD BE THE TICKET FOR AN AMBITIOUS CANDIDATE HELL-BENT ON WINNING THE WHITE HOUSE—FICTION BY JOHN VARLEY

"THE DO-IT-YOURSELF INSTANT COUNTRY-LYRIC KIT"—FOLLOW OUR FORMULA AND GET YOUR ACHY BREAKY HEART TO BEAT IN 4/4 TIME—HUMOR BY LARRY TRITTEN

JOAN SEVERANCE RETURNS TO PLAYBOY'S PAGES IN A SIZZLING PICTORIAL TRIBUTE TO HER LATEST VENTURE, SHOWTIME'S *RED SHOE DIARIES*. ITS DIRECTOR, ZALMAN (*WILD ORCHID*) KING, TELLS ALL

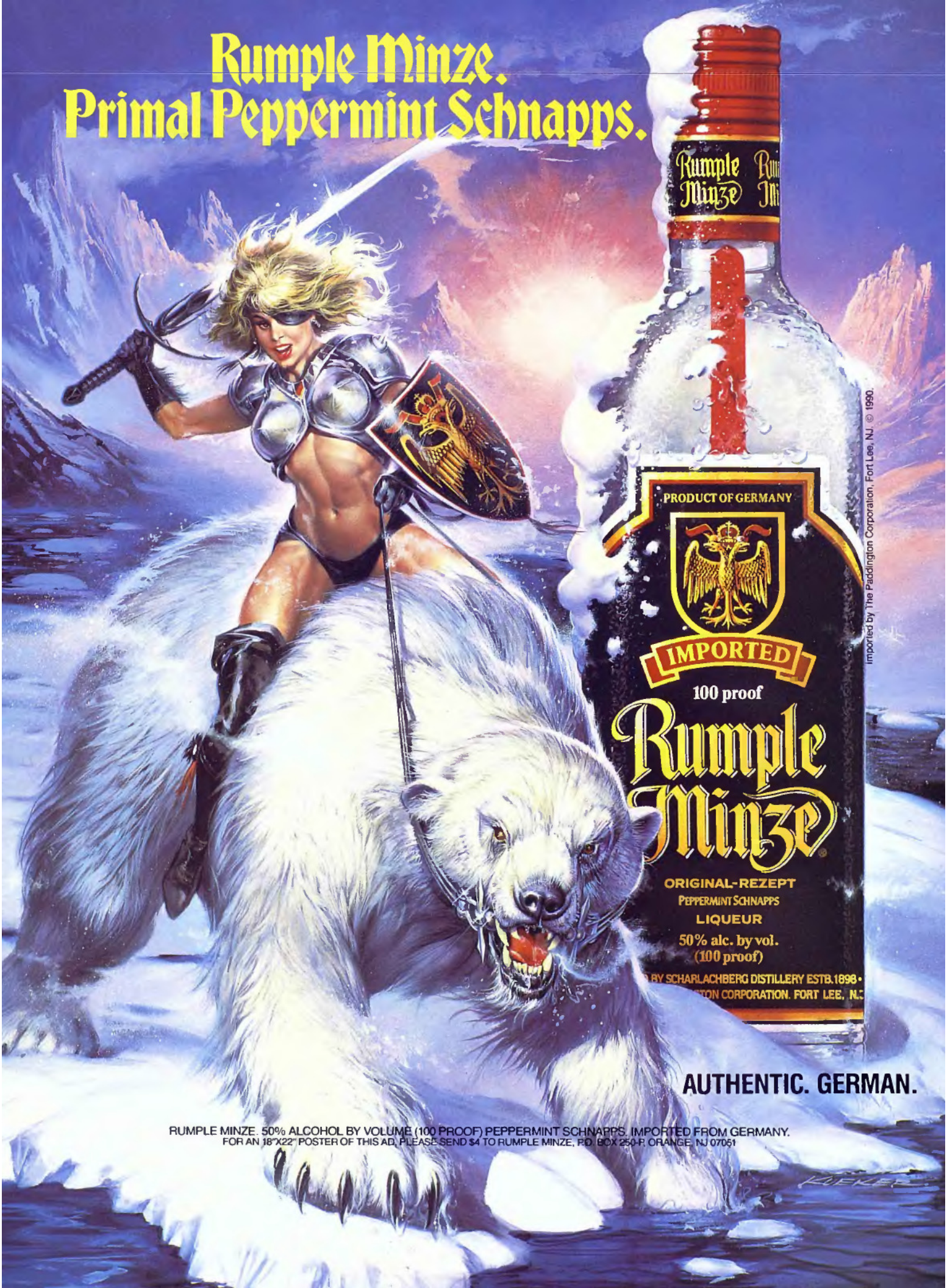
"WHAT IF THE JAPANESE BAIL OUT?"—WE GRIPED WHEN THEY BOUGHT UP OUR BEST REAL ESTATE AND HALF OF HOLLYWOOD. WHAT HAPPENS IF THEY SAY SAYONARA?—BY ALLAN SLOAN

"OCTOBER SURPRISE"—IT HAPPENS EVERY FOUR YEARS: A FLURRY OF CHARGES AND RUMORS IN THE CLOSING WEEKS OF THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE. IN A SPECIAL SECTION JOE QUEENAN DESCRIBES HOW IT WORKS, KEN BODE ASKS THE SPIN DOCTORS HOW THEY REPAIR THE DAMAGE AND TERRY CATCHPOLE PUTS IT ALL IN PERSPECTIVE IN "A SHORT HISTORY OF DIRTY TRICKS"

"THE GANGS OF SOUTH CENTRAL L.A."—RIVETING TALES FROM THE HOOD IN AN EYEWITNESS DISPATCH FROM LOS ANGELES' WAR ZONE—BY LEON BING

WILLIAM SAFIRE, PULITZER PRIZE–WINNING JOURNALIST AND VETERAN WASHINGTON INSIDER, HANDICAPS THE CANDIDATES AND TALKS FREELY ABOUT RICHARD NIXON, IRAQGATE AND HOW PLAYBOY GAVE HIM HIS FIRST BREAK IN A COMPELLING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

PLUS: "SEX IN CINEMA 1992," AN ANNUAL LOOK AT THE CELLULOID SIZZLERS; "PLAYBOY'S ELECTRONIC ROUNDUP," BY IVAN BERGER; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE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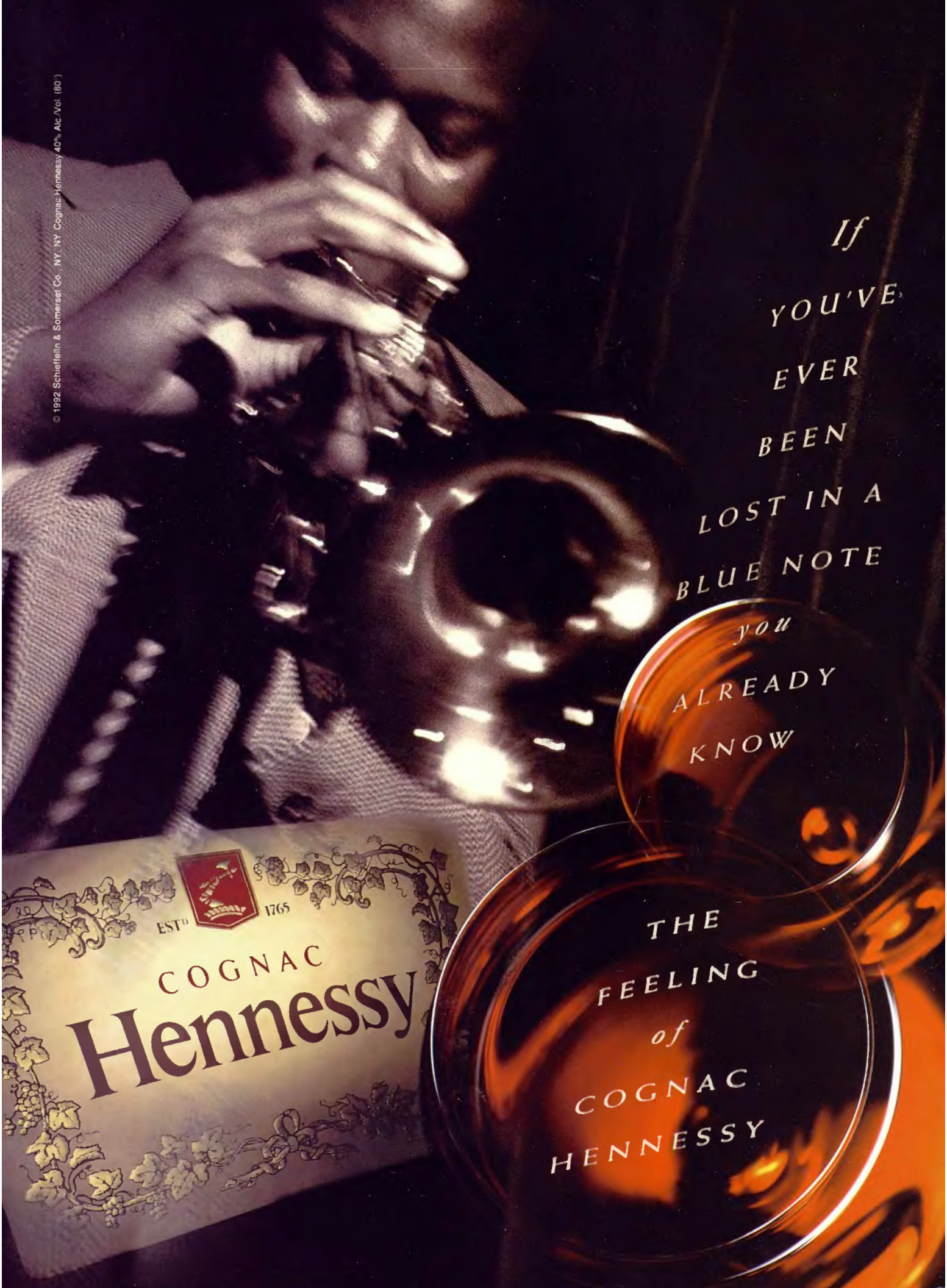
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